

SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPH.
CONSUMPTION'S GERM IN BLOOD.
Theory of Presence in Circulation Proven Fact.
Dr. Rosenberger's Discovery Is Given to Public.
Immediate Diagnosis of Tuberculosis Possible.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Baffled for years by the quick distribution of the tubercle germ through the human body, scientists have found this to be the one great obstacle which stood in the way of finding a cure for consumption. The publication of Dr. D. C. Rosenberger's discovery has already been made. The following is a description of the technique of this new step in bacteriology, both authentic and complete in every detail.
That human blood conveys tubercle germ from one organism of the body to another had long been considered probable, but never definitely proven until Dr. Rosenberger demonstrated its truth by a series of investigations into the blood of three score patients at the laboratory of the Philadelphia hospital.
Prevented by his regard for the ethics governing scientific callings from announcing the details of his investigations until they had first been published in a medical publication, this man was rewarded with the publication today in the American Journal of Medical Sciences of Dr. Rosenberger's description of his work.
By far the most unusual feature of the discovery is the absolute freedom from passing scientific terms.
A patient suspected of having tubercle germs in his blood was brought before the physicians and a tonquin was bound about his arm in order to bring the veins into prominence. From a vein of sufficient size at the elbow, blood was drawn with a hypodermic syringe, after the skin at the spot selected was first sterilized.
About two teaspoonfuls of blood was drawn from the vein. The blood was immediately mixed with a salt solution to prevent clotting, and the tube containing it was placed on ice for twenty-four hours. After twenty-four hours the blood settled in the vial and this sediment was withdrawn through a glass tube. Being spread upon glass slides, this blood was dried on a small strip of paper held in place above a small gas flame.
The slide was next immersed in distilled water, and the red corpuscles removed by this means. The slide was again dried, and then "stained," immersed in carbol fuchsin for five minutes. The entire slide was then stained with the exception of the tubercle germ film which remained red. Therein is the entire Rosenberger secret.
The scientist knows the patient has the consumption germ in the blood. To the medical profession the value of this technique and discovery which permits lies in its furnishing a means of making an immediate truthful diagnosis of the presence of tubercle germs in a patient.

NEWS OF WRECK SUPPRESSED.

Division Superintendent at Thetle When Collision Smashes Engines.
General Manager Hurt.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
TRUCKEE, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Word has been received here of a serious collision between two trains on the Boca and Loyton branch of the Western Pacific railway several days ago. Orders issued by higher officials to train crews for secrecy kept the story from becoming public.
On account of heavy snow, trains were being run over the road between Loyton and Boca frequently to keep the track clear. One train with Superintendent Stansbury at the throttle was backing down to Loyton. Two heavy locomotives with a snowplow were also bound for Loyton and on reaching a sharp curve crashed into Stansbury's engine six miles from town.
The engine and snowplow jumped into the snow beside the track and were saved, but General Manager Otis sustained injuries that require for a court of law a few days rest. Conflicting orders are blamed for the accident. A passenger train on this line was stalled again a few days ago, passengers being marooned in snowbound cars on the mountains without food or warmth one day and night.

CLAIMS BILL PASSED.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The omnibus claims bill, carrying an appropriation of about \$3,000,000, which has been favorably acted upon by the House, was passed by the Senate today with an amendment repealing the law allowing the reference of southern war claims to the court of claims by the Senate or House.
A substitute bill pending, measure relating to the readjustment of the discharged soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Regiment was introduced by Senator Aldrich and accepted by Senator Foraker, and other Republican Senators who had proposed legislation for the same purpose.
The bill was passed by a vote of 60 to 30.

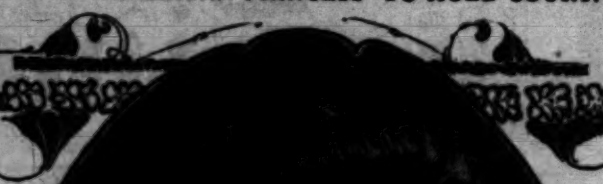
OBITUARY.

Dr. William O. Lillbridge.
ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 28.—Dr. William O. Lillbridge, the author, died here this afternoon. He wrote "Ben Hur" and other western stories.
Burgess Harry Hall.
COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Jan. 28.—Burgess Harry Hall, aged 44 years, one of the oldest residents of Colorado Springs and a pioneer in the service of the government in the Pike's Peak Weather Station, today fell dead at his home here a victim of angina pectoris.
BAD FIRE IN ST. PAUL.
ST. PAUL, (Minn.) Jan. 28.—Fire started in a department store on Seventh street, this evening, and a while threatened to devastate a large part of the business district of the city. As it was, a half dozen buildings were almost destroyed, with an aggregate loss of about \$600,000.

KING MENELIK REPORTED ILL.

ROME, Jan. 28.—A special dispatch received here from Abyssinia says that King Menelik is ill, his condition is not so bad as reported.

NEXT "AMERICAN PRINCESS" TO HOLD COURT.



Miss Helen Taft, whose debut at the White House Washington society is eagerly anticipated.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY AWAITS MISS TAFT.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] When William H. Taft succeeds President Roosevelt, March 4, the White House will have another "American Princess" in the person of Miss Helen Taft, who is now at school at Bryn Mawr, pursuing the finishing touches to her education.
It is believed that the scenes of youthful gaiety, to which the historic White House has become accustomed during the regime of President Roosevelt's two daughters, will not be abandoned on the advent of the next Presidential family.
Miss Taft has not yet made her bow to society, and her coming-out party is already being looked forward to with keen enjoyment by Washington's young society set.

EXPLOSION OF FIRE DAMP.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

TACOMA, Jan. 28.—As the result of an explosion of fire damp in the new mine operated at Ashford by the Tacoma Investment Company of Seattle, one miner is entombed under tons of rocks, 400 feet in the bowels of the mountain; another is dead from suffocation, while two are injured, one perhaps fatally.
The dead are Jack Norrell, miner, body still in mine, and William Dinkler, mine foreman, body recovered.
Carl Wickstrom, who was extricated from a pile of debris by a rescuing party, is so badly injured he may not recover. Mike Murphy, a miner, who was in the shaft, escaped with minor injuries.

GRAND JURY MYSTERY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

STOCKTON, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The sudden session today of the grand jury, which called about every officer on the police force before it, created a sensation, and all kinds of rumors were circulated about the streets. It is positively known that a petition which was circulated by J. M. Kille, a well-known attorney and member of the Committee of Fifty, asking that the police department be investigated, is in the hands of the grand jury and the call was issued for the purpose of a thorough investigation.
The claim is made that the police department is derelict in keeping the city clear of undesirable "ditties," permits gambling, poolrooms and other vices that should be suppressed. The petition is signed by several business men, and the grand jury at once took up the investigation. Chairman Perry says that the charges will be thoroughly investigated.
It was also noted about that charges of bribery had been made, and the late treasurer which was recently served to Police Commissioner Wagner after the Sunday closing law was in effect, would figure in the investigation, but it was denied this evening that this matter had been considered.
There is a lot of excitement and quite a lot of worry in the city, evident today by the movement of many people and officers about the Courthouse.

SOTHERN SCORES TRIUMPH.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 28.—E. H. Sothern achieved another triumph tonight when for the first time in his historic career he appeared in the role of "Richelieu" before a crowded house at the Van Ness Theater. Sothern handled the subject in a masterly manner and his impersonation of the Cardinal was a notable success.
The only criticism made was that his portrayal of Richelieu was somewhat on the heavy and leering side, but he did not strongly bring out the sinister and crafty traits of the Cardinal's character.
Sothern eclipsed his famous production "If I Were King" in stage picture and costuming, and introducing musical setting from Gounod's opera "Richelieu".

SWEPT INTO SEA, DROWNS.

SANTA CRUZ, Jan. 28.—Ross Makin, an engineer on a construction train on the Ocean Shore road, was drowned a few miles north of Santa Cruz today.

STEEL MERGER SAVED BY PRESIDENT'S WORD.

Witness Says New York Institution Was Seriously Embarrassed and That Visit of Judge Gary and H. C. Frick to Washington Turned Tide.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The merger of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and the United States Steel Corporation was investigated by the Senate Committee on Judiciary today.
The witnesses were Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America, and George W. Perkins of J. P. Morgan and Co., who also is a member of the Finance Committee of the steel corporation.
The examination of both witnesses today was conducted by Senator Cullum.
Mr. Thorne testified that the Trust Company of America has no interest in the stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, as owner, but on November 1, 1907, it loaned \$100,000 to six individuals holding the stock at \$10, as collateral.
All of these loans, said Mr. Thorne, were paid off in November, with the exception of two of \$25,000 each.
Mr. Thorne said he considered the security for the loans to be good and that his company had no interest in the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and did not know of the negotiations until after they were begun.
Senator Cullum inquired of Mr. Thorne whether he had knowledge of a syndicate which owned the controlling interest in the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in the fall of 1907. He replied that he had, and that he was a member of that syndicate, but he had withdrawn from the syndicate and was not familiar with the syndicate's operations. The original syndicate managers were given as Grant B. Schley and Leonard Hanna of Cleveland, took the place of Mr. Guthrie after the latter's death. This syndicate, declared Mr. Thorne, owned a majority of the stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company at the time of the merger. When asked if he had any personal knowledge of the actual sale of a majority of the stock of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company in November, 1907, Mr. Thorne replied:
"All I know is that I delivered my stock to J. P. Morgan & Co., and got a receipt for it."
Senator Overman asked Mr. Thorne if at the time of the merger the Trust Company of America was financially embarrassed, and if so whether the merger had a tendency to relieve it.
He replied that it had no direct bearing on either the company or the country.
At the time the syndicate to control the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company was formed, said Mr. Thorne, the syndicate price was \$10 a share, but its market price was \$25, and it went up to \$35.

FORMATION OF SYNDICATE.

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TRADED IN STOCK.

Mr. Thorne testified that when the Tennessee company's stock was surrendered the owners received in return United States steel 5 per cent. bonds on the basis of \$100 of stock for each share of the stock of the Tennessee company. The Steel Corporation was quoted by Mr. Thorne as being worth from \$25 to \$35 at the time he received them, and he said that he had sold \$100 of stock for \$125, and \$100 of stock for \$150.
When Mr. Perkins took the stand he said: "The acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation was never brought up nor broached in any way, as far as my knowledge goes, until after the second of the steel company's great many securities."
Mr. Perkins said there was a general feeling which it would be difficult for any one to express in a written statement, that if the Tennessee Coal and Iron Works stocks were taken out of various loans in some way, it would prevent a great many failures and avert a spread of the panic.
Continuing, he said:
"Finally, some one made a suggestion which afterward worked out so that the corporation might furnish 5 per cent. second mortgage bonds in lieu of cash, and in this way put in lieu of these loans securities that were marketable."

JAP BREAKS POTATO RECORD.

Grows 6000 Sacks Valued at \$13,000 on One Ranch—Supply Now Exhausted.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)
SACRAMENTO, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The Southern Pacific steamer Fruto arrived in this city tonight with the largest load of potatoes ever grown and shipped from one ranch. The potatoes were grown by George Shima, a Japanese farmer, whose ranch is on the Ridge tract, in the lower district. The boat carried 6000 sacks, valued at \$13,000.
The potato supply in the lower river sections, the potato growing center of the State, is practically exhausted, and little stock remains at the present time. All supplies are contracted for, and there is not a potato for sale at any price in that section now. The load of potatoes coming in tonight marks the end of the supply in this section, and dealers will have to draw from the East within a month. Potatoes sold for \$2 a sack on the bank.

TAKT HONORED ON ISTHMUS.

Lands at Colon and Croces Panama Amid Friendly Greetings on All Sides.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
PANAMA, Jan. 28.—President-elect Taft today made his trip across the Isthmus and everywhere was greeted with marked demonstrations of good will.
With his party, Mr. Taft landed this morning at Colon, and proceeded by special train to Culebra, where tonight he is quartered at the residence of Lieut.-Col. Goethals, chairman of the Panama Canal Commission.
The reception by the Panama officials both at Colon and Culebra was most cordial.
Tomorrow Mr. Taft will visit the site of the Gatun locks, and will be in good health.
At Culebra Mr. Taft was received ceremoniously by President Obaldia's Cabinet. The President-elect will sail from Colon for New Orleans next Friday.

THE PACIFIC SHOW SAFETY OF BUILDING.

HONEST LABOR. Charges of State Totemites Proved Unfounded. Open Shop Contractor Tells of Agnew Work.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN JOSE, Jan. 28.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] After placing Contractor O. Engstrom of Los Angeles on the stand, the defense at 2:30 this afternoon completed its case in the investigation being held at the Agnew State Hospital into the charges made January 17 at the semi-annual convention of the State Building Trades Council to the effect that one of the new buildings being erected at the asylum by the open-shop contractor is unsafe and exhibited poor workmanship.
During the morning session Mr. Engstrom was called to testify in his own behalf. He said that he was a general contractor and had been in business for himself since 1914. He named thirty-seven reinforced concrete buildings which he had erected, and said that he had built 184 reinforced concrete bridges for the salt Lake and Southern Railroad.
Under direct examination by Attorney B. A. Harrington, Mr. Engstrom stated that the F. O. Engstrom Company consisted of his immediate family. He described the manner in which the concrete was delivered on the buildings he was building, and the way in which the concrete was placed in the forms. He stated that the concrete was placed in the forms by means of a pump, and that the concrete was placed in the forms by means of a pump, and that the concrete was placed in the forms by means of a pump.

THE WIZARD OF THE NILE.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

PERKINS HARTMAN and his superb company in FRANK DARRIN.
NIGHTS—10c, 20c, 30c, 40c.
NEXT—"TAR AND TARTAR." Thursday night. Seats 10c, 20c, 30c, 40c.

"A STUBBORN CINDERELLA."

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN W. A. Phipps and C. J. Robinson. The best that could be procured. He testified that on the night of the explosion the only beam whose strength had been questioned by the experts in their testimony Thursday night was the beam to the depth of eighteen inches and had allowed this weight, about 150 pounds, to the square foot, to remain on the floor for six days.
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LOS ANGELES THEATRE—SPRING STREET.

WONDERFUL VAUDEVILLE. Timely Special Announcements.

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ORIGINAL OSTRICH FARM OF AMERICA. ESTABLISHED 1890.

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REASONABLE RATES

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The Maryland's bungalows have every convenience, comfort, and privacy of one's own home. They are steam-heated, and conducted after the excellent manner for which The Maryland is famed. For particulars, see or address:

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It is the only water in California that is naturally sparkling.

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IT SPARKLES AND FOAMS LIKE CHAMPAGNE.

Wonderful cures are wrought due to germicidal and radio-active masses emanation from Radium Rays, deep in the mineral water. The Radium Sulphur Hot Baths are the only highly mineralized cures. Medical advice free. Send for booklet. Water by bottle or use "Take 'Molayna Caves'" cure via Express direct to Springs; no fare.

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\$1.00 per day up. For information write or call on resident agent, R. R. Kneebly,
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THE Hotel Mengro, Pasadena
railway depot, street cars, churches and parks.
Steam heat, hot and cold running water, electric lights and the famous California
American plan, \$2 and up per day, \$10 and up per week.
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 Overlooking Lake Elsinore. Swimming pool, hot, warm, plain and plunge baths.
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For a large amount for a piano
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Grape Juice

Verde Brand,
Bottled, \$2.75 per doz, 20¢
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over Crushed in
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EVERY 33
TOUCH
250
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Half
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Price

WINTER FIRES
ON PHYSICIAN.
In Avenge Death of
Young Daughter.

Accused of Making
Criminal Operation.

Occurs at a Post-
office in Oregon.

MURDERER PAYS PENALTY.
Charles Baldear, Who Shot Wife and
Mother-in-Law, Hanged at San
Quentin.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.
SAN QUENTIN, Jan. 29.—Charles
Baldear, who murdered his wife and
mother-in-law at Stockton on Septem-
ber 20, 1904, was executed today in
the state prison here. He kept up a
brave appearance almost to the last,
but showed signs of weakening when
ascending the scaffold, and nearly
fainted just before the trap was
sprung. He did not deny his guilt,
and said that he deserved hanging. As
he weighed only 125 pounds, he was
given the unusually long drop of eight
feet. The trap fell at 10:04 o'clock,
and fifteen and a half minutes later
Baldear was pronounced dead. His
neck was broken by the fall. The last
rites of the Catholic church were ad-
ministered by Father Collopi of San
Rafael.

Baldear was a gambler, and the
crimes for which he paid the penalty
today were committed during a fit of
jealousy. He went to a house on West
Washington street in Stockton, where
his wife and her mother, Mrs. A. C.
Arma, were visiting, and without
warning shot and killed the latter,
two bullets lodging in her body. Then,
turning the revolver on his wife, he
shot her in the arm. She grasped the
revolver and killed him. A severe struggle
ensued. Finally he threw her to the floor and
killed her with two more shots, fired
as she lay prostrate.

ACCUSED OF BRUTAL MURDER.
Man Arrested for Killing Brother-in-
Law and Wife and Brother-in-
Them of 700.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.
POUGHKEEPSIE (N. Y.) Jan. 29.—
Theodore Adams, employed in the rail-
road roundhouse at Hopewell Junction,
was arrested today and charged
with the murder of his brother-in-law,
John Kline, of that place, after Mrs.
Kline had accused Adams of robbing
her.

Kline was proprietor of a lunch room
in Hopewell Junction, and was killed
last Saturday morning. It is believed
by two men who had entered the restau-
rant ostensibly to purchase a bag of
tobacco. As Kline turned his back upon
the men, he was struck with a
heavy bolt and his skull fractured. He
died a few hours later.

The men then entered Mrs. Kline's
apartment in the rear of the restau-
rant, fractured her skull, with a
blow and took about \$700 from under
her pillow.

ROBBERS BREAK BANK.
Blow Open Safe and Escape With
\$10,000 Without Arousing
Town.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.
EL PASO (Tex.) Jan. 29.—The vault
of the Carlton State Bank at Carlton,
Tex., was blown open with dynamite by
robbers last night, who escaped after
taking all the money in sight. It is
reported they got away with \$10,000.

The vault was drilled and the big
safe inside was blown open with nitro-
glycerin. The money taken was all in
currency.

The robbers worked without arousing
any alarm, and the information
residents of the town had of the af-
fair was when the wreckage of a por-
tion of the vault of the bank build-
ing was noticed.

It was believed the robbery was the
work of an organized gang, which has
been operating in the small towns of
Texas of late. During the last two
months nearly a score of robberies
have occurred in Western Texas, but
the Carlton haul is the biggest yet
made.

SHOT SON-IN-LAW AT DANCE.
Father, Angered by Return of Son
Who Eloped With Daughter,
Kills Him.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.
ALBANY (Or.) Jan. 29.—Homer
Roper was shot and killed at midnight
at a country dance near Brownsville by
Charles J. Powell. Last fall Roper
eloped with Leah Powell, the 16-year-
old daughter of Powell. Three weeks
ago Powell and his wife induced the
girl to return home.

Roper followed, and they met at a
dance last night. Powell missed his
daughter from the hall, and found her
outside in company with Roper.

Powell drew a revolver and fired four
shots into Roper, killing him instan-
tly.

Powell surrendered himself to the
authorities.

HUSBAND FATALLY SHOT.
WIFE SAYS SUICIDE.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.
NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Conrado
Danielson, Porto Rican manager for
the United States Express Company,
was found with a bullet wound in his
head in his apartments in the Hotel
Carlton early today and was believed
to be dying in the Roosevelt Hospital
a few hours later. His wife, Eleanor,
who is known on the stage as Annie
Yates Palmer, declared that her hus-
band attempted to kill her and then
shot himself. She told the police that
they had been quarreling.

ARRESTED FOR MAIL ROBBERY.
DENIES CHARGE.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DAY REPORT.
VALLEJO, Jan. 29.—Charged with
robbing the United States mails, Ed-
ward Goodhardt, alias "Edwards,"
was arrested here last night. He
is believed by the police to be a part-
ner of Charles McCartney, now serving
a fifteen-year term in the Arizona
penitentiary for robbing the mails at
Fargo, N. D., in September, 1903.

Goodhardt escaped and it is believed
came to California and obtained work
in the Mare Island navy yard. He was
discharged a couple of months ago and
returned to Vallejo only last night. He
claims not to be the person wanted.

LIFE CONVICT CONDEMNED.
Charles Carson, Who Led Jail Break,
Lost His Appeal and
Must Die.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 29.—The
death sentence imposed upon Charles
Carson, a life-term convict at Folsom
prison, by the Sacramento county Su-
preme Court, for an assault on P. J.
Murphy, a prison guard, during an at-
tempted jailbreak in 1904, was sus-
tained by the Supreme Court yesterday
in dismissing Carson's appeal.

Carson and several other convicts
overpowered Murphy and another
guard at the quarry and attempted

OKLAHOMA IMPORTS
NEW ENGLAND GIRLS.
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

BOSTON, Jan. 29.—[Exclusive Dis-
patch.] An Oklahoma syndicate
has established headquarters here
for the booming of immigration of girls
to Oklahoma to relieve the scarcity of
wives there. The headquarters are in
charge of John Gibson and Mrs. Ellen
Mause of Oklahoma City, and they
bear credentials from Gov. Haskell.

The agents are scouring all of New
England and already have secured
fifty-one girls, who leave tomorrow for
Oklahoma City. Most of the girls are
under 25. They come from Massachu-
setts and New England.

"We hope to get 10,000 girls from
New England," says Mr. Gibson.

to leave the prison ground by keeping
Murphy and his companion between
them and the other guards. Murphy
and his fellow-guard, however, called
upon the other guards to fire at the
escaping men, and this was done. One
of the convicts was killed and both
guards were severely wounded, but
the jailbreak was prevented.

ACCUSES HUSBAND.
Mrs. Lester Adams of Edendale yester-
day swore to a complaint charging
her husband with assault with a dead-
ly weapon with intent to kill. They
were married less than two months. A
few hours after the ceremony, the wife
alleged, Adams demanded a large sum
of money from her. She refused to
give it and they quarreled and sepa-
rated. Last Sunday night he called
on her and asked her to return to him.
When she declined to do so, she says,
he drew a revolver and fired twice.
She shot him in the foot. The police
are searching for him.

RANCHMAN'S AWKWARD PLIGHT.
William Ahern, a ranchman, was ar-
rested last night at the request of the
authorities of San Bernardino county.
He is accused of having issued several
worthless checks for small amounts.
According to the police he was guilty
of the same crime about six months
ago, but at that time his relatives
came to his rescue.

PEDDLER HELD UP.
An Ohoy, a vegetable peddler, was
held up by an armed man at Fourth
and Evergreen streets yesterday morn-
ing and robbed of a purse contain-
ing \$20. The police can find no trace
of the highwayman.

CRIME BRIEFS.
Fatal Feud in Mexico.
TORREON (Mex.) Jan. 29.—Trouble
over boundary lines of adjoining
ranches resulted in the murder of
two men by Aranchio Martinez.
The trouble occurred near the town of
Cuernavaca in the Venadito mining dis-
trict. Martinez's father attempted to
drive off a neighbor's employee who
was chopping wood on the disputed
ground. A riot followed, in which two
were killed. Martinez and his brother
the affray and is now being hunted
by rholes.

Legislator Accused.
BOISE (Idaho) Jan. 29.—The police
are unable to locate Edward I. Hol-
bein, a member of the Idaho House
of Representatives from
Bannock county for whose arrest a
warrant was issued last week on
charge of forgery. He is charged with forging
the name of D. C. Brannon to a deed
for property valued at \$2500.

Victims' Bodies Piled in the Road.
EL PASO (Tex.) Jan. 29.—The bodies
of Ascension Granados and Pedro
Granados were found piled up in the
road near Pterville, Ariz., last night. Both
had been shot through the head. One
arrest has been made, and the police
are looking for the husband of the
Granados woman.

ITALIANS HONOR CHENEYS.
Thousands Join Cortege to Meet
Bodies of Victims in Messina
Earthquake.

ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.
NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—A remarkable
demonstration in tribute to Arthur S.
Cheney of the American Consul, and
Mrs. Cheney, who were killed in the
earthquake at Messina, was made by
Italian societies in this city today.

The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Cheney
reached New York on the steamer
Venezia. Escort by several thousand
members of Italian societies, some of
them in regalia, and to the slow funeral
march by military bands, the
bodies of the couple and the bodies of
conveyed up Broadway by a great multi-
tude.

A notable feature of the procession
was the fact that except for the police
escort and the relatives of Mr. and
Mrs. Cheney, it was composed exclu-
sively of Italians.

FOR health, slip, force and strength, wear a
Bunker Hill suspender. Strictly sanitary.
All druggists.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK
RESOURCES OVER
TWENTY MILLION
DOLLARS
OLDEST & LARGEST
SAVINGS BANK
IN
LOS ANGELES
Capital and Reserve \$1,300,000.00
VISITORS
You are cordially invited to call and inspect our hand-
some banking rooms, and modern Safe Deposit Vault,
which is the largest west of Chicago, and has a ca-
pacity for 25,000 individual safe deposit boxes.

It is the aim of our management to impress upon
each depositor the assurance that his account receives
careful attention whether it is large or small. Every
courtesy is uniformly extended to all patrons while our
unexcelled equipment insures prompt and accurate
service.

WE PAY 4 PER CENT. INTEREST on savings ac-
counts and six month certificates of deposit, which is as
liberal a rate as is consistent with safe and con-
servative banking.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES & ACCOUNTS OPENED
\$2.00 A YEAR WITH \$1.00

Broadway Department Store
Home 10571 Sunset-Broadway 4944
BROADWAY Cor. 6th St. Los Angeles. ARTHUR LITTS

25c
Sample Hosiery Sale
7250 Pairs for Men and Women
50c, 75c and Even \$1.00 Values Included

Now, then, for the climax of all hosiery sales. Not mill seconds or factory damaged, but perfect hosiery—better even than regular lines because they are samples. It has taken us months to assemble this wonderful collection. Representative lines from some of the very best hosiery mills in the world. Yes, you have attended hosiery sales before, but you've never been introduced to values of this character.

Here are gauze lises and beautiful silk embroidery; black with rosebud designs worked in three colors; lace boot effects in all colors; also all-over lace patterns. Clever color combinations—the latest patterns.

Then there are plain colors in silk lisle and gauze lisle; in fact, the gathering includes nearly every color in the rainbow. Not an undesirable color or pattern in the whole lot.

And there's not a pair in the lot that wouldn't bring 50c regularly; there are scores and scores of 75c and \$1.00 values. Find them on the bargain centers, Aisle 5.

Men's 50c and 75c
Sample Hosiery
25c
Nobby colors, with fifty plaid tops, shadow stripes and checks, solid colors in every shade; gauze lisle, silk lisle and plain lises; also polka dots and lace effects; embroidered designs in black and colors. Men who are particular about their wear will be quick to take advantage of this event; 25c never bought better hose.

Women's Sample Stockings
50c to \$1.00 Values
25c
Without a doubt the most bewildering array of beautiful hosiery ever presented at such a ridiculous price; not quite as many as we've shown in previous sample sales, but a more selected assortment, better colors, better patterns; but all perfect. See them in the window. Come bright and early Saturday morning, rain or shine—don't miss it.

JUST ONE PRICE FOR ONE DAY

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Los Angeles Times
1206 Call Building
Phone Kearney 2121 J. L. Brown Rep.

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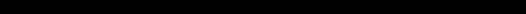
Japanese Bazaar
THE YAMATO, Inc.
635 to 637 S. BROADWAY.
We always serve you free with us and cake in our pretty tea garden.

TODAY
The Owl Drug Co.
Opens Its New Store
625 Broadway
Between Jeune's and Bullock's
Every Purchaser of Goods to the Amount of 25c or Over
WILL BE GIVEN A
Half Pound Box of L. J. Christopher's Finest French Mixed Candy
We consider this the most unusual offer ever made by any Los Angeles house. "The Owl's" regular cut prices will be available, as usual
Music by Ed. Kammermeyer's Orchestra

Corner Third and Spring Streets

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.]
CLAREMONT, Jan. 29.—Athletic interest at Pomona centers at present in the Home Field Day, to be held tomorrow on Alumni Field. Class teams





Corner Third and Spring Street.

This image shows the fore-edge of a book, oriented vertically. The left side of the image displays the inner hinge and binding area, characterized by a light, textured surface with visible stitching or staples. The right side is a dark, solid black area, likely the book cover or the back of the book. The overall image has a high-contrast, grainy, and aged appearance.

WANTED—

WANTED—
WANT SOME
BUYERS WANTED.
ONE 1/2-ACRE PLACE.
ONE 10-ACRE PLACE.
THREE 20-ACRE PLACE.
MUST BE NICE UP-TO-DATE
WELL LOCATED, NEAR TRAM
TION WITHIN 5 MILES.

SELES. OWNERS WILL
ING FULL DESCRIPTIONS
TERMS.

THE KIGGENS LAND CO.
222 MERCANTILE BLDG.

31 PHONE 7777

TO LET
any of
with or
vacant
lial ave.
TO LET
rooms.
hot bath.
put to d

WANTED - FROM OWNERS
want a textile foot rest, with
a similar lot, very good
bedroom and will
very latest modern
Jensen Park, for \$200, with
Nile in trade, and pay or
on lot or home.
Zephyr ave., Venice, Cal.
WANTED - I HAVE 1 ALL

WANTED—MODERN TRUCK
Westlake district, or west
Pico, for smaller piece of city
MARION BLOCK.

WANTED—WHAT
land suitable for

WANTED - To Purchase -
FURNITURE -
WANTED - FURNITURE -
HIGHEST CASH
PAID FOR FURNITURE
Chandeliers, or sold on consignment
Call - LA. AUCTION AND ONE
OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD
72719: Broadway - 5th
WANTED - TO BUY YOUR
CASH OR EXCHANGE
Any rooming-house and other
furniture - Stoves, ranges, wash-
boards, ironing boards, trunks, chest
of drawers, bedsteads, etc.
Call promptly answered or
write -
WANTED - HIGHEST CASH
paid for household and office furniture
Wants to exchange for cash or
other disposing of them. Largest
office in Los Angeles.
JAMES COLVAG

WANTED-FURNITURE. WE CAN
GET CASH. PRICE FOR GOOD,
GOOD, CLEAN FURNITURE. WE
CAN LARGE OR SMALL LOTS.
CALLANT
235 S. Main st., near J. S. B.
Writing on FRIDAY.

MEN'S GOOD SECOND HAND CLOTHES
 SHOES, VALISES, TRUNKS, FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC. CALLS
 GOODS, ETC. CALLS
 HENDED. PHONES ARE; MAIN
 WANTED-SELL OR EXCHANGE
 old furniture. We have
 owners waiting to buy a
 177, Home Pk77. COME
 CO. 208-21 S. Main.

Household goods. If you have an extra
house full, we will pay you more than
others. Phone us
7371. COLYMAN, 88-51 4 Ave.

WANTED-WE BUY RHOADS
and their's street and county cars
at price paid. \$12 A Month no
7322.

WANTED-HOUSEHOLD
furniture, carpets, any goods
prior paid. RHOADS
7322.

WANTED-TO PURCHASE good furniture, stores and much more for immediate cash. You must have \$125. LEVY'S, 708 N. W. 6th St.

WANTED-WILL PAY CASH for men's myle leather shoes or boots. Devonport. Address V. Box 91. FREE.

WANTED-HIGHEST PRICE for men's myle leather shoes or boots. Devonport. Address V. Box 91. FREE.

WANTED - HIGHWAY MAN
second-hand furniture. If you
your furniture is worth any
PRIME, Main 2288.

WANTED-CASH. FARM
lands. IN SAN PEDRO, MEXICO.

WANTED-DIAMONDS. I will
pay cash; get my offer first.

WANTED—TWO TICKETS
to Denver vicinity. H. A.
Plover.

WANTED—TO BUY A
printing outfit; must be in
good shape. Call
and 123 E. Olive. CARROLL

WANTED—DIAMOND
liquor, jewelry and old gold.
218 Broadway.

WANTED. SEE DAY

DIAMONDS antique
RUBIN & CLARK, Jewelers
WANTED-TO BUY WIND
any part, big or little
cash. Phone BROADWAY 8-
WANTED-COMPLET
will pay cash. Answer
Broadway.
WANTED - GOOD
clothing. — 8. SPRING

WANTED—
Miscellaneous
WANTED— MISCELLANEOUS. I have a car for sale. I am in San Francisco. Call me at Phone Main 1000.
WANTED— MISCELLANEOUS. I have a car for sale. I am in San Francisco. Call me at Phone Main 1000.

WANTED - WIDOW WILL -
small child; mother's name.

TO LET -
Furnished House
TO LET - FINE LARGE BAY
Front, furnished, modern, also
quiet choice, close in, full corner.
THE NORTH GRAND AVE.
Call REAL-ESTATE EXCHANGE
also single rooms for board
and bath, walking distance, close in.

O LET-THREE BUNKS
 housekeeping rooms, with
 suite. 238 N. FLOWER ST.
 O LET-3 LARGE BUNKS
 housekeeping rooms, with
 suite. 312 SOUTH HENRY
 O LET-5-6 WEEK SMALL FURN
 kitchen, bedroom, glass, and
 hill section. 212 NORTH GRAND
 O LET-FURNISHED ROOMS,

TO LET—PINK, LOVELY, QUIET
desirable furnished apartment, close to
desirable gentlemen. Phone WE 28 52

TO LET—COZY, COMPLETE HOME
living room in pleasant home, piano
machine, \$29, 112 139 S. FIDELITY

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT ROOM with
sove and porch; also a small room
asonable. 125 S. OLIVE ST.

TO LET—SLEPA WEEK: LA
rooms, well furnished, close
T. Also 1115 E. SEVENTH ST.
TO LET—FURNISHED HO
room, \$7.25, 4 west: close, good
E. PICO.
TO LET—SLEEPING PORCH, 2
furnished housekeeping room.
TO LET—OPPOSITE WESTPARK
rooms, well furnished, close

64 S. ALVARADO
D. LET - ATTRACTIVELY
unkeeping rooms; phone; water
private home. 154 FLORIDA ST.
D. LET - LARGE FURNISHED
able for 2 men. 331 S. 1st St.
D. LET - NICE SUNNY ROOM
phone. \$1.50 week and up. in CALIF.
One block from Commercial

rooms for light housekeeping
rooms. 125. SEE GEORGIA. 100 & 101
LIT-NEWLY FURNISHED
BUNNY rooms, modern. 100 & 101
D LET-5 NICELY FURNISHED
cheap to right party. 128 W. 21st

FOR SALE—

City Lots and Lands
FOR SALE—

\$750	\$250	\$250	\$750	\$250	\$250
LAST WEEK, LAST WEEK					
LAST WEEK, LAST WEEK					
AT					
\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250
For Big 30-foot Lots in					
Donner's					
MAIN, MONETA and					
FIGUEROA TRACT.					
\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250	\$250
INCLUDES					
All improvements, wide					

graded and water piped to cover
FREE water for two years.

THE
BARSTOW
TRUCKS

NEVER OFFERED ON AN
GOOD PROPERTY.

\$29 Cash; \$29 Per Month
\$29 Cash; \$29 Per Month

NO INTEREST, NO TAXES
NO TAXES, NO INTEREST

FREE DEED TO YOUR
IF YOU PUT THE BEFORE FACTS
ARE COMPLETED.

REMEMBER—Trine advances
cash to you NOW and the
is yours.

At the SUBSTANTIAL loss but
still the great buy, but at the
cost.

RIDICULOUSLY LOW PR

\$29.95 \$39.95 \$49.95 \$59.95

THEY ARE POSITIVELY
 CHEAPEST GOOD LOT
 EVER SOLD
 DON'T WAIT, DON'T WA
 DON'T WAIT, DON'T WA
 Until the last minute, but
 TODAY and select your lot, ma
 the property every afternoon
 for
 FREE CAR TICKETS.
 J. FRANK ROYER
 Subdivider
 68-41 Douglas Hwy.
 Cor. Third and Spring
 BRO. 2-5500 2-5500 2-5500

FOR SALE -
 THE IDEAL HOME PLACE
 RAMONA
 ACRRES
 LARGE, SPACIOUS ACRES ON
 SHIM UP.
 MONTHLY TERMS OF PAYME
 ON WILL BUILD FOR YOU
 Ramona Acres appeals to every
 sentiment. This property is only
 from Gila and Main streets, just a
 hammer. The little town of Ramo
 is a beautiful sight.

Shenandoah and Groves of the best
timber land in the State. The
land of Ramona Area is one of the
best timbered areas in the State.
view of the snow-capped Sierra and
the forest valley cover twenty miles.

**MANKIONS AND HUNDLARS
OF THE MOST SUPERIOR
AND IMPROVEMENTS FOR
TO THOSE OF OTHER**

TRUST.

Oak, water, electricity, graded
and improved roads. Every-
thing for this property an ideal sur-
rounding for all time to come.

**IF WE WILL BUILD FOR THE
FUTURE WE MUST BUILD TODAY**

IF YOU ARE NOT READY

A small portion of the cost draws
to interest at 6% per annum. You
own, where value rises steadily and
in a locality and amid surroundings
are might and main.

**SER IT AND JUDGE IT
ON ITS MERITS.**

Excursions every day and often
days until 2 p.m.

JANIE INVESTMENT CO.
Electric, Gas, Water,
Third floor, cor. 6th and
7th Sts., New York City.

FOR SALE—PLAIN TAHOE
If you are interested in a
large tract of land in the
Sierra Nevada mountains, in
California, contact me at once.

AND BEYOND THE CITY CENTER. IT IS
 IT IS CLOSE TO THE CITY.
 THE LAND IS HIGH, LEVEL, LAND
 CENTER.
 IT IS HIGH, LEVEL, LAND
 CENTER.
 IT PRODUCES ALL CROPS.
 IT IS AN IDEAL HOME PLACE.
 THE STREETS ARE GRADED.
 IT IS ARTISAN WATER.
 THE PRICE IS ONLY \$500.
 IT IS GROWING FAST.
 FOR A SEVENTH VALUE WILL
 AS A HOME PLACE IT HAS
 AS A GARDEN spot IT IS THE
 AS AN INVESTMENT IT IS

I selected it because of these
 Come in and read the written pro-
 can be secured.
 THE WORLD'S OPPORTIONS EVERY ONE
 HE PUTS IN THE HANDS OF YOUR WIFE
 HAVE ONE.
 THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 EMIL, FIFTH.
 W. Fourth st. East, Broadway
 Home 1-40.
 * You're sick at First's *

FOR SALE-

SNAP FOR BUILDERS

Three beautiful lots in Barren
Whisper bordered and flanked at
must be sold together and at once
the three.

NOW GET RUSH.

GULES & KELLS

MORE HOUSE AND LOT DEPAI

WRIGHT & CALLENDER CO

31 43 S. HILL ST.

FOR SALE

RAMONA PARK—HAVE YOU
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
IN THE SAN GABRIEL VA

It is here San Gabriel winds its
perfect garden spot in Southern
"Old Baldy" the San Bernardino
and Mt. Lowe look over the hills
and smile on this favored spot. The
Chango, the Jeff Davis and the
mona's future home. Protected in
the Gained, by the San Gabriel

perfect subdivision of homes. With
 improvements, including gas
 the rest of all. Leaves the college
 life and come to Flamingo Park.
 a beautiful spot. The house is to
 land area. Only 15 minutes from
 Come up and see us.

ALTHOUSE BROS.,
 438 E. Broadway.

Main 283.

FOR SALE—

	\$1250.
	\$1550.
	\$1350.

3 Specially elevated lots, each 1/2
 Willshire district, at \$1500 each. See
 the rest of all.
 ALTHOUSE BROS.,
 438 E. Broadway.

FOR SALE—LOT 42416, WESTERN
 AVENUE, just North of 10th St.
 MAIN 263. F200.

FOR SALE—
 Business Property.

FOR SALE, 60-FOOT INDUSTRIAL
 Catches up near the lake and
 Address address, W. 2nd St. 51, TRIN

1

(10) 7 (over)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

BUSINESS CHANCES—
Miscellaneous.

SALE—

CAFETERIA.
All complete equipment; everything modern and of the best quality. Low rent; well located and near business center. Above pretentious from weekly above expenses. To be sold weekly change of plans enables us to take exceptional opportunity. PRICE \$10,000. which price it will pay for itself and in per cent. profit. The first year. Buy the cash—

COOK BOOK NO. 3 READY TODAY
until the edition is exhausted. It contains the largest and most elaborate and complete cook book of the series issued by the Department of Agriculture.
The recipes for hot Spanish and Mexican and the hygienic department are big features of the publication. The recipes are by the Times Prize Cooking Contest, generally from Southern California and notably choice. Price 25c. In addition. Address THE TIMES, Los Angeles, Cal.

of an established industrial plant
and, a limited amount of stock is
at 50 cents (par value one dollar) and
at 25 cents. A most wonderful chance
to purchase the business, which is handled
on a cash basis. Most searching in-
vestigation is invited as it will greatly
benefit you. Address N. box 1st. TIMES OFFICE.

SALE-ON TRADE. — UP TO BAYN
painted, wall paper, etc., etc.,
at Colton, Cal., fine loca-
tion is a bargain for a practical man.
WERNON, 43 S. E. A. st. Tol. Main

some recent investments in an ex-
 tended trip excursion to London, next
 to the country, and the fact that he
 is a resident on the market, price on
 for sale. **WILSON LAND CO., Dallas**

RELIABLE MAN WITH SOME RESOURCES
 and a considerable amount of Los Angeles
 and other corporations, guaranteeing them
 money for service and investment; "some
 man with some business ability need ap-
 pears former occupation, kin. Address
LETT & CO., Hotel Newmar, Los Angeles.
 /R.

UNITED-GENTLEMAN WITH SEVERAL
 hundred dollars, to take interest in the
 real estate proposition, in vicinity of Los
 Angeles. Highly improved residence, con-
 siderable acreage, and a fine view. Call
 on 8 and 12. **MR. ARNOLD, Alhambra**

SALE-RESTAURANT WITH LIQUOR
 Good time; reasonable rent, all
 fixtures. Centrally located, average
 trade. Good location. Owner
 SPS cash (which means cash) will
 R. Balance on time. GEO. A. NUTT,
 411 Cass St.
 24

SALE-THE CASH, A GROWING BUSI-
 ness, handling stationery, magazines, news-
 papers, etc. Good location, excellent
 money; good location; near center of town;
 no school; good fixtures; rent reasonable;
 net bargain; splendid opportunity. Address
 box 113, TIMES OFFICE.
 25

SALE FURNITURE, MOVING CO. WILL
 sell all furniture and plant in stock
 for \$1; have everything to do your work
 with; 1 large open van, plane trucks,
 etc.

**ST. PETERIA, BEST LOCATION CITY, FINE-
furnished, fine paying business; large,
rented, 10 years lease on the corner
building; this is the best money making in-
vestment in city. Call TUCKER & MARKS,
Rt. 2 Second St. St. Peteria, Mo.**

**SENTO-MIDDLE-AGED LADY, WREST-
ling, training, lady, wishes to
associate with gentlemen for purpose of en-
joying life in business in Los Angeles. Address
1018 1/2 N. 10TH AVE., second floor, Des Moines,
Iowa.**

**SALE-FINE PAYING BUSINESS, 100
\$25. per week, practical monopoly; out-
lets; must be sold at once, as owner
wishes to travel with other business. Address
J. H. OFFER, 1000
Bristol, Pa.**

TED-MAN, 1200 N. STARK ST.
 in established laundry shop. We fur-
 nish and wash complete and new laundry
 equipment. His is a new venture. Only
 needs business and money. HYDRO-
 CYCLE, 16th and Central.

A SALE-SHOW CASE OF EVERY
 description, will come off here, where and
 a future, reliable service and moderate

R. S. CASE & FUTURE CO.,
 311 S. Los Angeles St.

FRANCHISE OFFICE. 30-31 & 32 SPRING
 Apartments and companies in
 the new Spring street office of The Times
 have given careful attention as at the
 office. Competent clerks in office.

AND OPPORTUNITY FOR LADY ON

...willing to invest about \$200 in
...restaurant; one of the best
...in city; location excellent;
...month; no agents. P.O. BOX 71
\$1

WANT FOR SALE: OLD STEAK-
house, good location, doing good
business; investor looking for quick
month. Satisfactory terms for selling.
See P. Box 154. **TIME OFFICE.** 21

WANTED-PARTY WITH CAPITAL TO PUT
...article in drug line; unquestion-
...red prodigious profits. Address JAMES
... 44 W. 42nd st., Los Angeles, Pines
... 1937. 20

WANTED-PARTY WITH \$200 CAN MAKE
... per cent.; 10 per cent. guaranteed; no nine
... weeks; a genuine business proposition
... bear investigation. Address
... 20

ARE NOW READY FOR BUSINESS IN
 new home, 405 S. HILL ST. Call and
 see our new coffee plant just installed.
 Get the latest and best. **SUNNET TEA**
COFFEE CO., 405 S. HILL st.

AN OPPORTUNITY IN A GOOD
 business is offered; have thoroughly
 tested and know the goods. All
 trade for one. H. H. SMITH, Hotel

IS TAKEN TODAY, BUT HALF IN-
 cash, corner 4th and Madison. Needs
 but monthly; rigid terms. No
 at any reason, willing. **SEATTLE**
State.

DESIRED A GOOD PROPOSITION
 restaurant business in beach town.
 purchase same cheap as part in
 plan well out at once. Address W.

SALE-A COMPLETE ARRAY OUTFIT.
Leaving post office. All necessary
to be moved Monday. ON CITIZENS
ALLK BLDG.

SALE-A GOOD FAMILY ROUTE.
Harmless. Price Low. Inquire 1413 W.
at 82. or W. N. Driver. Inquire 1413 W.
at 73. 733 Clanton st.

WORTH NIN; CANDY, COARSE, SOBA
and more; must sacrifice large attrac-
tive; established trade, profits, 10 cents
the location. ON WEST WASHINGTON,
Georgia.

WANT-A LIFE MAN WITH MORALS
at least, to join me in business; to
represent until purchaser is satisfied
and then I will pay him.

N. BOX 3, TIMES OFFICE. 2
 SALE—HARDWARE BUSINESS MAN
 has postoffice. Must be sold. 2
 Will trade for a clear property.
 He will before Feb. 1. Inquire of owner. 2
 N. MAIN 2
 SALE—AUTO TIRE AND ACCESSORY
 business; best location in town, with lease.
 reasons for selling. Call section. 2
 N. MAIN 2
 SALE—MEAT MARKET, ESTABLISHED
 6 years; location the best; 5 years lease;
 business new and up-to-date; will have strict
 consideration. PHONE WEST 124. MEAT. 2
 WILL BUY NICE CLEAN BUSINESS
 with pay you \$25 per week; will start
 next 3 days; must sell this week.
 N. BOX 3, TIMES OFFICE. 2

SALE-PLANT ON RAILROAD. ROOM 1. 2.
 leased. planning to build. Good location.
 in good. Cash or terms. Address 3.
 IN. TIMES OFFICE

SALE-NICELY FURNISHED FLAT
 (or without) electric light bath and
 up to date electric therapeutic equip-
 ment. SEE SOUTH MAIN

SACNIFICE TAKES THE BEST COR-
 poration ever. See location;
 including living-rooms; fine front.
 SAN PEDRO ST.

IN BARBAIN IN CITY FOR NEWLY
 FURNISHED ROOMING HOUSE. SEE THIS
 FOR REPORT BUYING. SEE WEST WARD.

SALE-2000

Telephone booth: will sell to not 7 per
man only. Address M, box 52. TIMES
ICE

DAIRYING IN

By WALTER J. BALLAN
Advance sheets of the 1938 re-
port of the California Dairy In-
dustry (now in press) show that
the products of the State for the
ended September 30, 1938, an
in value to \$25,254,151, an in-
crease of \$7,130 over those of the
September 30, 1937.

During the year there was a 1
percent increase in the produc-
tion of the State. It totaled 4
pounds—more than double the
production of the State in 1937.
40 pounds more than in 1937.
Here are the production fig-
ures by year:

Year	Pounds
1938	2,000,000,000
1937	1,900,000,000
1936	1,800,000,000
1935	1,700,000,000
1934	1,600,000,000
1933	1,500,000,000
1932	1,400,000,000
1931	1,300,000,000
1930	1,200,000,000
1929	1,100,000,000
1928	1,000,000,000
1927	900,000,000
1926	800,000,000
1925	700,000,000
1924	600,000,000
1923	500,000,000
1922	400,000,000
1921	300,000,000
1920	200,000,000
1919	100,000,000
1918	50,000,000
1917	25,000,000
1916	12,500,000
1915	6,250,000
1914	3,125,000
1913	1,562,500
1912	781,250
1911	390,625
1910	195,312
1909	97,656
1908	48,828
1907	24,414
1906	12,207
1905	6,103
1904	3,051
1903	1,526
1902	763
1901	381
1900	190
1899	95
1898	47
1897	23
1896	11
1895	5
1894	2
1893	1
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100

JOSEPH BALL
SECURITY BUILDING
INVESTMENT BONDS AND STOCKS
MEMBER LOS ANGELES STOCK EXCHANGE

F. Hutton & Co.
New York Cotton Exchange
New York Coffee Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
Cable Wires to London and New York

Union Oil Co.
Stocks...
Other High-Grade United States
W.M. R. STAATS CO.
6-7 West 4th Street, Los Angeles

C. WILSON
New York Stock Exchange
Member Board of Trade
PRIVATE WIRE

Barroll & Co.
H. W. Hollman Bldg.
BONDS
Listed Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate
A. H. CONGER
319 WILCOX BUILDING

Bonds, Stocks
Light & Callender Co.
1011 Hill

WEATHER
Forecast and Report.
The Los Angeles weather for the day...
The Los Angeles weather for the day...

NEW YORK STOCKS
CLOSING PRICES—ACTUAL SALES.
New York, Jan. 29.—(Exclusive to The Times.) Following were the closing prices for the day...

SHIPPING
PORT LOS ANGELES, SAN PEDRO.
ARRIVED—FRIDAY, JAN. 29.
Steamship State of California, Capt. Thomas...

Chicago Live Stock Market
CHICAGO, Jan. 29.—Cattle receipts 2000...
New York Cotton Market.
NEW YORK, Jan. 29.—Cotton open closed...

THE LOS ANGELES
Sunday Times
Newspaper and Magazine
In Eight Parts
Some of the Contents of the Issue of Jan. 31, 1909

IN THE NEWSPAPER SECTIONS
PART I.—General News Sheet: The Fresh News of the World by Wire; Record of Births, Marriages, Deaths and Divorces; Weather Conditions; News of Southern Counties.
PART II.—Editorial Section: Editorials and Pen Points; The Lancer; Local Official Doings; Mercantile Advertising.

IN THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
THE PREMIER OF JAPAN—Talks to The Times Correspondent About Japan's Policy. By Frank G. Carpenter.
THE NEW THOUGHT—The Hotel Clerk Discusses the Subject of Religion. By Irvin & Cobb.

ALL FOR FIVE CENTS
from San Francisco, in low of the Navigator...
SUNDAY, Jan. 31.—Following is range of...

As a Table Beer
We have no hesitancy in recommending our Extra Pale Beer, but it not only tickles the palate, but is pure, wholesome, nourishing and strengthening. For the most rugged man, the most delicate woman alike, it's the most satisfying beverage you can obtain the year round.

Los Angeles Brewing Company
Phones: Sunset East 820, Home 10057
Clearinghouse Banks.
THE UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK, Capital \$1,000,000

Los Angeles Trust Co.
114 West Fourth Street
Capital \$1,000,000.00 Surplus \$200,000.00
Resources over \$4,000,000.00

Los Angeles Trust Company
SECOND & SPRING STREETS
CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00 SURPLUS \$250,000.00

Los Angeles Trust Co.
114 West Fourth Street
Capital \$1,000,000.00 Surplus \$200,000.00
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Resources over \$4,000,000.00

Los Angeles Trust Company
SECOND & SPRING STREETS
CAPITAL \$1,000,000.00 SURPLUS \$250,000.00

\$1.50 Silk Elastic Belts 45c

ry Sale on

S. Skirts \$12.95

\$12.95

\$12.95

Skirts \$3.95

JUST FOR Saturday

and colorings.

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Editorial Section

EDITORIAL SHEET: 10 PAGES

VIIITH YEAR.

Blackstone Co.
DRY GOODS

"Onyx" Stockings 25c Pair

When a stocking bears the name "Onyx" you know it's dependable, even though the price is but twenty-five cents a pair. And that other makes of a like quality would cost much more than you can also depend upon. Notice this new line!

Women's plain black cotton "Onyx" hose in all black, black and white feet, or white soles, knit with high spliced heels, double sole; extra light or medium weight, at 25c a pair.

Children's Hose 15c Pair

ribbed hose in medium or light weight for school wear; with an extra double thick heel, toe and knee, exceptionally good in all respects for ordinary use. 15c a pair.

(Main Floor)

Line of Street Gloves Now Ready

Reindeer Gloves in the new taupe gray with fancy bone clasp at wrist. Our leader at \$1.25.

Kayser's Silk Gloves in all wanted colors, black and white, 2-clasp lengths. Every price from \$1.50 to 50c.

(Main Floor)

Good Union Suits for 50c

never saw better fitting union suits than these new ones, better made or finished garments at the price.

Summer weights and styles—high neck and long or short sleeves, low neck and no sleeves, knee or ankle lengths, all sizes, a suit.

(Main Floor)

Toilet Goods Saturday Specials

The special prices quoted below are for one day only, that's to-day, Saturday.

Talcum Powder of standard quality, 16 cans, Saturday, each 50c.

Shampoo with solid rosewood box, genuine bristles, regular 75c, Saturday 50c.

Complexion Soap in violet, heliotrope and sandalwood colors, regular 10c cakes 4 for 25c or, each 50c.

(Main Floor)

Instructions in all branches of needle work, including knitting and crocheting, every day from 9 to 12 o'clock

(Art Dept., Third Floor.)

String Instruments
The Best Makes at The Lowest Prices

We are constantly receiving from the world's famous factories the best examples of instrument making. Here you'll find what you need at the right price.

Martin Guitars, \$25.00 to \$75.00. Martin Mandolins, \$15.00 upwards. Washburn Guitars and Mandolins, \$15.00 upwards. Stewart Banjos, \$10.00 upwards. Violin outfits, \$7.50 to \$20.00.

We call attention to the Harrison Mandolin-Banjo, without doubt the highest grade and most popular of its kind—price \$35.

VICTOR-EDISON

Sold on easy payments—\$1 or more per week. Call or write for particulars. These terms apply anywhere and we deliver free to any point.

Geo. J. Birkel Company

Stationery, Candler and Victor Dealers
342-7 South Spring Street.

"I want some more."—Oliver Twist.

Give the Boy All He Wants

Give the boy all he wants—a second dish—a third dish—it can't hurt him. H-O is not the ordinary "rolled oats" that has to be cooked sixteen hours before it is fit to eat.

H-O is steam-cooked oatmeal—the only cooked oatmeal sold. It has been cooked three hours under pressure at a high temperature before you get it. Ten to fifteen minutes' boiling prepares it perfectly for your table—and then you have a delicious porridge of clean, separate, tender kernels. Ask your grocer for H-O.

H-O

WALKER TALKING MACHINES

Two disc records for price of one. We exchange used records. See our exchange.

BURTON MUSIC CO., 798-760 S. Broadway, Ham-

burg, N. Y.

and colorings.

and colorings.

and colorings.

Los Angeles Daily Times

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 30, 1909.

California del Sur.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

On All News Stands, Trains and Street, 15 CENTS.

THE COMEBACK THAT SQUELCHES.

Stupid Fake Nailed on the Tricky "Express" by Arthur Grosser—Organ of the Recall Printed Interview With Him—Had Never Seen Him. He Was Out of Town—Sixth Ward Club Did Act as Reported.

LAST evening's Express printed the following with regard to the action of the Sixth Ward Good Government Club (the original recall organization of Los Angeles) condemning the movement to recall Mayor Harper: "According to The Times, in its issue of yesterday reported the resolutions that had been adopted by the club. 'Mr. Grosser denied today that he was secretary of the club, or that he had given out any resolutions purporting to have been adopted by it. Furthermore, he said that if any meeting of the Sixth Ward Good Government Club had been held in the past few days he had heard nothing of it.'"

As showing how much dependence may be placed upon statements and reported interviews published in the Express, The Times prints without comment the signed affidavit of Secretary Grosser declaring that the Express had not talked with him whatever yesterday; that he was out of the city, and that the club did adopt the resolutions exactly as reported.

Los Angeles, January 29, 1909. The statement in the Express of today that quoted me as saying 'I was not secretary of the Sixth Ward Good Government Club; that I had not reported resolutions condemning the recall of Mayor Harper, and that I did not know of any meeting of the club in the past few days, is absolutely false.

I was not talked to by any one from the Express or any other paper, or any one else about this subject. I authorized no one to speak for me. I was out of the city today from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening. On my return I learned of the false statement in the Express.

The Times's account of the resolutions and the meeting was correct. I AM secretary of the Sixth Ward Good Government Club. It DID meet January 27, as reported, and DID adopt the resolution published, condemning the recall of Mayor Harper; and I DID sign a copy of this resolution and DID forward a copy, as ordered, to the Mayor.

I hope this will show the difference between the Express, whose statement is false, and The Times whose statement is correct.

(Signed) Arthur Grosser.

RECKLESS AT NINETY-FIVE.
Aged Man Attempts to Board Moving Car—Two Other Unfortunates Injured by Falls.

Three men were seriously injured yesterday by falling. Rev. W. A. Irwin, 95 years old, attempted to board a moving car at Twelfth and Main streets. At the receiving hospital it was found he had sustained bruises and cuts and possibly internal injuries. He was taken to his home at No. 1225 South Los Angeles street.

C. H. Young, 59 years old, fell from a stepladder at the California Hardware Company's store and his right shoulder was broken. He was taken to his home at No. 125 South Olive street, after treatment at the Receiving Hospital.

William Whitnell, 47 years old, of No. 725 Decatur street, fell from a pile of lumber in the yards of the Southern California Box Company, and also sustained a broken shoulder.

OFFICER TWICE BITTEN.
While Arresting Crazy Man, Receives Teeth Wounds in Cheek and Leg—Novel Costume.

After a desperate struggle yesterday, in which he was bitten and scratched, Patrolman David Wycoff overpowered Charles Nicholas and locked him up at the Central Station on a charge of insanity.

Nicholas became demented while visiting his brother, Nick, at No. 46 Court street. Police aid was asked for and Wycoff was sent to the rescue. When he arrived he found the crazy man beating his brother.

When the officer interfered he was bitten in the cheek and in the calf of the right leg.

Benjamin F. Miller, 65 years old, was also arrested yesterday, on an insanity charge. He was found walking along East Main street in the morning, garbed only in an undershirt.

SACRIFICE.

FOOTPAD'S BULLET KILLS HIS VICTIM.

THOMAS A. RYLES, who was shot in a heroic effort to overpower one of two highwaymen at Second street and Bunker Hill avenue last Monday night, died at the Sisters' Hospital about 8:40 o'clock last night as the result of the wound, about an hour after two men who answer the description of the robbers had been arrested. The police were preparing to take the men to the hospital for identification when they received word that Ryles was dead.

Before Ryles became unconscious he gave the physicians fractional details about the shooting, and the description of the men which may aid in their capture or identification. It was learned from him that the robber secured his watch and \$2 in change before the struggle began.

The men who were arrested yesterday gave the names of William Blake and W. J. Stack. Blake answers the description of the man who did the shooting, and Stack the man who searched the pockets of the four victims who were lined up against the fence. In their rooms on South Flower street the police found considerable stuff believed to have been stolen. The men are being held on suspicion, and an effort is being made to trace their movements for the last two weeks.

Henry Martin was later arrested in connection with the other two men. It is understood that he is their companion.

E. B. Smith, who was also a victim of the hold-up men, and aided Ryles in his struggle to overpower the men, will be asked to go to the City Jail today and identify the men if possible.

William A. Ryles of Santa Cruz arrived here yesterday morning and was at the hospital when his brother died. The unfortunate man leaves two brothers in San Francisco, a sister in Germany, and a father and mother in England.

For ten years Mr. Ryles was a well-known musician in this city. He was a member of the Symphony Orchestra and appeared in a number of recitals. Last year he played in the Catalina Band at Avalon. He maintained a studio at No. 145 South Bunker Hill avenue.

where he gave instructions on the violin and French horn.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at Pierce Bros., under the auspices of the local Musicians' Association.

BLAMES POLITICIANS.
Former Tennessee County Clerk, Short in Accounts, Indorsed Notes for Election Helpers.

William W. Wallace, formerly Clerk of Warren county, Tenn., who is wanted there on the charge of embezzlement, was arrested yesterday at Desert View Camp, six miles from Cinco, on the Aqueduct, and brought here last night. He admits he is short \$4000 in his accounts. He lost the money, he says, by going on notes of politicians who assisted him in being elected.

Three indictments were returned against Wallace, about three months ago, by a grand jury. Two of the bills charge him with embezzlement and the other with breach of trust. He is willing to return to Tennessee.

His term of office expired in 1906 and for two years he was in business in McMinnville. About a year ago he came to this city with his wife and two children. He had been employed here as a book-keeper and accountant, but recently secured a position as clerk of the commissary department at Desert View camp, where he took his family.

CATTLE SUFFER IN CARS.
J. V. Parks, A. V. Polley and L. S. Ogilvie, who arrived in Los Angeles Thursday night with a trainload of cattle, were arraigned in the Police Court yesterday on charges of cruelty to animals. Their cases were set for hearing on Wednesday and they were released under bail of \$200 each.

When officers of the S.P.C.A. examined the steers, they found many of them so exhausted that it was necessary to shoot them. Others had been trampled upon and almost cut to pieces. The animals were being shipped to grazing lands near Bakersfield to save them from starvation on Arizona ranges.

INSANE FROM REMORSE.

Man Acquitted of Murder Tries to Beat His Own Brains Out on Pavement.

Andrew McGwin of Globe, Ariz., became suddenly insane on Spring street, near the Hollenbeck Hotel, yesterday morning, from continued brooding over the killing of a man in the Territory, although he had been acquitted of the charge of murder by a jury, on the ground of justifiability. It being shown by the evidence that McGwin was not the aggressor.

McGwin came to Los Angeles several days ago, immediately after his trial, and registered at the Hollenbeck. He appeared rational until yesterday, when he suddenly lost his reason while standing in front of the hotel entrance. Falling to the sidewalk he attempted to kill himself by beating his head on the pavement, but was quickly taken in custody by the police and taken to the Receiving Hospital. Later he was sent to the County Hospital.

CALLING SPADES.

CALL RECALL CONTEMPTIBLE.

STRONG RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY TWO ALLIANCES.

Joint Committee, Acting for Sixteen Thousand Members, Joins Hosts That Oppose Scheme to Discredit the Mayor and Slander Los Angeles.

At a meeting of the joint committee of the Liberal Alliance of Southern California and the German-American Alliance of Los Angeles last night, the recall of Mayor Harper, as proposed by the Municipal League, was discussed, and the following resolutions unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, a certain coterie of citizens at a secret meeting held in this city, have formulated a contemptible plan to attempt the recall of the Hon. Ar-

thur C. Harper, as Mayor of the city of Los Angeles, because the said A. C. Harper had courageously followed his own convictions and refused to obey the selfish and narrowminded mandates of certain members of said clique of citizens; be it

Resolved, that we, the members of the joint committee of the Liberal Alliance of Southern California and the German-American Alliance of Los Angeles, being the duly authorized representatives of the fifty-one social and fraternal organizations, with a total membership of over 16,000, which form our two alliances, in meeting held on the 29th day of January, 1909, heartily approve and emphatically indorse the administration of the said A. C. Harper as Mayor of our city, and do open-

ly denounce and strongly oppose the attempt to recall the said A. C. Harper, and furthermore denounce this attempted recall as cowardly, un-American, unwarranted, and contrary to the best interests of our beloved city of Los Angeles; and be it further

Resolved, that our secretary deliver a copy of these resolutions to the Hon. A. C. Harper, Mayor of the city of Los Angeles, and also send copies of these resolutions to the secretaries of the fifty-one societies among whom we represent, for publication among all the members of these societies."

LANDING FISH WITH CLUBS.

Wading in and Picking Them up Great Sport.

Thousands so Caught in Los Angeles River.

But Yesterday's Carnival May Bring on Aches.

Thousands of fish, most of them diseased, were turned from the Hollenbeck Park lake into the Los Angeles River yesterday morning when city employees drained the pretty body of water preparatory to making improvements—and to get rid of the funny population.

These fish were caught by hundreds of residents of the neighborhood who thronged the bank, leaped into the water, and dragged forth their prizes by thousands. The fish were afflicted with a strange ensnarement similar to tuberculosis of the bone, and for that reason were released by the park officials. The public did not know this.

For a time the river bank for three miles looked as though the occupants of the insane asylum had been turned loose upon it. Men, women and children ran madly to and fro, striking the fish, many of them large, on the heads with clubs, or throwing stones at them. Here and there an eager fisherman leaped into the water, seized a big carp in his arms and waded ashore, while the fish struggled as only a big carp can, and slapped its captor with its tail. Groups of a dozen or more persons gathered in the water to scoop up a mess or two.

Staid Russians from the colony near by attended the carnival, and it was no

unusual thing to see a bearded man, covered with fish slime, emerge from the water carrying his trophy in his arms.

For more than two hours it was a bonanza of fish. The carp were beautiful specimens, hundreds upon hundreds of them ranging in size from three and five pounds up to fifteen. With these were thousands of gold fish, half dead by the sudden rush of water, and easy victims for the impromptu fishermen.

FINNY FUN STARTS.

The fun began shortly after 11 o'clock. Foreman Richard H. Berry of Hollenbeck Park opened the big storm drain located at the south end. The flood gates open on the river above the bridge, just north of the Seventh-street bridge. The sights that followed were wonderful to behold. The water came thundering forth, and with it the fish, so thick that it was a shimmering mass of white and gold.

In the river bed some distance below, a number of tramps had established a camp. They were hungry, and dared not leave the district for fear of arrest.

One Weary Willie turned listlessly over to look as the flood came down. Suddenly he yelled and his eyes started from his head. The water, hot more than three feet deep at that point, was alive with fish, fish that, according to all rules and regulations

ought to have been swimming around in some nice deep brook or pool, far beyond the reach of anglers. The hobby made a rush, forgot all his comic supplement jokes which forbid the application of water to such as he, and plunged in head first. He seized the largest carp he could lay hands on, and for a few moments walked like a porpoise, his unkempt head and whiskers bobbing about while the fish fought gamely for freedom.

With much puffing and blowing he managed to run ashore. By the time the other tramps were in. They seized goldfish and carp and made such loud whooping that the report was spread that a gold mine had been discovered in Los Angeles.

Their shouts attracted other people along the bank, and men, women and children came running from every direction. By that time the fish were so thick in the river that they had to push one another aside to swim by.

GOLD-FEVER PANIC.
Some sightseers were stricken with a veritable gold-fever panic and jumped in head foremost. Others secured sticks and went to work. Many struck the fish with stones and dragged out the best.

When the women arrived the real excitement began. Japanese, Mexican, Russian, negro, Greek, Serbian and Slav, all speaking different languages, and yelling strange words of joy, started in.

One old Russian woman took a long look at the men, then another at the fish, and forgetting modesty, timidity and the fact that she had a hole in her stocking, pulled her skirts far above her knees and waded in. Those who were not too busy looked at her, and those who were fishing paid no attention.

A man with long white whiskers, which he had tucked into his belt to avoid stepping on them, arrived on the run. He was wheezing a snuff-god and in his excitement he took the baby out, put it on the bank, and filled the go-cart with fish.

By noon the employees of nearby factories had been notified of the big find, and they also joined the ranks. There was no need of telling fish stories, for the carp were heavy enough to satisfy even the most exclusive angler, and the goldfish were fat and "mussy."

There will probably be many stomach aches in Los Angeles today, and the doctors may hold themselves prepared to answer quick calls in ptomaine poison cases.

LOS ANGELES HIGH WINS.
Beats Polytechnic High in Debate Regarding Revision of Tariff for Revenue.

Los Angeles High School defeated the Polytechnic High School in their debate in the series of the Southern California Intercollegiate Debating League last evening, at Los Angeles High, by a score of 201 to 174-2.

The question was: "Resolved, that Congress should revise the tariff, basing the revision on the principle of revenue." Barrett Hanawalt and George Hand defended the affirmative for Polytechnic, and Miss Norma Bloomfield and Stan Smith for the negative for Los Angeles High.

The Polytechnic Orchestra, Los Angeles High Girls' Glee Club, a vocal solo by Leslie Brigham and a violin solo by Miss Anita Ventum entertained the audience before and after the speaking. Both schools were well represented, as more than 1500 students and their friends were present.

The judges were Judge F. W. Houser of the Superior Court, Prof. James D. Graham, Superintendent of Long Beach city schools, and Dr. W. H. Snyder, principal of Hollywood Union High School.

LITTLE GIRL REAPPEARS.
After an absence of several days, twelve-year-old Eva Rose Sweney yesterday returned to her home on South Hope street. The little girl disappeared Sunday night. She said she had been staying with Mrs. C. Rose, a relative who lives at No. 229 Boyd street. The child told the officers that she had been staying at Mrs. Douglas, in whose charge she had been, and the woman, who had been arrested, was released.

Corner Third and Spring Streets

TRUE.

LANDING FISH WITH CLUBS.

Wading in and Picking Them up Great Sport.

Thousands so Caught in Los Angeles River.

But Yesterday's Carnival May Bring on Aches.

Thousands of fish, most of them diseased, were turned from the Hollenbeck Park lake into the Los Angeles River yesterday morning when city employees drained the pretty body of water preparatory to making improvements—and to get rid of the funny population.

These fish were caught by hundreds of residents of the neighborhood who thronged the bank, leaped into the water, and dragged forth their prizes by thousands. The fish were afflicted with a strange ensnarement similar to tuberculosis of the bone, and for that reason were released by the park officials. The public did not know this.

For a time the river bank for three miles looked as though the occupants of the insane asylum had been turned loose upon it. Men, women and children ran madly to and fro, striking the fish, many of them large, on the heads with clubs, or throwing stones at them. Here and there an eager fisherman leaped into the water, seized a big carp in his arms and waded ashore, while the fish struggled as only a big carp can, and slapped its captor with its tail. Groups of a dozen or more persons gathered in the water to scoop up a mess or two.

Staid Russians from the colony near by attended the carnival, and it was no

unusual thing to see a bearded man, covered with fish slime, emerge from the water carrying his trophy in his arms.

For more than two hours it was a bonanza of fish. The carp were beautiful specimens, hundreds upon hundreds of them ranging in size from three and five pounds up to fifteen. With these were thousands of gold fish, half dead by the sudden rush of water, and easy victims for the impromptu fishermen.

FINNY FUN STARTS.

The fun began shortly after 11 o'clock. Foreman Richard H. Berry of Hollenbeck Park opened the big storm drain located at the south end. The flood gates open on the river above the bridge, just north of the Seventh-street bridge. The sights that followed were wonderful to behold. The water came thundering forth, and with it the fish, so thick that it was a shimmering mass of white and gold.

In the river bed some distance below, a number of tramps had established a camp. They were hungry, and dared not leave the district for fear of arrest.

One Weary Willie turned listlessly over to look as the flood came down. Suddenly he yelled and his eyes started from his head. The water, hot more than three feet deep at that point, was alive with fish, fish that, according to all rules and regulations

ought to have been swimming around in some nice deep brook or pool, far beyond the reach of anglers. The hobby made a rush, forgot all his comic supplement jokes which forbid the application of water to such as he, and plunged in head first. He seized the largest carp he could lay hands on, and for a few moments walked like a porpoise, his unkempt head and whiskers bobbing about while the fish fought gamely for freedom.

With much puffing and blowing he managed to run ashore. By the time the other tramps were in. They seized goldfish and carp and made such loud whooping that the report was spread that a gold mine had been discovered in Los Angeles.

Their shouts attracted other people along the bank, and men, women and children came running from every direction. By that time the fish were so thick in the river that they had to push one another aside to swim by.

GOLD-FEVER PANIC.
Some sightseers were stricken with a veritable gold-fever panic and jumped in head foremost. Others secured sticks and went to work. Many struck the fish with stones and dragged out the best.

When the women arrived the real excitement began. Japanese, Mexican, Russian, negro, Greek, Serbian and Slav, all speaking different languages, and yelling strange words of joy, started in.

One old Russian woman took a long look at the men, then another at the fish, and forgetting modesty, timidity and the fact that she had a hole in her stocking, pulled her skirts far above her knees and waded in. Those who were not too busy looked at her, and those who were fishing paid no attention.

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Classified Advertisements.

WANTED—MAYOR.

WANTED.—Candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles to run against Harper on the Recoil ticket.

Must be sound and kind, 14 hands high, more or less, broken to harness and well-bitted—one trained to take orders and to obey the whip.

Must be free from ringbone, spavin and heaves and a good runner—a devil of a runner. Trotters and rackers not accepted. Gait not fast enough.

SPECIAL REQUIREMENT. Must be docile, quick to mind the rein and able to stand the goad without bucking. Wanted only for a short time. Liable to be recalled any minute—sometimes twice a minute.

Will be ridden by E. T. E., likewise C. D. W. and M. L., the well-known political jockeys. All hard riders. Sore-backed candidates or those tender on the bit need not apply.

Must be well shod, that is to say, well heeled. One right off the bluegrass range would do, if properly branded. Is expected to shy at the cars—especially at cars owned by a corporation.

Terms: CASH. LOTS OF CASH. No credit—no credit to either the candidate or the purchasers. No credit to anybody connected with the deal.

APPLY TO E. T. E., Expressoffice, or to T. E. G., Herald office, or to The Prominent Citizens' Company (Limited). Show your invitation.

IZZY'S POLITICS.

UNPREJUDICED DOS JUDGES.

MARKOVICH SHOWS 'EM HOW TO RUN A RECALL MEETING.

"We Don't Want no Prejudiced Judges, Only Dos Mit no Nice Fashions for A. C. Harper—If You See for a Wide Open Town You Shouldn't Get It, According to Izzy."

BY HARRY C. CARR.

In the midst of the preparations for a recall meeting yesterday, Mr. Izzy Markovich, the well-known kosher humorist, stopped and looked at his prominent brother, Jake, with marked interest.

"You should make a speech," said Jake, "you should make a speech."

"What is it a orator?" asked Izzy. "What is it a orator?" asked Izzy. "What is it a orator?" asked Izzy.

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Jake Markovich.

who prides himself on his beauty and his resemblance to Harper, and is a "recall" candidate for Mayor.

mine brother a Mayor you don't sit nothing you vote for.

"Should you vote for dos wide-open town, you should get it? No you don't get it."

"Should you vote for dos close-up look hair towns, you should get it? No you don't get it."

"Does A. C. Harper makes it you should have it like you makes it mit your votes."

"Should it be my brother, Jake, should be Mayor, you don't get nothing should you want it."

"Thus, prominent citizens, do we make it a clean wash mit de face from our beautiful city."

Izzy stepped from the brine bucket with much grace; but immediately thrust his fingers into his ears with an expression of pain.

"Does head clappings is such a loud," he explained to Jake.

"Should I be it a Mayor, should I do dos things?" asked Jake in troubled perplexity.

"What thinks?" asked Izzy. "Should you be it a Mayor, you find out off from C. D. Willard what it should be you should do. Every morning comes to you a prominent citizens which makes mit you dos explanations what you should to do."

"Why you should make it dos speech then," asked Jake, picked in consternation.

Izzy looked very sly. "Dos is not a speech; dos is it pure politics," said Izzy.

OWL'S THIRD STORE.

The Owl Drug Company will open its third store in this city today, at No. 625 South Broadway.

The new store is a model establishment, one of the most attractive of "The Owl's" ten stores in California, and the opening today will be celebrated by presenting to each customer a box of fine candy.

TAFT IS OFF COLON.

COLON, Jan. 29.—The cruiser North Carolina, with William H. Taft on board, was sighted off this port today.

Ask for Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey, and Take It.

Look for the Bell on the Bottle and Our Guarantee No. 505.

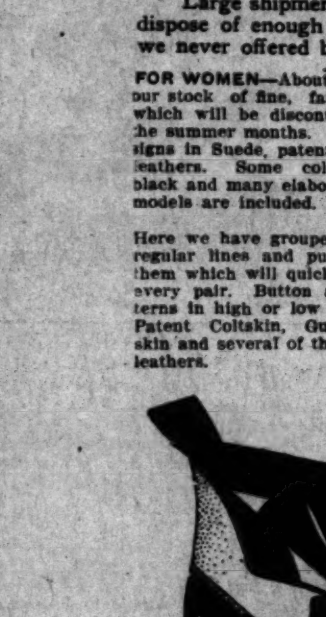
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DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

CURES COUGHS

Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

Is Pure Pine-Tar and Pure Honey, combined by a scientific process with various other ingredients. The contents printed on every bottle.

OUR STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION—It has been sold for Sixteen Years with a steadily increasing sale.

Ask for Dr. Bell's PINE-TAR-HONEY, and Take It.

Look for the Bell on the Bottle and Our Guarantee No. 505.

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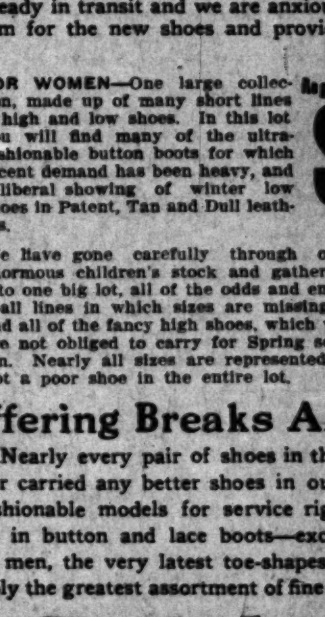
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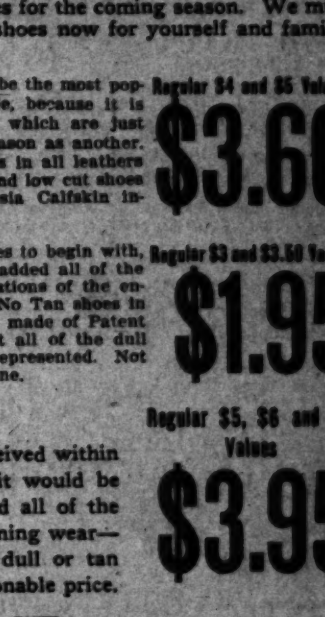
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"Down Go Prices"

The Big Annual Baker Shoe Sale

Starts This Morning at Both Stores

Our policy of close margin prices would be impossible if we tolerated any accumulation of dead stock.

We are able to give bigger shoe values than any other concern in this city, simply and wholly because we will not allow any dead stock to accumulate and increase our cost of doing business. Practically our entire stock is changed three times a year, and we consider no shoe is worthy of a place on our shelves for more than two seasons. This annual sale is our method of holding down our stock; it is the only occasion on which we completely ignore all thought of profit and employ every legitimate means in forcing out all discontinued and short lines, without regard of our regular prices.

Large shipments of our new Spring styles are already in transit and we are anxious to make an early showing of shoes for the coming season. We must dispose of enough of our present stock to make room for the new shoes and provide money to pay for them. Buy shoes now for yourself and family; we never offered bigger value inducements.

FOR WOMEN—About two-thirds of our stock of fine, fancy slippers, which will be discontinued during the summer months. Exclusive designs in Suede, patent and plain leathers. Some colored, mostly black and many elaborately beaded models are included.

Here we have grouped over thirty regular lines and put a price on them which will quickly dispose of every pair. Button and lace patterns in high or low cut shoes, in Patent Coltskin, Gunmetal Calfskin and several of the popular tan leathers.

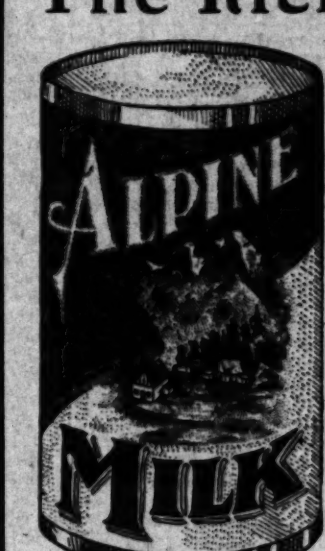
Up to \$7 Values
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Up to \$3.50 Values
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Up to \$3.50 Values
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This Offering Breaks All Shoe Records

FOR MEN AND WOMEN. Nearly every pair of shoes in this attractive offering have been received within the past two weeks. We never carried any better shoes in our whole business experience and it would be impossible to design more fashionable models for service right now. For women you will find all of the very latest short vamp effects in button and lace boots—exclusive patterns in low shoes for evening wear—in all of the best leathers; for men, the very latest toe-shapes in low or high shoes—in patent dull or tan leathers. Unquestionably the greatest assortment of fine shoes ever placed on sale at a reasonable price.

Baker
TWO STORES
451 SOUTH BROADWAY - 239 SOUTH SPRING STREET

The Richest Milk Obtainable in Any Form



As delicate in flavor as bottled cream and free from impurities.

It's Sterilized

ALPINE
EVAPORATED
CREAM CO.
Gonzales and Hollister Cal.



Kite
Shaped
Track
No scene twice seen

The Kite is the scenic trip of Southern California. Passing thru the heart of the great orange district past the snow-clad mountains, thru beautiful Redlands and Riverside lying amid a wealth of tropical loveliness, this trip affords untold delights to the sight-seer, 166 miles of ever-changing scenery. \$3.00 round trip. \$2.05 round trip on Sundays, limited to date of sale. Train leaves 8:30 a.m. Return in time for dinner. Observation car.

E. W. McGee, Gen. Agt. Pass. Dept., 334 South Spring Street.

Ramblers Perfect
California Road Performance.
Is proven by the new San Diego record. Let's show you why a Rambler is the car you should buy.
W. K. COWAN, So. Cal. Agent,
1140-42 South Hope St.

American Locomotive Car
"IT STAYS NEW"
W. P. BOOK, So. Cal. Agt.
1201 So. Main St. F5935

"Walk-Over"
Shoes \$3.50, \$4, \$5
J. F. Hughes, Prop
111 S. Spring and Cor. 4th St.

MEN'S SUITS \$15
MADE TO ORDER
SCOTCH TAILORS
310 SO SPRING

ONE PRICE, PROMPT DELIVERY
Pease Bros.
Furniture Co.
640-646 SOUTH HILL ST.

GREAT HALF PRICE SALE
Cravettes and Auto Clothing
for Men, Women and Children
GOODYEAR RAIN COAT CO.
210 So. Broadway

OFFICE FURNITURE
Desks, Tables, Chairs, Stools, Cabinets, Book Cases, Opera Boxes, etc.
R. D. Brown
Desk Co.
542 So. Spring.

Send Your Jewelry Mail Orders to
A. B. COHN & BRO.
N.W. Cor. 3rd and Main Sts., Los Angeles

JAMES F. BUTLER
749 South Spring Street
Wall Paper, Tinting, Painting,
Paints, Oils and Varnish. Paint Brushes.

SILVERWARE
COMPLETE STOCK
LOW

shape hat is still
ons to stay another
one sure thing
that they will be
the Merry Widow is
The new spring
are very conserva-
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News Happenings South of the Tehachen.

NEWS REPORTS FROM CORRESPONDENTS OF THE TIMES.

MOVE ON SALE

SIEGEL VES

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EGEL'S

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

MISS ALLEN'S

YALE SCHOOL

FISK TEACHERS

Business College

Boynton Teachers

HARVARD SCHOOL

WESTERN CAN

CREDIT

WELLEN & BLUM

WASH FRUIT TO GOOD MARKETS.

PACKERS BUSY NOW

WEATHER IS FINE.

Standard and Thirty-five Car-

Standard and Thirty-five Car-

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WOMEN'S CLUBS

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MADE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURES

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Home Made—Best Made

Home Made—Best Made

Home Made—Best Made

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CANNOT LOSE TEXAS BUNCH.

LIVE STOCK DELEGATES GETTING SOME VARIETY.

With Wives and Daughters They Visit Mountains and Coast and Meet Everything of Interest in Between—Men from Lone Star State Whooop It Up.

The several hundred delegates and their wives and daughters, who came here for the twelfth annual convention of the American National Live Stock Association, are in no hurry to return to their homes. They are having the time of their lives, and with few exceptions, will spend at least a week or ten days more in California.

Yesterday about 100 of the visitors availed themselves of the trolley ride extended by the Pacific Electric to Pasadena, taking in the orange groves, the beautiful sights of the Crown City and the Caverton Ostrich Farm, where the great, plumed birds greatly interested them. Some of the throng went up Mt. Lowe and were reminded of home by the snow.

The Texas delegation, however, asked no entertainment, but chartered three cars from the Pacific Electric, invited a few of their friends from other states, and from 3 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, rode about over the company's lines, going and coming at will. They saw the orange groves, the Mission at San Gabriel, Bunch's sunken gardens at Pasadena, the ostriches at the Caverton farm and wound up the day by a trip to Long Beach, where they enjoyed a fish dinner and many of them a dip in the ocean.

Plans must be doctored to this Texas bunch. They do things. Automobile companies which have machines for rent are constantly on the go hauling the Texans. As one of the leading spirits in the Texas delegation remarked:

"It is cold and bleak down in our country now. The cattle are thin. It is not a pretty prospect to look at. So we have come here to see the mountains and the coast and it is sure as hell. This is a great country. A crowd of us are going to Catalina tomorrow and we are not coming back until one of us lands the biggest fish in the Pacific."

Catalina is proving popular to the visitors, as are also the beach towns. Quite a crowd visited the island yesterday, and reported so favorably on that pleasure spot that a large delegation will make the trip today.

The popularity of the beaches is attested by the fact that nearly all the visitors in the city will make the trip today to the beach cities along Crescent Bay, as guests of the Los Angeles-Pacific Railway. Visits will be made to Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Playa del Rey and Redondo. Two hours will be spent at the latter place, where a fish dinner will be served the visitors by the Chamber of Commerce, who will also show them about the city.

Sunday a number of the visitors will leave the city by the Motor Coach, where they will visit Santa Barbara, San Francisco and other points. Later they will return to Los Angeles and go to their homes from here.

WOMAN SLAYS HER RELATIVE.

ADmits Firing Shots, But Won't Say Why.

Husband Meets His Wife Coming Out of Room of Death With Smoking Pistol in Her Hand—Boy Bandits, Who Escaped from Whittier, Captured at Oceanside.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 9.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. Edith Dugan, wife of James Dugan tonight shot and killed Bruce Sheffield, her brother-in-law, in a room of the Burbank Hotel, where both parties lived and which is conducted by the woman's husband.

The woman fired two shots from a .32 Harrington and Richardson revolver, both taking effect in Sheffield's heart. He died on his way to a hospital. The woman is in jail.

There were no witnesses to the shooting. The woman's husband met his wife coming out of the room with the smoking pistol in her hand. He took it from her.

Sheffield was about 35 years of age, a widower, and was employed on the construction of the Timko building.

The woman is about 30 years of age. She admitted to the District Attorney that she fired the shots, but refused to say why.

CATCH BOY BANDITS.

A telephone message from Oceanside says James Taylor and Frank McDermott, both aged 15, the two boy bandits who escaped from Whittier reformatory on January 23, have been captured there. Taylor was sent up from Los Angeles and McDermott from Oakland. After escaping they robbed many stores and dwellings, were arrested and placed in jail at Fairport. Getting free again they continued their robberies until apprehended at Oceanside. They will be returned to the reformatory tomorrow.

Arguments in the Taber habeas corpus proceedings were concluded today and the case taken under advisement by the court. Taber, who is resisting proceedings for his return to Searchlight, Nev., on a charge of embezzlement growing out of the collapse of a bank there, of which he was president, made the plea that as he was not in Nevada at the time the alleged crime was committed, and had not been a resident of that state since 1932, he could not be termed a fugitive from justice.

Sheriff Smith, the Nevada official, declares he was elected on the promise that he would bring Taber back for trial and that he will use every means and all the money he legally can to fulfill this promise. A decision is not expected in the case before next week. In the meantime Taber is at liberty, having been paroled in the custody of his counsel.

COAL FOR FLOTTILLA.

The coaler Saturn has arrived from San Francisco with coal for the torpedo fleet at anchor here. Capt. Benson of the cruiser Albany announced today that all the vessels of the fleet, except the USS Albany, will sail north for a four days' cruise, as soon as coal is loaded, going as far as Fort Harford. When unloaded the Saturn will return north.

The Cheyenne will sail Monday for a four days' cruise to test her oil burners. The destroyer Paul Jones arrived today afternoon from Mare Island. Lieutenant-Commander Lang of the Albany has been transferred and will leave tomorrow for the Atlantic Coast.

Towels

Big Savings

Turkish Towels 15c

Double thread, unbleached. Hemmed ends. 20 by 36-inch. 20c values, each. 15c

Bath Towels 25c

Bleached; double thread. Heavy absorbent quality. 30c and 35c kinds, each. 25c

Face Towels 15c

Union linen; heavy huck; hemmed ends. 20 by 40 inches. Extra values, at, each. 15c

Face Towels 16c

All linen huck face towels with hemmed ends. Size 20 by 40 inches. 25c values, each. 16c

Face Towels 39c

For home use; hemmed ends. Of figured huck in size 20 by 48 inches. 45c and 50c values, each. 39c

Face Towels 15c

Union linen huck towels, very heavy absorbent quality. Hemmed ends. 20 by 40-inch. 15c

Absorb't Crash 5c

Splendid for everyday napkins or towels. No phone orders filled. Limit of five yards to a customer. 3 1/2 lb. grade, 5c yard. 5c

Sample Towels

Special sale of a big purchase of these desirable samples. Some slightly soiled, but otherwise perfect. Marked at just half their real worth—pieces here at 5c to 25c

MAIN FLOOR.

Women's Neckwear 25c

Dainty Fixings Worth to 75c

Fancy chiffon stocks, lace and tulle effects; silk and chiffon combinations; in wanted colors and white. Each Main Floor. 25c

35c Brooms 16c

Best five-sewed Eastern brooms. Only 1 lb. a customer and delivered only with other goods. No phone orders filled. 16c

50c Brooms 34c

Size handle house brooms. Five-sewed Eastern. Corn. Extra values. 34c

60c Brooms 44c

Large size hotel brooms. Here your chance. Special. 44c

50c Brooms 34c

Fard or warehouse brooms. Extra strong, three-sewed, and well bound. 34c

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Take a Ride on the Moving Stairway

It will carry you right up into a regular fairyland of styles in the latest of a wonderful assortment of wearing apparel for Los Angeles boys and girls.

STUPENDOUS SALE OF OSTRICH PLUMES

Beyond Doubt the Biggest and Most Noteworthy Plume Sale Ever Held

We are among the largest importers and wholesalers of ostrich goods on the Pacific Coast, and place on sale Saturday morning to close it out.

OUR ENTIRE WHOLESALE STOCK

Practically Half Price

It's a sale that will draw crowds of women. It's a sale that offers values great enough to attract dealers, too. Buy for future as well as present needs. These desirable all-the-year-round hat trimmings are ever advancing in price. You can't make a mistake. Money invested in ostrich plumes is as profitable as money invested in diamonds.

Eight Large Lots—Various Lengths

All Handsome, Heavy Hued, Long Fiber Plumes in a Deep, Rich Black

(See the Window.) Second Floor.

Beautiful 14-inch Black Plumes, worth \$3.00. \$1.50

Extra Heavy 17-inch Black Plumes, well worth \$7.00. \$4

Handsome 21-in. Black Plumes, well worth \$9.00. \$5

Wide and Heavy 23-in. Black Plumes, worth \$18.50. \$9

Magnificent 23-in. Black Plumes, worth \$18.50. \$10

Elegant 23-inch Black Plumes, regularly marked \$15.00. \$8

Choice, Heavy 23-inch Black Plumes, well worth \$12.50. \$7

Extra Thick 22-in. Black Plumes, well worth \$10.00. \$6

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Choice, Heavy 23-inch

JANUARY 30, 1909

Matinee Special

2:30 to 5:30

Hot tamales, cold
rolls and butter, coffee
tea with whipped
cream 15c

Chicken croquette, with
celery sauce, bread
butter, coffee,
tea or milk 15c

FOURTH FLOOR.

Veils and Drapes \$1

The Regular \$2 Kind—
Special.

Chiffon and net auto veils
and scarfs in plain
printed effects. Some
square, others 2 and 3
yards long; hem-
stitched borders \$1

MAIN FLOOR.

35c Ribbons 20c

Extra quality 4-inch
saline, all-silk printed
ties and novelties; every
wanted color.
Per yard 20c

75c Ribbons 35c

4-inch heavy quality
feta, printed warp and
weft effects, stripes,
fancy and novelties;
splendid range of
choices. Yard 35c

MAIN FLOOR.

Women's \$1.25 Cape Gloves \$1

300 Dozen Just Received

Popular style evening
cape gloves—suitable for
street and general wear.
Made to sell at \$1.25—
through a very special
purchase we are enabled
to offer them
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MAIN FLOOR.

Corsets \$5

Famous "La Vie"

and "Royal Re-
gent" Corsets

New spring long by mode
ready for your business.
These makes have the
favor among women far and wide. No
alone has put them in
class wholly by themselves.
The very best workmanship
and materials available
have been put into every one.
There are models of the
French couturier as well as
American. Absolutely
best looking used, in any
way these corsets are
superior to any other. It
makes on the market. Every
pair guaranteed
perfectly
fitted \$5

Second Floor.

Cook Book

and Other
Skilled
Housewives

Spanish Dishes

RECIPIES FOR HUSBAND
THIS WEEK: 112 WAYS
FOR PREPARING

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

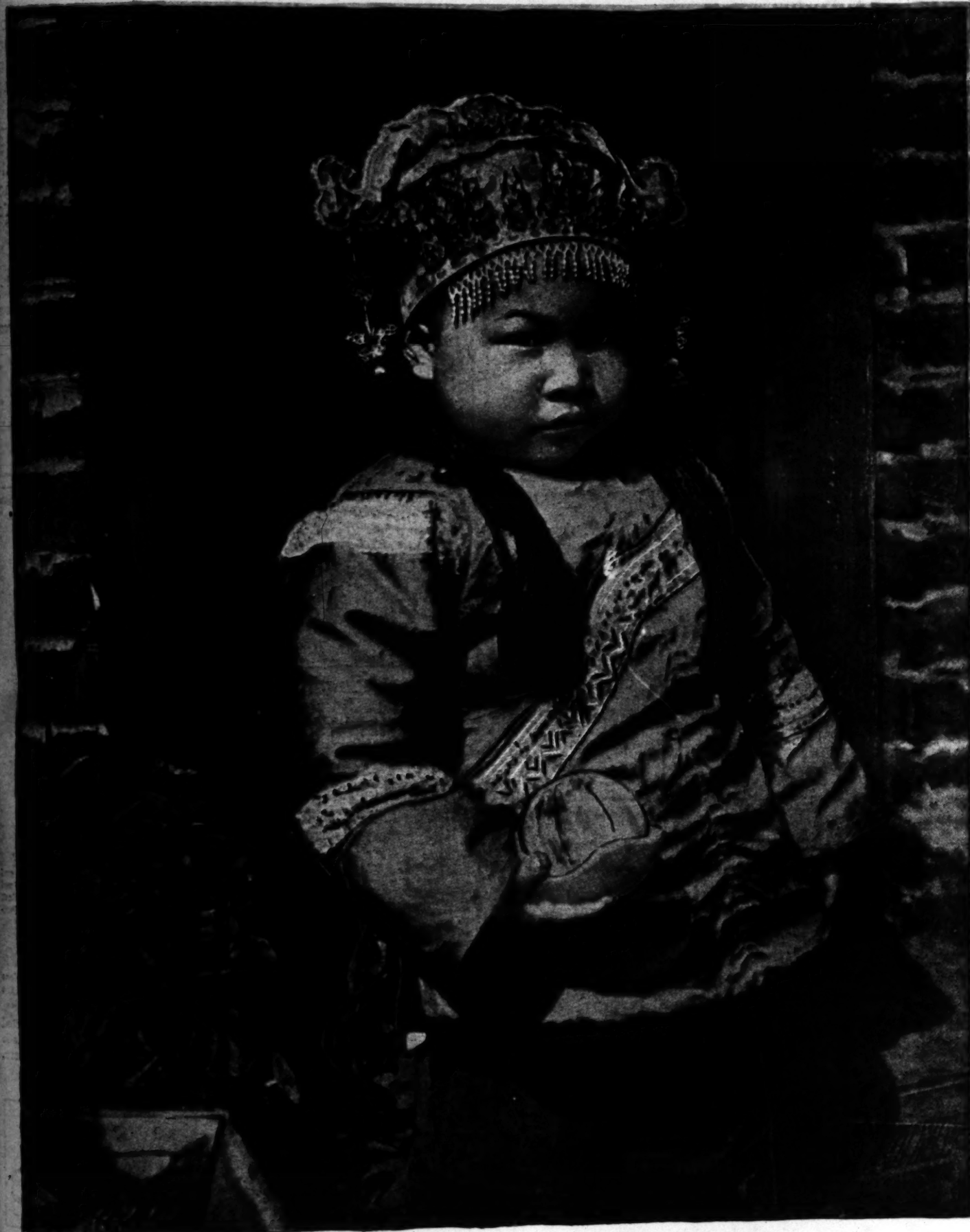
Los Angeles Sunday Times

SEVENTH YEAR.
ANNUUM, \$3.50.

JANUARY 31, 1909.

FIVE CENTS

PICTURESQUE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



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A Home Product of which Chinatown is Proud.

Insurance of Yuma ask government to
leave to avert possible danger of
flood.

Shortly before noon the building
occupied by the Oklahoman was gutted,
causing a loss of \$45,000. Several hours
later the warehouse of the J. I. Case

The cold is widespread. At one
point in Manitoba it was 50 below, but
moderating. It was 16 below at La-
crosse, Wis. It was 13 above at
Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chi-
cago.

Considerable snow fell in Kentucky
and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan
reports that snow is still falling below

done it is almost certain that Los An-
geles and San Pedro will get what they
seek despite the one-man war waged
by Senator Savage.

**SNOW STORM CAUSES
FATAL CAR WRECK.**
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

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Suetene

The Vegetable-Suet Shortening

Suetene is the synonym of health. It is the scientific combination of pure, wholesome beef suet and the very finest vegetable oil. It agrees perfectly with the most delicate stomachs—makes fried foods—and pies, cakes and pastry—not only perfectly digestible, but more delicate in flavor and more delicious. And Suetene is more economical than lard or butter—because one-third less is required. Suetene is entitled to a trial by you in your own kitchen. Progressive grocers sell it.

Contains no hog fat.

Made in Los Angeles.

30 days fresher than Eastern Shortenings.

The CUDAHY PACKING CO.

The Book YOU NEED



"Rubber Sanded" Roofing

The best experts in the country are employed in the manufacture of Rubber Sanded Roofing. Men trained in all of the technical knowledge necessary—men who have studied the business in its every detail—are making the production of Rubber Sanded their life work.

BOOKLET OF FACTS

Our new booklet goes into the details of PIONEER ROOFING. Thirty-two pages of FACTS, profusely illustrated. Its origin, how it is made, where it has been used, and the results. It shows WHY, BY EVERY TEST, PIONEER ROOFING IS BEST.

Pioneer Roll Paper Co.

219-221 S. Los Angeles St., (Department 31,) Los Angeles, Cal.

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with an experienced attendant in charge will be conducted in the premises, and any one desiring facts or literature concerning hotels, resorts, routes of travel, and time of departure or arrival of trains, can ascertain same either by calling personally or ringing Sunset Phone "Press 1," or Home Phone, The Times.

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THE....

TIMES

COOKING
AND OTHER
RECIPES BY
SKILLED
CHEFS AND
HOUSEWIVES

COOK BOOK

NUMBER THREE

198 Recipes for Spanish Dishes

98 Soups; 199 Salads; 417 Recipes for Bread, Rolls, Biscuits, Buns and the like; 112 Ways of Cooking Meats; 100 Recipes for Preparing Fish and Game; 81 for Fish and Shell-fish; 196 Ways of Cooking Vegetables; 250 Cakes; 45 Recipes for Cookies and Small Cakes; 114 Pies; 180 Dishes; 172 Desserts.

115 Recipes for Hygienic Dishes

31 Marmalades; Also including instructions for the Use of a Roast Cooker, and Many Pointers of Value to Those Who Seek the Best in the Preparation of Food.

This Compilation Is From the 1908 Cooking Contest Conducted by the Los Angeles Times, to Which Contributions Were Made by Hundreds of the Best Cooks in California and Elsewhere.

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January 31, 1909.]

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897
American in tone and color, Southwestern in character, with the flavor of the land and the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the development of the country, the marvelous natural resources and to the range of its wonders and beauties. The content of good reading matter: Popular sketches, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictorial miscellany.

Each number contains 32 large pages, equivalent to 64 pages of the average size. The magazine is published at a moderate price. Address: THE TIMES-MIRROR CO., Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, California. Being complete in itself, may be read separately from the news sheets, except in the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Persons submitting matter for publication in The Times-Mirror will retain copies of their manuscripts. Manuscripts will be returned if not found to be of value to the magazine. The return of others is not guaranteed.

Los Angeles Sunday Times MAGAZINE

Volume Began Jan. 3, 1909.
Volume Ends June 27, 1909.

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Industrial Revolution. By Amos George
What's in a Name. By May C. Ringwalt
Taft. By John Elfreth Watkins
New Roosevelt Trout. By Arthur Chapman
Booth's Crime. By Rene Bache
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Pont: a Heathen. By B. F. Napheys
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Eucalyptus in California. By a Special Contributor
Power of Adelphus. By Adella Bee Adams
Dependence. By May C. Ringwalt
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Short Stories.
House Beautiful. By Ernest Brauntton
City Beautiful. By Ernest Brauntton
Cultry Culture. By Henry W. Kruckeberg
Started by Argonauts. From New York Sun
Farming California. By J. W. Jeffrey
Gardening in California. By J. W. Jeffrey
of the Body. By Harry E. Brook

THE PLOWBOY OF AYR.

WITH what prodigal abandon nature gifts to men, and with how great lack of attention men accept the best things she sends, nature spangles the bald desert with the bluest blooms where they "blush unseen" on the air which is breathed by the creatures and insect tribes. So she flings into "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" a seed no eye but that of the semi-sensitized same way nature cradles those she endows, by the side of some poetic brook like those where narrow intelligence and as narrow wealth live wedded together, or by the bright where the bleak winter winds of Scotland shiver almost open rafters of a peasant farmer's Here in Los Angeles on Monday last, 150 years and 7000 miles away from the "banks of Ayr," a company of the sons of California, enabled to pay fitting recognition to a genius on earth went hungry almost to starve almost to nakedness, not merely men, but fellow-men, but held in contempt by many, self-appreciated by but few. On the banks of the stream today a beautiful and substantial monument bears his name, and other shafts have been raised by his wandering countrymen in many parts of the world. Scarcely is there a considerable clime where Scots do not meet each year on the "enjoy" "a night w' Burns."

And well they may. In one sense Robert Burns is Scotch. In a broader sense he is a universal genius of the human race. The sphere in which he wrought out his dreams of beauty

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897

in tone and color, Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains.

to the development of the country, the exploitation of its numerous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorials, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and light miscellany.

Each number contains 32 large pages, equivalent to 120 pages of the average size. The numbers will be sent at this office for a moderate price.

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Being complete in itself, may be served to the subscriber separate from the news sheets, except through the mails. It is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Manuscripts for publication in The Times Magazine should be sent to the publishers. Manuscripts accepted for publication will be returned if not found available for publication. Others are not guaranteed.

Los Angeles
Sunday Times
MAGAZINE

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THE PLOWBOY OF AYR.

WITH what prodigal abandon nature flings her gifts to men, and with how great lack of appreciation men accept the best things she sends! Like nature spangles the bald desert with her most blooms where they "blush unseen and waste their sweetness" on the air which is breathed only by creatures and insect tribes. So she flings her gems to the dark unfathomed caves of ocean" where they have no eye but that of the semi-senseless fish. In the same way nature cradles those she endows with genius, by the side of some poetic brook like Avon in a narrow valley, or by the side of some narrow material stream where narrow intelligence and as narrow material life wedded together, or by the brigs of Ayr where the bleak winter winds of Scotland shiver through the open rafters of a peasant farmer's cottage.

Here in Los Angeles on Monday last, 150 years late in time and 7000 miles away from the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," a company of the sons of Caledonia assembled to pay fitting recognition to a genius who in his life on earth went hungry almost to starvation, and almost to nakedness, not merely neglected by his fellow-men, but held in contempt by many of them, and appreciated by but few. On the banks of his native stream today a beautiful and substantial monument bears his name, and other shafts have been reared to his wandering countrymen in many parts of the world. Scarcely is there a considerable city on the banks where Scots do not meet each year on January 25 to enjoy "a nicht wi' Burns."

And well they may. In one sense Robert Burns was a Scotchman. In a broader sense he is a universal possession of the human race. The sphere in which his matchless genius wrought out its dreams of beauty was neces-

sarily small. The other day we spoke of a man whom some consider the greatest poetical genius of America, Edgar Allan Poe. How different was the lot of the Ayrshire singer from that of the Virginian. Poe was a scholar, ripe in varied acquirements, and but for acts of his own might have lived in affluence. The hardest lot life lays on human shoulders was the burden Burns was condemned to bear. The severe toil and almost fruitless efforts of a peasant farmer on the hard and stubborn soil of old Scotia were the gift of Nature to a man on whom she had lavished her choicest treasures of mind and heart. Half-fed, he followed the plow along the "stubborn glebe" while the "cauld blast" made sport of his shivering limbs as it whistled through his tattered nakedness. To read was all "fair science," which "smiled not on his humble birth," although "rich with the spoils of time," had vouchsafed to him. His own purple heather on the hills or wild rose by the hedge-row where about all his eyes had feasted on. Poe rambled around the ruins of storied Athens and wandered along the streets of Paris. Greece's old poetic mountains had fascinated his eye, and the fairest scenes of France had possessed his heart. He had the art of the ancient world and the adventure of the new as material from which to choose.

Let us compare these two men for illumination, not for censorious debasement or prejudiced exaltation of either. Poe is looked upon as having a powerful influence on American literature. But there is nothing in anything he has produced that is American in flavor. His knowledge of Greek and Latin was barren as to any influence on his genius. He is not of the earth, nor of the heavens that are above the earth, nor of the pit beneath the earth. Poe created a world all of his own imagining, and he had no hint from any who went before him, and has had no successful imitators, although many unsuccessful ones. So in a way Poe is one of the most universal of all geniuses. The American, British, French, Teuton, Latin or whatever type of mind there is can enter into his weird dreams one as well as the other, not one perfectly.

Burns's world was so narrow that few poets ever undertook a task so hopeless. Yet none could try themes so homely and succeed but were sure of the largest world of readers of all. "To make a happy fireside chime to weans and wife," "November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh; the shortening winter day is near its close." "But now the supper crowns their simple board, the wholesome porridge, chief of Scotia's food." "O man! While in thy early years, how prodigal of time; "O death! the poor man's dearest friend; "Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie!" "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower;" "How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk, how rich the hawthorn's blossom;" there was all the world that Burns had to sing of; the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," the cotter in the midst of his poor family as they gathered around the open hearth on Saturday night; the field mouse whose nest his plowshare upturned in the wintry wind; the cattle huddled under a bush out of the bleak storm; the green woods, the fair flowers, the softly-flowing river, the old rustic bridge, the love of a peasant lad for a lass of his class, the thrush that sang in the hawthorn, and the eery ghost stories of his native land. That was all. But how this unlettered plowman sang in the most musical of rhymes, in pathos that touches the heart of those poor homely scenes, hopes and sorrows of his own people. And so Burns is all Scotch.

But under tartan plaid, by the banks of Doon or under the shadows of the castle of Montgomery, or in English fustian by the banks of Avon; in the plains of Touraine or on the banks of the Rhine; in the prairie homes of Western America, in the high Sierras, in the mines down in Africa or in Australia, the common heart of the common people beats the same wherever they may be. And in this way Burns is one of the most universal of all poets, not like Poe because he sings of the unreal, which is as unknown to the Russian as to the American, but because his song is all of the fireside and of the homeliest of all events, of all aspirations and sorrows, of all hopes and despairs. Each time his fingers touch the strings to create a note that chord is tied to the common heart of humanity. Burns knew little of the world beyond his own Scotland and his own sphere in life as it was in his own short life. He was here a century and a half ago, and is gone in person from the earth forever. But the human heart is like its maker, the same yesterday, today and forever. He lived in a thatched cottage by the banks of Ayr. His countrymen in his day were found in log huts on the American frontier. We live around other scenes, in modern houses, but the same passions beat in our breast as in that of Robert Burns, and he has touched the tendrils of our affections and fears, our hopes and despairs, with a touch the most sympathetic, and thus the plowboy of Ayr belongs to all humanity for all time.

As Burns influences all ages, his own had little influence on his genius. He was born in the driest, prosiest, hardest era of British history, when all was artificial and material. His genius defied the belittling, shriveling influences that surrounded him as the thrush sings while the clouds are dark.

Little Harry startled his nurse the other night as he finished his evening prayers by saying: "God bless papa and mama and Margaret and us boys; and—God, please make me strong like the big bear in the park, 'cause I got to lick Charlie White in the mornin'."

Sermons in Song.

The Living Songs

By Wilbur D. Nesbit



"And the book is delivered to him that is not learned, saying, Read this, I pray thee; and he saith, I am not learned."—Isaiah, xxxix, 12.

These are the poems of the world:
The grass that whispers to the wind,
The rose with petals half-uncurled,
The mountains in blue haze outlined,
The wondrous, ever-changing sea—
In calms adream, in tempests hurled
In one compelling harmony—
These are the poems of the world.

These are the poems God has writ:
The skies that redden with the dawn,
That with the stars are lantern lit—
The stars that journey on and on;
The hush that dusk sends to the plain
When twilight falters down the hills,
The sunshine, and the mist and rain,
The flower scent that June distills.

These are the poems of the world:
The shaded forest solitudes
Where ancient trees, broad-limbed and buried,
Invite us to uplifted moods;
The snow fields stretching white and far,
In moonlight's subtle magic peared;
The meadows, green and fair—these are
The song-spread pages of the world.

These poems, written clear and true,
Bear impress of the master hand
That made them—Ah, and I and you
Look long before we understand.
They live! No finger-fretted pen
Must heap them up of mental sherds—
God writes his poems not as men
Who walk the narrow path of words.



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MEMORY.

I do not love you, yet the thought
Of my past passion lies
Deep in my heart; I feel it stir
As now I meet your eyes.

I do not love you, yet your voice
Beats in my pulse; each tone
Awakes dead echoes. Oh, have you
No dreams to match my own?

No vibrant pain, no vain regret,
No thought of Eden lost?
Are you unscathed, while only I
Count Memory's bitter cost?

Your manner holds its old-time charm,
Your smile the same appeal;
Alas! what depths of heartlessness
May such a smile conceal!

I cannot love the thing you are;
I say I must have dreamed,
And yet, within my soul, I know
I still love what you seemed.

KATHERINE BARNEWALL

BURNS.

Burns sang his songs behind the plow—
That sweet-voiced singer of the past—
And to the world a legacy
From out his heart was broadly cast.

Like grains of gold that hidden lie—
Are found again in after years—
The treasured thoughts of one who sang,
Uncovered, lie 'midst joy and tears.

And we select to suit our need
These grains of rhythmic, golden thought,
And thank the years for bounty shown,
That to our doors this poet brought.

Not menial; mighty kings could crave
The fallow field, the heavy plow,
The limitations of Burns's life,
If they could thus the world endow!

CARRIE A. CRANDALL

SNOW STORM CAUSES
FATAL CAR WRECK.

ports from Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Arkansas show clear but cold weather.

Considerable snow fell in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan reports that snow is falling.

code it is almost certain that Los Angeles and San Pedro will get what they seek despite the one-man war waged by Senator Savage.

With the cooperation of Secretary A. P. Fleming of the Los Angeles Harbor commission, Senator

91 SOUPS; 199 SALADS; 417 RECIPES FOR MEATS;
ROLLS, BISCUITS, BUNS AND THE LIKE; 115 WAYS

er.

for us to build up a merchant
We think it has paid us to
will be continued for some years
shipping interests are strong
they will be withdrawn.

foreign capital?"

on loans, I should say no," replied
is a part of my policy to curtail
our foreign indebtedness. We wish
to put ourselves in a position of
paying it. I would like to see our
at home. We have considered
might be invested in them."
about your banks and industries,
such combinations of capital

banks are paying good dividends,
ing so for years. It is the same
ries and with our street-car lines
ations. We are doing what we

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the Japan of today. It was the educated class;
Theoretically, all men were equal, and the
but in reality it was not so, on account of his
training and education. This has been the
mill, recently, but members of the other classes
coming into the government, and what you
call a commercial party is being developed.

you must not consider the words military party
the officials composing it are all sol-
and hence anxious to direct Japan along military
They are merely the descendants of soldiers,
to civil administration. It is true that many
are members of the army, but their aim is the
of Japan along the lines of peace."

and Korea.

The conversation here turned to Korea, and I asked
Katsura whether it was the intention of the
to make the Koreans independent under
protection. He replied that it was, that the
did not want to crowd out the Koreans, and
they hoped that Korea would be able to govern it-
with the advice of Japan. He denied that the Japa-
were overrunning the country and said the door
was practically open to foreign trade.

I asked him if the Japanese expected to colonize any
of the country. He replied that they did not;
that they would only attempt to fill up the unoccu-
pied spaces and develop the waste lands. He spoke
of Marquis Ito's work in Korea, and he evidently
thought that the country will rapidly improve under his
administration.

Manchuria.

The next subject was Manchuria, concerning which
asked His Excellency if Japan expected to maintain
an open door there. He replied:

"Just assuredly so. We hope that the trade of Man-
churia will be free to all nations. It is so now. In-
deed, the greater part of the trade there is in the hands
of nations other than the Japanese. Both the United
States and Great Britain do considerable business in
Manchuria."

"That are the prospects of the Chinese combining
with the Japanese to furnish capital for its develop-
ment?" I asked.

"They are not good just now. Both countries are in
need of money, and they have but little for undertak-
ings outside their own territories. There is a union of
Chinese and Japanese capital as to the exploitation of
large tracts of forest along the Yalu River, and this
union to pay well. As to Manchuria itself, it is an
enormous territory, with vast tracts of rich land and
great mineral possibilities. The country has not been
thoroughly prospected, and no one knows just what it
contains. It has a large population, and it will eventu-
ally be a valuable market. We are anxious to see the
country develop, and we want, of course, to get as
much of the market as possible."

Japan.

"Tell me something about your possessions in Sag-
halien, that part of the island which the Japanese got
from Russia as a result of the war. Is it of any value?"

"We call that territory by the name of Karafuto,"
said Marquis Katsura. "We have had the country but
a short time, and are not able to say yet just what it
is worth. The fisheries are considered valuable, and
this is especially so of herring and trout. We are ex-
perimenting there along agricultural lines. There is
considerable land fitted for farming, and since 1906
agricultural settlers have been quartered in certain
localities and have been supplied with seed and domes-
tic animals. We have also established government ex-
perimental farms, and we find that we can grow not only
wheat and potatoes, but peas and beans of all
kinds. The island is rich in coal, and there is consid-
erable alluvial gold. The forests also are valuable."

Formosa and the Philippines.

"How are you getting along with Formosa? You
are once governor-general of that province?"

"Yes, I went there in 1897, at the close of the mili-
tary administration, and did something as to reorgan-
izing the island. It was my aim to make it pay its own
expenses, and this policy has been carried on by my
successors, Baron Nogai, the late Viscount Gen. Kodama
and Gen. Sakuma. A great work was done in the civil
administration by Baron Goto. The island has now
been brought into thorough subjection. Its finances
have been reformed, and its resources so developed
that it is now paying its own way. It is a valuable
territory and will become more and more so as time
goes on."

"How about the Philippines? Has Japan any ambi-
tion to possess them?"

"No," said the Premier. "Japan is glad that the Phil-
ippines belong to the United States, and we believe
that it means much to the peace of the Orient and to
the peace of the world that it is so. This sentiment is
common among all classes of our people from the high-
est to the lowest. We are glad to have the United
States in the Orient, and we feel that the fact that she
is here is a great protection to our trade and to the
preservation of the open door."

A Message to the United States.

"What is the feeling in your country as to the United
States?"

"It is of the friendliest nature. We look upon you
as our friend and feel that your interests and ours are
along the same lines toward the preservation of peace.
It means much to the world, as well as to Japan, that
your country and ours should continue to have friendly
relations. Any war that would involve us would in-
volve the whole world, and what we both want is
peace."

With these words the interview closed. As I rose to
go I asked the Premier if he would not, through me,
send a message to the United States, just a line giving
in a nutshell what he thought the relations of the two
countries should be. He replied that he would do so,
and send it to me. This message, in Japanese, beauti-
fully written in His Excellency's own hand on a wide
strip of white silk, lies before me. It is signed with
the seal of the Marquis. Translated it reads:

"For Japan and the United States—Mutual Friendship
and Mutual Harmony."

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The New Thought.

THE HOTEL CLERK DISCUSSES THE
SUBJECT OF RELIGION.

By a Special Contributor.

"I SAW a mighty rare thing today," said the Hotel
Clerk of the St. Reckless.

"Wot wuz that?" inquired the House Detective.
"A Presbyterian," said the Hotel Clerk. "I was walk-
ing down the street, as the end man in a minstrel show
would say, and all of a sudden I saw a Presbyterian."

"Wot talk have you?" said the puzzled House Detec-
tive. There's plenty Presbyterians."

"Yes, but this was a plain, square-cut, straight up and
down one with a derby hat and a bone-handle umbrella,"
said the Hotel Clerk. "It was a very strange spectacle,
Larry, and I certainly appreciated it. It's not often a
man has a chance these days to witness such a sight.
Some people think the rarest thing in the habitable
globe is a monologue artist that can get through his
turn without mentioning his mother-in-law, and others
think the rarest is a country club without a standing
feud in the board of governors, but as for me I regard
an old-fashioned church member who hasn't taken up
with any of the new cults and creeds and things, as pos-
sibly the scarcest article there is, at this time, in the
whole of the known world."

"There used to be a time when a man took his reli-
gion straight in this country. He knew what he was
getting when he got it. There were no excursions up a
branch road, and no stop-over privileges so the traveler
could examine the scenery somewhere off the main line.
He got a one-way ticket and climbed aboard the par-
ticular gospel car that he'd picked out for himself with-
out any doubts as to where he'd land. The seats might
be hard and the landscapes pretty tolerable smoky along
the right of way, but he was perfectly satisfied in his
own mind that he had the only train running that would
ever make the trip through on schedule. He knew
everybody else was in for a head-on collision, and this
thought was a great source of joy to him. People didn't
have any feelings of uneasiness in those days about the
right church. Everybody knew the right church. It
was the one he belonged to. There was only one genu-
ine, fire-tempered, warranted four-ply brand. All others
were spurious substitutes and should be left severely
alone. A shouting Methodist regarded it as a wise and
precautionary measure on the part of a hard-shell Bapt-
ist to be immersed, because it would naturally make
him smoulder blower and the hard-shell could just look
at a shouter and shut his eyes and smell him frying.
When the Civil War came along, some of the churches
split in two, each branch taking the Lord under its
own special protection, and then went right ahead, se-
cure and happy in the thought that while heaven would
have a smaller population, it would also be more exclu-
sive and congenial than heretofore, because all the an-
gels would necessarily come from the same section of
the country and agree as to politics and the slavery
question. That, however, was some time ago."

"Well, don't some people still belong to the regular
churches?" demanded the House Detective.

"Some few may, but it's not regarded, strictly speak-
ing, as the proper thing in the best circles," said the
Hotel Clerk. "If you really expect to make a showing
you must be a member in good standing of the Yogi
Cult, say, and go around practising rhythmic breathing.
Or if you've got the asthma or the hay fever or some-
thing and can't breathe rhythmically, but do so in a
snorting manner, like a horse; you can have your choice
of the Dowle Movement, or the Emmanuel Movement
or a nice Swiss Movement with American works. Or
you can be a psychologist or a New Thoughtist or a
disciple of the Mahatma and go about seeking others of
the same faith and saying to them: 'Is Mahatma on
straight?' or words to that effect; or you can be a spir-
itualist and for a dollar a throw you can sit on a half-
cloth sofa with broken springs in it in a dark front
parlor on South Hill street and converse with deceased
friends and relatives who are suffering from hoarseness
caused by the change to a higher atmosphere and also
seem to use different grammar from the kind they used
when you formerly knew them. Or if you don't like any
of these religions somebody over in Boyle Heights will
think up another one for you by this time next week."

"Yes, sir, Larry, there's been something new in this
line off the blocks every ten days or so this winter. I've
been keeping tabs on 'em myself. Not counting some
woolly Wild Western brands like the Holy Rollers and
that bunch of earnest believers in Kansas City that
thought the best way to insure a glorious salvation was
to shoot a few policemen—and I'm not sure but what
they were right, at that—the output for this season is
already far ahead of the breakfast foods and running
the cough syrups a close second. The Salome dancers
are totally distanced, a bad third. And what with the
advanced spring shapes coming along, pretty soon now
it might be possible to find a stylish variety of spiritual
unrest that'll be becoming to any style face and form,
no matter how hard to fit and how difficult to please."

"I hear a good deal about this New Thought idea,"
said the House Detective. "Wot's it like?"

"Well, from what I can gather," said the Hotel Clerk,
"they call it the New Thought because it's probably the
oldest thought in the world. You wish for a thing you
haven't got and if your faith is strong enough or your
reach is long enough, you win. Believers say it's the
faith, and scoffers say it's the reach, but I notice the
betting usually favors those who are there with the su-
perior wing measurements from tip to tip."

"Or you wish you were rid of something you've already
got, and you put your mind on it; if you do get rid of it,
you win, and if you don't you're not out anything and
it's an even break. New Thought, Larry, is the only
game I know that you can't lose at, and that sort of a
sporting risk has been a popular proposition ever since
our original grandfather wished for company and our
original grandmother wished for an apple, it having
been an open question ever since whether both of them
won or both of them lost. But anyway they had their
wish, and that's as much as any of us ever have."

"As she stands today, with the modern improvements
and the repaired front porch and the added pergola run-
ning up over the left lobe of the brain. New Thought
was started three or four years ago by a clergyman in
Massachusetts, which is the place where we
get our new faiths from when the Brooklyn bunch is
laying off for a rest. As he worked it up from the raw
material that had been lying around loose, the Yankee
preacher's New Thought was a comparatively simple
thing. If a man didn't really have anything much the
matter with him and put his mind to work on it, why
pretty soon he wouldn't really have anything much the
matter with him. Easy, efficacious and satisfactory.
But a lot of others took the notion up and worked on it
and built L's onto it and added a mansard roof until
now the 1908 model New Thought has ordinary Chris-
tian Science looking like an old school practitioner in
theague and allopath belt of Arkansas prescribing calomel
with a trowel and castor oil out of a gourd. An
automobile hits a Christian Scientist and ostensibly
breaks his leg. To an outsider it would certainly appear
that the leg is broken. The foot dangles at a seeming
right angle and the ends of the bones apparently show.
But the Christian Scientist merely puts his mind to
work, and if his faith is strong enough the leg isn't broken
at all, and never was. But the 60-horse power New
Thoughter goes further than that. He puts a time lock
on his faith and there's no smashed leg because there
was no automobile. He's simply wished them both off
the earth plane, and the only real sufferer is the party
that owned the automobile."

"It must take a strong mind to take in such doctrines
as them," said the House Detective.

"It's a question," said the Hotel Clerk. "Some think
it takes a strong mind and others think it takes a weak
one. But I tell you, Larry, I wish somebody would think
up a new kind of New Thought that would teach a
woman how to get off the street car the right way, and
how to refrain from always blocking a street corner
when conversing with one or more of her sex, and also
teach her that sending a check to the S.P.C.A. won't
help much as long as she keeps on wearing a stuffed
family of song birds on her hat and a skinned colony of
helpless fur bearers around her neck; and a few other
little helpful things like that."

"Do you think she'll ever learn 'em?" asked the House
Detective.

"No," said the Hotel Clerk. "I don't. I'm afraid it's
too much of a job even for a New Thoughter to tackle."
IRVIN S. COBB.

ROADSIDE REST.

Such quiet sleep has come to them!
The springs and autumns pass,
Nor do they know if it be snow
Or daisies in the grass.

All days the birches bend to hear
The river's undertone;
Across the hush a fluting thrush
Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound,
The winds may sob and stir—
On the still breast of Peace they rest,
And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift—they mind
Not any foot that fares;
Unheeded Life passes by,
Such quiet sleep is theirs.

—[Arthur Ketchum, in Atlantic.]

Veils That Please the Grocer.

"Those veils the women folks are wearing, all nailed
down tight under their chins, are a great boon for us
all right, all right," said an East End grocer. "Women,
you know, are the greatest people on earth to come in
and sample things. They'll take a taste of this and a
taste of that while you're wrapping up something for
them, and the first thing you know they've eaten up
about a nickel's worth of stuff. We can't say anything
to a woman, particularly those that are good custom-
ers. Now we don't have to. I haven't seen a woman
taste anything in the store for a month or so. Those
veils are put on so tight that the only way they can
sample anything would be to take it through a straw."—
[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

The other-people's-business man persisted in trying
to extract information from a prosperous-looking elderly
man next him in the Pullman smoker.

"How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing
away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about
two thirds of them."—[Everybody's Magazine.]

SNOW STORM CAUSES FATAL CAR WRECK.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

CINCINNATI, Jan. 31.—

Induced South some m After moved a Saxo giving known was seen brought Duches ble, wa Troubet The a who has fuses to the you

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FRANK GREAY

WIRE TO THE

ative the "mar every statu b effect, the Legi remedy, this alone wishes to cities, an communi soon will Secreta statement member

Industrial Revolution.

HOW AMERICANS ARE WORKING IT OUT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

By a Special Contributor.

AMERICAN genius has conquered the wilderness, opened the west and developed the country generally, but it has met an entirely new problem in the Philippines. To make a new civilization is one thing, to remake an old civilization is a very different matter. It has taken about ten years to thoroughly discover this fact, which accounts for most of the failures of American investments in the Philippine Islands.

Every disinterested and intelligent visitor to the islands has remarked that nowhere else in the world is there so open a field for the introduction of modern methods and machinery or more profitable opportunities for the use of brains and capital. The soil and the

strange. When the conditions are known, that any of them escaped to tell the tale is remarkable. That those conditions are rapidly changing is the conviction of every man who has fresh information of the progress of the industrial revolution that is doing more to pacify the natives and make the Philippines a great country than three centuries of politics.

There is abundant room for profitable transformation of the production and manufacture of the islands. The men who are making good there now are not shouting the fact from the housetops. The dividends from gold and copper and asbestos and sisal and hemp and magney and copra are not published in the dailies. Nor are these men inviting their friends to come in on the ground floor; the profits are too sure to render such altruistic methods necessary. These men who are reaping the reward of their patience and toil have learned the secret of success, which is the introduction of modern machinery in close cooperation with native customs and habits. It is the combination of the old and the new that wins. The old ways have stood still for hundreds of years. The men who have ignored them have gone to the financial hospital for repairs, but their wis-

doms are entirely operated by natives, with complete efficiency. The Manila-Dagupan steam road has been operated by natives, and the 100 miles of roads now building are being constructed and operated entirely by the Filipinos themselves. The most complicated mining operations are carried out by them. So quick is this man to learn the new way of doing things that the problem is not to get him to adopt the new, but to keep him from becoming arrogant and big-headed in its operation.

It takes but a glance at the old way of doing things to show the great need of modern methods and the enormous profit that must result from their introduction. In keenness and intelligence the Filipino is the equal of the Japanese. The trouble with him is that he has never been trained in any sort of efficiency. He does things any old way, and it is not strange that he does, when it is remembered that under the old order, there was no reward for his toil, and every man of initiative and intelligence was systematically discouraged. Under the new development, the native is more reliable than the Japanese and is quicker to appreciate the advantages of humane treatment and

stocks in some sort of hemp plantation. Now there is nothing to hemp stripping but of one end of a narrow strip of hemp the fibers out between two knives set on a scrape off the pulp. It is simplicity itself. After year the natives toll away at the end of pulling these strips through by hand of pulling and fall by the way. To watch the men make one's back ache, but that's the way. The Spanish government had a standing offer for the first inventor of a successful machine, but the reward was never claimed. That would be easy for the American. Most of the western schemers could invent a little thing like that, but somehow a heap was piled high with machinery did it before one was found that really did it. It came, it was big as a barn and took a lot of power to run it. But the practical and the way is on the way and it will revolutionize the hemp for the market and make a fortune for its promoters.

Sugar grows wild in favored localities. Large areas of the best sugar cane land when it is milled with an apparatus of sweep and two wooden rollers pegged to a wheel that the islands do not produce to eat. The best mills produce a very crude sugar which is sent to China for natives using the product in its raw state, appetizing nor profitable, however.

The nipa palm produces perhaps the best of the world, but the methods of its manufacture is slow in the extreme. When it is used for years and affords the best-known against the heat of the tropical sun.

With an untold wealth of timber in mountain ranges with the finest hardwood, the lumber business has been a failure. First-grade lumber in Manila sells at a thousand board feet. The native method explains the situation. That American yet revolutionized all this is due to the stock saws and machinery to hand entirely different quality, and to the very same mills just as they are run in the United States which have failed. Within two years this has begun to turn, and the lumber trade is bright with promise of good profits.

There is an abundance of water for power, and the engineering problems are simple. The natives have done something the way to get water onto lands that were desert, but an irrigation system that a bamboo water wheel can never revolutionize large areas of country. The wheel in the illustration is built without a nail or screw of metal, and as a work of ingenuity has made it.

With vast beds of the finest pottery clays, ought to produce some of the best ware and they will as soon as the industry is on a business basis and transformed by modern methods. The native way is to mould the pottery, hard, dry it in the sun for a day or two, it is in the middle of the street, place a little fire to the pile. When the fire is done, and when it breaks, it is another one. In rare cases some industry will have two or three pots made up, breaks, another is ready to take its place. No imagination to picture what may be a material and a reliable labor supply in a great pottery business.

A number of good fabrics grow wild, and sisal and cotton and some of the hemp work up into beautiful and artistic and though woven on the crude hand looms are highly prized by the American who has come home without a couple of just good machinery and improved manipulations would become as famous as the silk of the Canton linen. There are all sorts of embroidery and lace and fancy work, only the touch of the modern method to front. The native is ready to learn and the operator of any sort of machinery. All he is taught, and he will gladly leave the old for the better way. Before long these old looms will be as rare junk as the wheel of our grandmothers.

Manila ought to have the greatest rope in the world, but the only rope made there is an old way by which the first thread into a cable. It is slow and laborious, and is necessarily uneven in quality and limited in quantity, but it is the way always been done, and there will be no change until an enterprising American introduces a modern machinery.

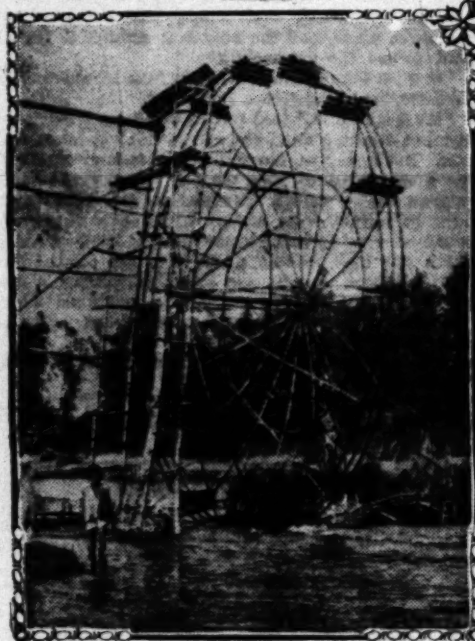
Nothing is more absurd than the native one handle and slow carabao wading through mud two feet deep and scratching at that fills with water as fast as it is a steam plow has already been put to work the furrows of hundreds of acres, and is as quick as any one else to see the advantage. One look at the sight of a native paddy is a sufficient explanation of the ten years the islands did not produce rice for home consumption. Unless all signs for crop will about catch up with the demand. Peanuts grow in the islands, and are in the same way that our fathers have for generations back. If the small boy



Rice plowing.



Rope making, Manila.



Filipino water wheel, entirely of bamboo.



Peanut shellers.



Filipino sawmill (limited).



Making "nipa" shingles.



Crushing sugar cane.

climate and the labor are in abundance, the market is opening and the government is adjusting the tariff and land and mining laws. The richest archipelago in the world waits for the efficiency of American methods of production and manufacture.

Not all investments in the islands have failed. Some are paying big dividends today, some are getting ready to make good, and many more are following the lead of the winners. The failures are not due to any fault of the islands or their people, but to three things, government blunders and hindrances, the investors' ignorance and unwillingness to learn, and the hostility of home producers to insular products.

The strong pro-Filipino policy of the government, coupled with bungling land and mining legislation and general uncertainty as to what would be done next have caused some hard falls for men who went into the country in good faith but were unable to stand up against so strong a current.

The first American investors in the Philippines went to the islands with the unshakable conviction that their way was not only the best way, but it was the only way, and ignoring conditions and customs centuries old have begun to try to do things as they are done in Chicago. The stone wall of customs has withstood the shock splendidly but it has been very hard on the heads of the would-be commercial kings of the East and most of them are back in God's country glad to stay where things don't have to be changed.

That the advance guard had a hard time of it is not

fellows who have used the native's inborn characteristics to their profit are beginning to reap big harvests from the results.

The labor problem has been the Waterloo of most of these Napoleons, and the word has gone out that Filipino labor is of low grade and unreliable. So it is, when managed as American or European labor is managed. But when taken with the grain instead of against it, the Filipino is as profitable and efficient a laborer as the earth affords. He will work and work hard if he is assured of any sort of reward for his toil and if he has enough to eat. In the rice harvest he works early and late if it is his own rice. The railroads and street-car lines and telephone companies testify to the profitability and efficiency of this laborer. It all depends upon the management. A public service corporation began by paying off its men every month. Utter chaos and failure resulted. When the pay days were increased to every week, better results were obtained. It was then discovered that while the men did very well in the morning, the afternoon's product was practically nil. A substantial noonday meal was then provided on the spot while the men rested in the shade, and the afternoon's performance equaled the morning's. At last the pay days were increased to every day, and with this plan the results were all that could be asked, providing proper allowances were made for fiesta holidays.

The native takes to American machinery like a duck to water. The seventy miles of electric railway in Ma-

wages. The fact that wages have doubled in the islands since the coming of the new order is not lost on the natives, who appreciate good living as well as good pay. The question of profitable investment and development is one of adjusting methods and conditions to the end in view, and all the essential features of the problem are under control.

With an inexhaustible soil, a favorable climate, and transportation and communication, a growing market and a reliable labor supply, there is but one answer to the query as to why the islands are not as rich in wealth today, and the answer will be found in the photographs accompanying this article. Such a working would result in sheer starvation in any part of the United States, and such machinery would be only for kindling wood in any land where labor was needed. Only a land naturally rich beyond all could support in leisure and idleness a population of 7,000,000 depending mainly upon such crops as grow wild or with a minimum of labor.

Perhaps the brightest spot is the hemp country, where a natural monopoly on the world's supply of hemp, the market is assured. So particular is the hemp plant about its surroundings that there are only a limited areas where it will grow even in the Philippines. There must be a twelve-months rainfall, a soil of great depth, and perfect drainage, and these three agree, the profits are enormous and the market is sure. Most of the Americans in the islands

ten Estates.
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
CORONA, Jan. 29.—City Clerk Herbert Ashley Wood, who had been in frail health for a number of years, was found dead in his bed this morning. He was 60 years of age and had been a resident of Corona for many years.

198 Recipes for Spanish Dishes

38 SOUPS; 199 SALADS; 417 RECIPES FOR MEATS, BIRDS, FISH, EGGS, VEGETABLES, ROLLS, BISCUITS, DUMPS AND THE LIKE; 120 WAYS OF COOKING MEATS; 100 RECIPES FOR PRESERVING FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

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Japanese and is quicker to
of humane treatment and good

to some sort of hemp plantation somewhere or
they trying to invent hemp strippers.
There is nothing to hemp stripping but to get
one end of a narrow strip of hemp stalk and pull
them out between two knives set edge to edge to
the pulp. It is simplicity itself, and year
the natives toll away at the laborious task
pulling these strips through by hand till they break
and fall by the way. To watch the process is to
one's back ache, but that's the primitive way.
The Spanish government had a standing offer of \$5000
the first inventor of a successful hemp-stripping
machine, but the reward was never claimed. Of course
it would be easy for the American. Most any Yankee
or western schemer could invent a machine to
do a little thing like that, but somehow or other the
hemp was piled high with machines that almost
did before one was found that really worked. When
it did come, it was big as a barn and took a whole neigh-
borhood to run it. But the practical and portable strip-
per is on the way and it will revolutionize the prepara-
tion of hemp for the market and make a fortune for its
inventor.

Hemp grows wild in favored localities, and there are
some of the best sugar cane land in the world,
it is milled with an apparatus consisting of a
heavy and two wooden rollers pegged together. It is
a machine that the islands do not produce enough sugar
to run. The best mills produce a very low grade of
sugar which is sent to China for refining, the
islands using the product in its raw state. It is not
profitable, however.

The nipa palm produces perhaps the best thatch in the
world, but the methods of its manufacture into "shin-
gles" is slow in the extreme. When properly laid, it
lasts for years and affords the best-known protection
against the heat of the tropical sun.

With an untold wealth of timber covering whole
mountains ranges with the finest hardwoods in the
world, the lumber business has been a joke and a trag-
edy. First-grade lumber in Manila sells at \$160 per
board foot. The native method of getting it
out explains the situation. That American mills have
not revolutionized all this is due to the efforts to
use cheap saws and machinery to handle wood of an
entirely different quality, and to the vain attempt to
run mills just as they are run in the United States, both
of which have failed. Within two years, however, the
islands have begun to turn, and the lumber outlook is
bright with promise of good profits.

There is an abundance of water for purposes of irri-
gation, and the engineering problems are usually very
easy. The natives have done something in a primi-
tive way to get water onto lands that were otherwise
barren, but an irrigation system that depends upon a
water wheel can never revolutionize a very
large area of country. The wheel in the accompanying
illustration is built without a nail or screw or particle
of metal, and as a work of ingenuity has much to com-
mend it.

With mud beds of the finest pottery clay, the islands
are to produce some of the best ware in the world,
if they will as soon as the industry is placed on a
sound basis and transformed by modern methods.
The native way is to mould the pottery by hand on a
wheel, dry it in the sun for a day or two and then pile
it in the middle of the street, place a little straw about
it and set fire to the pile. When the fire goes out, the
pot is done, and when it breaks, it is easy to make
another one. In rare cases some industrious housewife
will have two or three pots made up so that if one
breaks, another is ready to take its place. It needs
no imagination to picture what may be done with such
clay and a reliable labor supply in the building up
of a great pottery business.

A number of good fabrics grow wild. Jute and pina
and some of the finer grades of
work up into beautiful and artistic dress goods,
and through woven on the crude hand looms, these goods
are highly prized by the American woman who feels
that her sisters in the east has been a failure should
she come home without a couple of jute dresses. With
modern machinery and improved manipulation these fab-
rics would become as famous as the silk of China and
the Canton linen. There are all sorts of possibilities
in undecorated and lace and fancy weaves that need
only the touch of the modern method to come to the
front. The native is ready to learn and he is an expert
quicker of any sort of machinery. All he needs is to
be taught, and he will gladly leave the old hand loom
for the better way. Before long these old spinners and
loom will be as rare junk as the wheels and distaffs
of our grandmothers.

Manila ought to have the greatest rope factories in
the world, but the only rope made there is made in the
world-old way by which the first threads were twisted
into a cable. It is slow and laborious and the prod-
uct is necessarily uneven in quality and exceedingly
limited in quantity, but it is the way the thing has
always been done, and there will be no change till some
enterprising American introduces a modern plant of ma-
chinery.

Nothing is more absurd than the native plow with its
one handle and slow carabao wading through a mess
of mud two feet deep and scratching an oozing ditch
that fills with water as fast as it is made. But the
modern plow has already been put to work and is turn-
ing the furrows of hundreds of acres, and the native
is as quick as any one else to see the advantage of its
use. One look at the sight of a native plowing his rice
paddy is a sufficient explanation of the fact that for
years the islands did not produce rice enough for
home consumption. Unless all signs fail, this year's
crop will about catch up with the demand.

Fruits grow in the islands, and are threshed out
in the same way that our fathers have handled them
for generations back. If the small boy occasionally

forgets and puts his hand to his mouth he has excellent
precedent, and must not be judged too harshly.

Housebuilding is conducted in three stages. First,
the roof is framed flat on the ground, then it is raised
onto upright poles and lastly the walls are built in and
the thatch put on.

The Filipino is not a hard drinker, but he does distill
a native liquor called "vino" from the nipa palm. His
method of getting the juice out is enough to cause the
most hardened drinker to reform, especially when he
considers that these men travel barefoot and the cli-
mate is hot and causes constant perspiration.

With the splendid water transportation, there is not
a dock of any sort on the islands except those that the
American government has established for transport
business. The native methods of discharging cargo are
primitive beyond belief, but they are in vogue all over
the archipelago. Boats are built, houses erected, plows
made, crops planted, clothing made, and all sorts of
industries are carried on according to the methods of
300 years ago.

That large success has not come to the men who have
tried to ignore the ingrained characteristics of the
Filipinos, is not strange. That others who have com-
bined with modern enterprise and processes, the ability
to themselves learn from the Filipino, success has come.
And nowhere in the world is there a larger and more
open field for American investment than in these rich
tropical islands now open to the man with money and
energy and adaptability to existing conditions.

AMOS GEORGE.

What's in a Name?

ORIGIN OF CALIFORNIA'S MUSICAL NOMENCLATURE.

By a Special Contributor.

CALIFORNIA can boast of more interesting names
in her topographical dictionary than any other
State in the Union, but the eastern tourist within
her gates loses half their fascination if ignorant of the
story they have to tell.

Cortes, neither prophet nor seer, but a plain every-
day adventurer, had no idea when he applied the name
of California to the crude peninsula on the Pacific Coast
where his exploration had been so disappointing that
300 years later it would be universally known as the
land of sunshine and flowers, yet from the very begin-
ning the name had a cheer-up vocation in life, for he
suggested it with the hopeful purpose of encouraging
his disheartened men, a popular romance of the day
describing a mythical island yeelp California "on the
right hand of the Indies very near the terrestrial pa-
radise," so rich that the Amazonian inhabitants riding
to battle bore arms of gold and adorned their war
steeds with caparisons of the same precious metal. As
for the gold itself, has not the miner of '49 proved
that all things come to him who waits—and digs?

Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a sixteenth-century Portu-
guese navigator sailing under the flag of Spain, the first
white man to set his foot upon the shores of Alta Cali-
fornia, dropped a name wherever he cast anchor. True,
these names did not all "stay put," and if poor old
Cabrillo's ghost ever wanders over from the island in
the Santa Barbara group where he is buried, to look
them up, it must have a long hunt to find many a
transplanted guide post. A case in point: The name
San Miguel, now attached to one of three islands, was
originally given by Cabrillo to the "landlocked and very
good harbor," San Diego, another Portuguese under
Spain being responsible for the change, as Viscaño not
only entered that harbor shortly before the saint day
of San Diego, but also had his flagship named in that
saint's honor.

This Viscaño was sent out by the viceroy of Mexico,
Don Luis de Velasco, and it was in Velasco's honor that
Monterey Bay was named, its meaning the Mountain
King.

The first of the pueblo towns was christened in honor
of St. Joseph, our San José, founded in 1777. In 1781
Felipe de Neve, Governor of California, authorized the
founding of the second, the Pueblo de la Reina de los
Angeles, for queen of the angels "in its climate, its
fertility, and its situation midway between the moun-
tains and the sea" was the little village town even if
it could then count only forty-six inhabitants, twenty
of whom were children under 10.

As for California's other Angeles, Angel Island with
its important military post to protect the San Francisco
harbor from hostile vessels and its no less militant
quarantine station, does appropriate honor to the angel
Michael, while Angel's, the town, was first a mining
camp named after a Mr. Angel.

According to Indian tradition, the San Francisco Bay
was originally a fresh-water lake, an earthquake later
tearing an opening in the wall of rock and letting in a
mad rush of sea. This entrance from the ocean was
first called the Golden Gate in a geographical memoir
of California by Col. Fremont in the spring of 1848, the
name of promise chosen because of "the rich and fertile
country within and the wealth which the commerce of
the Pacific would bring."

The "good herb," the pretty, fragrant vine of certain
medicinal value that gave San Francisco its original
appellation of Yerba Buena, is still found in wood
haunts of California—and in sofa-cushion souvenirs of
summer outings—and while the city in question is now
dedicated to St. Francis, Yerba Buena has become the
official name of that little island in San Francisco Bay
famously known to ferry folk as the Goat.

The places named after the saints of the Catholic
calendar can be recognized at sight, but some may not
realize that San Diego is our St. James, San Mateo St.

Matthew, San Pablo St. Paul; that Santa Catalina is St.
Kate, San Luis Obispo, Lewis the Bishop, while Dolores
refers to the sorrows of the Virgin, and Sacramento
pays sacred tribute to the holy sacrament.

Besides these holy appellations, there are innumera-
ble musical Spanish names with more or less com-
monplace interpretations.

The vegetable kingdom's finger in the nomenclature
pie is evident in Alameda, which means a walk with
trees in general, with poplars in particular; Alamo, cot-
tonwood; Albuquerque, white oak; Bellota, acorns;
Fresno, the ash tree; Granada, pomegranate; Madera
wood; Ojai, big trees; Paso Robles, the pass of oaks;
Sausalito, willow patch.

Interesting are the animals that sport in our Cali-
fornia Noah's Ark—Alcatraz, pelican; Berenda, antelope;
Conejo, rabbit; Gallinas, chickens; Guadalupe, river
wolf; Lobos, wolves; Los Gatos, the cats (presumably
wild); Pajaro, a bird (there formerly being many wild
geese and ducks in the valley of the Pajaro River);
Tiburón, a shark; Vacaville, cow town.

Alviso means the view; Baden, bath; Buena Ventura,
good luck; Caliente, hot; Cayucos, fishing boat; El Paso,
the pass; Horralitos, little oven (often is that town baking
hot); Los Animas, the ringing bells; Loma, hill; Mo-
jave, three mountains; Pescadero, a fishing place; Peta-
luma, low hills; Pinole, parched corn, sugar and water,
(originally the name of a ranch owned by Ygnacio Mar-
tinez, after whom the town of Martinez was christened);
Potrero, pasture ground; Salinas, salty; Visalia, lookout
place; Yuba, a corruption of the Spanish for grapes.

Pasadena is a Chippewa Indian word, and means the
crown of the valley—a little over thirty years ago only
a sheep pasture bought by a party of Indiana capitalists
at \$6 per acre. Sonoma, also Indian, means the valley
of the moon. Bolano, the east wind; Tahoe, big water;
Yosemite, grizzly bear; Siskiyou, Shasta, Colum, Napa,
Ukiah, Tuolumne, etc., are other Indian names, gener-
ally speaking after tribes.

Amador Valley is in honor of José Amador, one time
manager of the property belonging to the Mission of
San José. The Amador county is also named after him,
as in 1848 he left his valley home with a number of In-
dians to run a mine in the latter locality.

Vallejo, Martinez, and Alvarado were Spanish Cali-
fornians who left their names behind them, while Benicia
was one of the names of Gen. Vallejo's wife.

Castroville is after Gen. Castro; Chico, Gov. Chico;
Humboldt and Kern, the distinguished explorers; Hol-
lister, early pioneer and experimenter in orange culture;
Gilroy after John Gilroy, a Scotchman; Coronado after
Francisco Vasquez de Coronado.

The American River was so called on account of an
early settlement of Americans or people from the United
States. Arrowhead Springs bears its mark in a large
arrowhead in the near-by mountain. National City
was formerly a ranch belonging to the Mexican nation.
Redondo was chosen because of the "round" shape of
beach, and the river referred to in Riverside is of course
the Santa Ana.

MAY C. RINGWALT.

SUNSET.

The sun is sinking down to rest
Behind the clouds in distant west,
The sky about is clear and blue,
But in the distance, shining through,
The sun looks golden, brilliant red,
The rays, in gorgeous glory shed.

'Mid clouds that cover distant scene
And quiet peaceful earth serene,
The glare of sun and blaze of light
Combine in such a brilliant sight,
We're lost in wonder, rapture thrilled,
Our hearts with Godly reverence filled.

Oh, see him now, his beams are glowing!
His bright red tints are all still showing,
And though he sinks from human sight
And goes to rest as though 'twere night,
He's never still, he's sailing on,
Some other land to shine upon.

Oh, glorious sunset of the west!
Surely no land was e'er more blest
With that which fills the soul with thrills
Or gives new life and hope instills,
Than California's golden shore,
The land we love for evermore!

F. T. HERRICK.

Scottish Marriage Custom.

Many quaint marriage customs still survive in many
old English and Scottish families.

One notable tradition of this sort still kept green by
the Dukes of Atholl and their heirs is that of the
bridegroom carrying the bride across the threshold of
Blair Castle, it being in accord with an ancient tra-
dition that it is unlucky for a bride who enters the castle
for the first time to walk in the ordinary way. This
is only one of the many quaint old feudal customs that
are observed upon this estate, which the Duke of Atholl
holds from the crown by one of those strange tenures
which are occasionally to be found in Great Britain.
Upon fear of forfeiture the owner has to present his
sovereign with a white rose whenever he or she visits
the castle.—[Lady's Realm.

Not His Doing.

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.
"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.
"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."
"You gave me a nasty look," persisted the first.
"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a nasty look, but I
didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"—[Everybody's Maga-
zine.

At one point in Manitoba it was 20 below, but moderating. It was 18 below at Lacrosse, Wis. It was 13 above at Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chicago.

Considerable snow fell in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan reports that snow is still falling below

homa, Texas and Arkansas show clear but cold weather.

SNOW STORM CAUSES FATAL CAR WRECK.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

One of it is known certain that Los Angeles and San Pedro will get what they seek despite the one-man war waged by Senator Savage.

With the cooperation of Secretary A. P. Fleming of the Los Angeles harbor commission, Senators Wright and Mc-

Castroville is after Gen. Castro; Chico, Gov. Chico; Humboldt and Kern, the distinguished explorers; Hollister, early pioneer and experimenter in orange culture; Gilroy after John Gilroy, a Scotchman; Coronado after Francisco Vasquez de Coronado.

With the cooperation of Secretary A. P. Fleming of the Los Angeles harbor commission, Senators Wright and Mc-

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honor side" of that chamber and the Senate—the higher body—two houses are in joint session and remain standing during the session of the Senate. Speaker Cannon will receive Vice-President Fairbanks and the dais beneath the Speaker will yield his chair and take another seat to his

ing. ceremonious occasion on which have been in the limelight since many years ago specified clearly side over its joint sessions, the having provided against such a at a joint session of the Colorado, when during a dispute the officer the Lieutenant-Governor to overrule each other, each the other with his gavel. It is, that in the opinion of some this assemblage of Congress for electoral vote is not a joint session at a meeting of the two bodies, each maintaining its own pose of witnessing the count.

ing the ballots will be placed the Vice-President and Speaker, before Mr. Fairbanks, who will unlock the boxes. At this time the count of the electoral vote is not a joint session at a meeting of the two bodies, each maintaining its own pose of witnessing the count. His hand to take up the keys, that they were not in their. He raised the papers on his them, but vainly, and while a grew more and more visibly seated beside him, joined in the various articles, including the his assistants then took a augmented by other attach under the desk, the Vice-President more nervous every minute. Their lids refused to yield, and Grover Cleveland could get a jimmy. The 400 and more, appreciating the humor of to laugh when the Vice-President pockets, impatiently searchers, then those of his coat, very depths of the cavernous. Finally, when he ran his



Objections.

will produce from within brown envelopes, each having date. After laying these upon level in hand, and address the the hour appointed for opening the votes of electors, the Senate and House met together, pursuant to the the United States." then take up the packages in he will first break the seal on and hand the certificate at the desk below him, two a Republican—will have been each house. The Republican Senate will read at length the Alabama electors. The tell-elves that all of the certificates omit reading the others in alphabetical order, the votes of each, and the Vice-are any objections to the

ounced will be that of Mar-

[January 31, 1909.]

und to have cast six electoral ballots for Bryan and one for Taft. This split in the Maryland vote is due to the failure of ignorant voters to understand the ballot used on election day, when they marked the head of the list of electors rather than a similar one indicated for a straight vote. A similar error years ago gave the Democrats seven and the Republicans one of the Maryland electors, the latter being the United States. The votes of the other States will be solid one way or the other, although there is no unwritten law of party loyalty, preventing a Republican elector from changing his mind and voting for Bryan or any Democratic elector from voting for Taft.

the Victory. The votes of all of the States having been added by the Vice-President Fairbanks will formally announce the result—321 for Taft and Sherman, 162 for Bryan and Kern. There being no contest, Mr. Fairbanks will make the formal declaration of the election of Taft and Sherman in these words, which will clinch the victory for the Republicans:

"This announcement of the state of the vote by the President of the Senate is by law a sufficient declaration of the result. William H. Taft of the State of Ohio is elected President of the United States, and that James S. Sherman of the State of New York is elected Vice-President of the United States, each for the term beginning March 4, 1909, and will be entered, together with a list of the names, on the journals of the Senate and of the House of Representatives."

President Fairbanks will then accentuate the announcement by a whack of his gavel, the galleries will be cleared and the Senate will march back to its chamber. Minutes later each house will have settled down to its routine of business, the entire ceremony having consumed about an hour and twenty minutes.

Fairbanks will receive the two handsome mahogany boxes as souvenirs of the ceremony, and if the President of four years ago is followed he will present one of them to Mr. Taft.

Count of a Contest.

Should there be a contest of this year's count it would come about in this way: Upon the Vice-President's calling for objections, Senators and Representatives can present them, but they must be made in writing and signed by at least one Senator and one Representative. Such objections could properly arise only where there was such a question as which of two State authorities can properly determine what electors have been chosen. No regularly given electoral vote from any State where the electors have been lawfully certified to, and where only one return has been received, can be questioned. The objections being received, the two houses would separate, the Senate returning to its own chamber. The majority of one house alone would not be sufficient to reject the returns from any State, but both houses would have to vote the same way, and they would have to do this within five days after the first meeting of the two houses or no recess would thereafter be allowed until the matter was settled. There is no prospect, however, of such tactics being resorted to except in a case where the electoral vote was very close and where the party seeking a reversal of the indicated vote had a majority in both houses.

Such a contest would not, therefore, have to be settled by an electoral commission such as that which complicated the Hayes-Tilden tangle following the election of 1876. So uncertain was the result of that election that thoughtful men in Congress, foreseeing great trouble over the approaching count of the electoral votes by the President of the Senate, got to work early in the winter and passed a law that in case there should be more than one return from any State its vote should be decided by a commission of fifteen members, each house should elect five members by oral vote, and with these should sit four justices of the Supreme Court, who were to select a fifth justice to sit with them, and the senior justice selected was to preside over the entire commission.

Such a committee of physicians was forthwith appointed to sit upon the body of Tilden and determine whether he was politically dead or alive, and thus we have the famous "electoral commission." It consisted of eight Republicans and seven Democrats, the fifth justice chosen by the four appointed justices making the old Republican. It met on February 1, 1877, and deliberated upon the legality of disputed returns for a month, the joint session of Congress not meeting until March 2 to witness the canvass of the electoral vote by the President of the Senate, who, on the basis of the findings of the commission, announced the election of Hayes and Wheeler. It was the country's widespread dissatisfaction over this arrangement which caused the passage of a law providing that the States themselves should determine contests of their electoral votes, but allowing that an appeal may be taken to Congress in case of such complications as would warrant the above-mentioned objections of members during the next official count.

One contingency, however, would prevent the Vice-President's putting such finishing touches on the election as he will add next month. This would be the discovery that none of those voted for by the electors had received a majority of all of the votes cast, and it would necessitate the Vice-President's throwing the election into the House of Representatives. But one President—John Quincy Adams—has been thus elected so far.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

[Copyright, 1909, by John Elfreth Watkins.]

In Bankruptcy.

"Most of our city officials serve without pay."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, they have to."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

The New Roosevelt Trout.

PROPAGATED AT UNCLE SAM'S FISH HATCHERIES IN THE WEST.

By a Special Contributor.

UNCLE SAM is preparing a pleasant surprise for trout fishermen throughout the country. Not long ago it was announced that satisfactory progress was being made at the government's big hatchery at Leadville, Colo., in propagating the new Roosevelt golden trout, of Mount Whitney—a species saved from extinction through the efforts of the President, and officially named in his honor.

From the Leadville hatchery, where every stage of progress of the trout fry has been watched with jealous care, shipments of the tiny fish will be made to other government hatcheries at favorable locations—particularly those in the Rocky Mountain States—and then will come the general work of wholesale distribution among the trout streams East and West. In a couple of seasons, when the new trout have had time to attain their full growth, Mr. Angler will be treated to a new sensation. There will come a startlingly hard tug at his line, and the fly he has been casting over the surface of the water will disappear as if by magic. There will be a battle for a few minutes, and when Mr. Angler lands his prize he will be astonished to find, instead of one of the common varieties of brook or rainbow trout, a flashing golden beauty—the Roosevelt

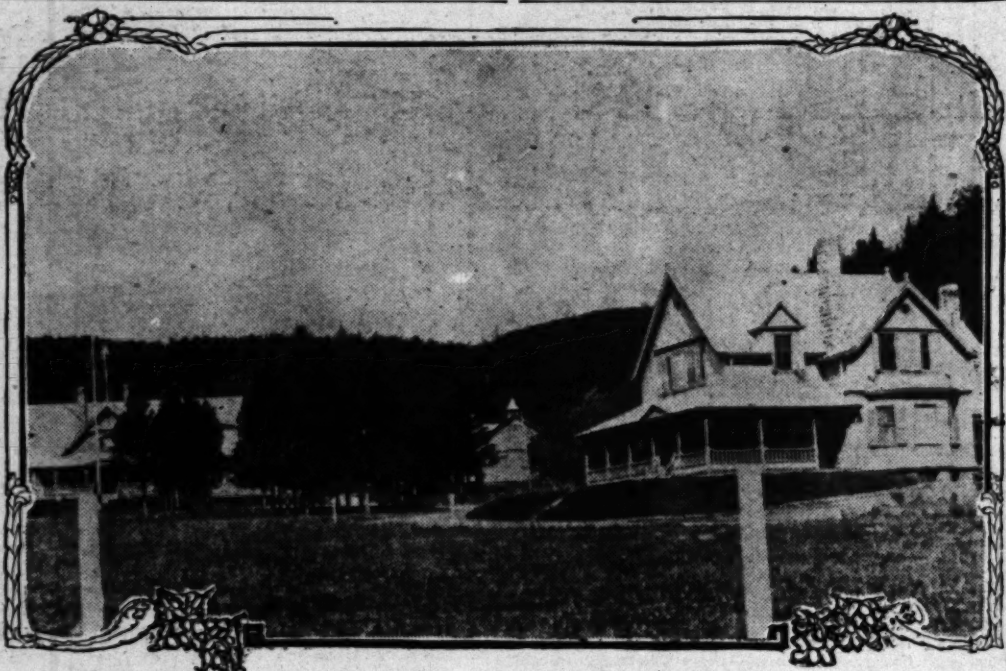
trout, while Capt. Hudson painted the species from life, in all its alluring colors.

Fortune attended the party in transporting several cans of the new trout to the railroad. Once safely in the Leadville hatchery, the golden-hued visitors were cared for as if their yellow tinge came from the real precious metal. The fish were given the same food they had in their habitat on Mt. Whitney, and they seemed to thrive as well in the Rockies as in the Sierras. At spawning time, the female trout were stripped, according to custom at all hatcheries—that is, the eggs were squeezed into a pan and were then fertilized with milt from the male trout. In due course of time the baby trout were born. For several days after their birth, the baby trout can hardly be distinguished, their bodies are so transparent. The egg remains, the head and tail of the baby fish projecting beyond it.

Gradually the egg is absorbed, and the baby trout becomes larger, darker and quite active. He demands food now, as he rests in a cool dark trough, with countless thousands of brothers and sisters. He is fed a pulverized cereal, until he is old enough to crave more substantial food, when chopped liver is his portion.

In two or three months after spawning, the young trout is pretty well able to shift for himself, but it is the tendency today to keep the young fish as long as possible before putting them into streams. The older the trout the better able is he to take care of himself against the voracious big trout that like nothing better than a meal of minnows.

It is agreed that the golden trout are a variety of the rainbow. In the Gunnison River, in Colorado, rainbow trout grow to tremendous size, ten and twelve-



GOVERNMENT FISH HATCHERY AT LEADVILLE.

trout of Mount Whitney, in every way the finest prize in the angler's creel.

The story of this marvelous fish is in itself a romance. Several years ago hunters and prospectors who had toiled up the tremendous slopes of Mount Whitney, reported catching a new species of trout in a small stream known as Volcano Creek, and its tributaries. This variety of golden-hued trout was found only above the falls of Volcano Creek. Below the falls the ordinary species of rainbow trout and "natives" were found. The new fish was described as the most beautiful of the trout family, and a fighter beyond compare, and soon California anglers began making pilgrimages to Volcano Creek, in every case corroborating the stories regarding the beauty and "gaminess" of the new trout.

Soon it became evident that the new species of trout would be doomed to extinction unless some steps were taken looking to its preservation. Stewart Edward White, the writer, in the course of one of his pack-horse journeys in the Sierras, visited the haunts of the golden trout and determined to do what he could to prevent the extermination of the fish. He sent an appeal to President Roosevelt, telling the story of the fish and asking if something could not be done to save it from extinction. Himself an ardent naturalist, President Roosevelt was interested at once. He took up the matter with the Bureau of Fisheries, and an expedition was organized to ascertain what could be done to save the golden trout.

In the expedition that conducted the scientific inquiry were Dr. Barton W. Evermann, assistant in charge of scientific inquiry in the Bureau of Fisheries; Prof. Chancey Juday of the University of Colorado, Prof. Rufus Green of Stanford University and Capt. Charles B. Hudson. Volcano Creek is difficult of access. One must travel several hours across the desert from Lone Pine, and the climb up the mountain is anything but easy. The chief problem, however, was not in reaching the creek, but in transporting the trout back to the railroad across the hot desert.

The party was well equipped for a long stay on Mt. Whitney, and made a thorough inquiry into the new species of trout "on the spot." Dr. Evermann and Prof. Jenkins studied the biological and fishcultural problems connected with the species, and the geographic distribution; Prof. Green studied the physical characteristics of the streams in which the trout were found, and Prof. Juday considered the food and habits of the new

pounders being caught every season. Eastern brook trout thrive even better in the cold streams of the Rocky Mountains than in their own habitat, and it is a peculiar fact that this species of trout is being propagated in Colorado for the restocking of brook-trout streams that have been "fished out" in the East.

At present the golden trout are not being distributed, but shipments are being made to the various government hatcheries. It is desired to secure a full supply of the new trout at the hatcheries, and then the work of distribution will be carried out. From the success in raising the golden trout in Colorado, it is regarded as practically certain that there will be little or no trouble in establishing the new species in the average trout stream. Like all other varieties of trout, the new species requires very cold water, hence the distribution must be limited to those States that have natural trout streams. But this will include the New England States, many of the Middle Atlantic States, the northern tier of Middle Western States, and practically all the States of the far West, and the mountainous States of the South.

There is every reason to believe that the golden trout will flourish as well as its cousin, the rainbow. In Colorado the rainbow trout was not introduced until 1885. Previous to that time the only trout in the Rocky Mountain streams was the small, dark, and extremely active variety known as the "native." Now the rainbow has almost crowded the "native" out of existence. Evidently there has been a struggle for the "survival of the fittest" beneath the rushing waters of the mountain streams—and the bulky rainbow has triumphed over his smaller adversary.

The Roosevelt golden trout—the official name of the species including both the President and Dr. Evermann—is not less hardy and active than the genuine rainbow, and, like that fish, grows to great size and is all that can be desired as to gaminess and as a food fish. In coloring, it is the handsomest of all fishes, and never fails to create a sensation of admiration. How this beautiful fish came into existence, and how it flourished in Volcano Creek on the high slopes of one of the greatest peaks in the world, will always remain a mystery. Its preservation from extinction, however, furnishes one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of fish culture, and President Roosevelt and his fellow-naturalists deserve the thanks of every true Waltonian for making posterity a gift of the golden trout.

ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

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University of California City
property valued at
Shortly before noon the building occupied by the Oklahoma was gutted, causing a loss of \$45,000. Several hours later the warehouse of the J. I. Case Company was destroyed. Loss about

At one point in Manitoba it was 20 below, but moderating. It was 10 below at Lacrosse, Wis. It was 15 above at Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chicago. Considerable snow fell in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan reports that snow is still falling below Alpena.

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Black Japanese student on his way to

Glimpses of Etna.

SEVEN DAYS SPENT IN SICILY A YEAR AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

The recent earthquake disaster has brought most vividly to my mind experiences during my sojourn in Sicily last February.

My first glimpse of Mount Etna was from the train as we went from Girgento to Syracuse. The mountain was a vast, barren plain, quiet and somber, its slopes pillowed against the blue sky, an inert mass, a monument of the devastating fire and fury burning in its bowels. One would have said that Etna was like a giant asleep in the sun, low-lying and gradual slopes, and no impressive to one familiar with the mountain of our own Northwest. Leopard or mountain, the mountain unchanged as the occasional outbreaks of smoke shown, and particularly this last evidence of its power.

One could believe that those peaceful shores could so easily be the scenes of such suffering? From Syracuse we went to Taormina, where the train wound, now near the sea, now through fragrant lemon groves, with white Etna on

the Hotel San Domenico, for it used to be a monastery and is still full of monastic relics. The entrance is in the cloister, with its four-sided roofed walk supported by columns and a fountain in the center seeming always to reach up to the blue sky above. Here, where formerly black-cowled monks slowly walked, with bowed heads and folded hands, meditating on the sins of this world and the joys of the next, tourists rush about; Americans and their suit cases, Englishmen with their portmanteaus, and the German aristocracy, all making a scene of confusion and bustle which is a joy to the lover of sharp contrasts.

The rooms are the old cells with thick walls, while the principal corridor, where the guests of the hotel promenade after dinner, or sit about and smoke and criticize one another's costumes, is a very austere place with ancient religious pictures frowning down upon this gay, frivolous throng gathered from all the capitals of Europe.

We made a delightful excursion up to Mola, a little hilltop town, far above Taormina, one lovely sunny afternoon. The trip was made on donkeys and each member of our party was accompanied by a donkey boy, we being judged incompetent to manage our fiery(?) little beasts. Up and up we went, the views becoming finer at every step. My donkey boy knew two words of French, and that with my two words of Italian made conversation extremely voluble between us all the way.

well the name of "train de luxe." The train ran close to the shore all the way to Messina through the most lovely, peaceful country, which made us regret more and more leaving this island of enchantment.

At Messina our train was put on the boat to be ferried across the straits to the mainland. The crossing took about twenty minutes, and I was glad when it was over, for the sea was covered with whitecaps and none too smooth. We had a fine view of Reggio before landing; there was a magnificent street on the water front flanked by a solid sea wall on one side and a line of splendid marble buildings on the other. As we continued our journey to Rome, who could have believed that every vestige of this town would disappear and that a train like the one I have been describing would be engulfed and never heard of again?

Our hearts go out in sorrow for those who were killed, and in sympathy to those who are living and who have the courage to begin anew and rebuild their cities.

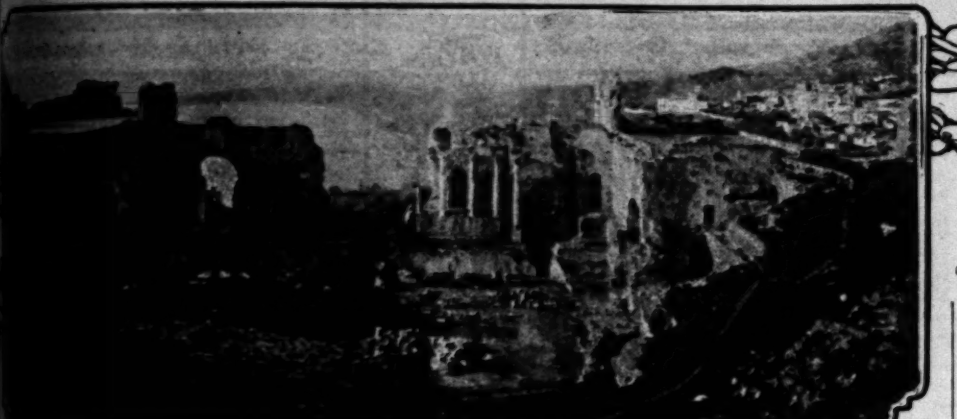
RUTH VICTORIA INGLIS.

Where People Live Long.

In Norfolk there are in every village individuals of more than 80 years of age and not infrequently one or two over 90, and those of 70 and upward are regarded as not even old. Many farm laborers of 70 are quite hale and hearty, working from early morning up to 5



Hotel San Domenico, and Mt. Etna



Greek Theater, Taormina, Mt. Etna in distance

the blue, calm Mediterranean on the other, the most glimpse of a rocky promontory, lying in the sea, lapped by the clear water, and perched on its crest, which would make the historical background of this wonderful old Sicily seems with history and romance, and from the Greek occupation five centuries ago to this latest cataclysm which calls on the world for sympathy.

And I lingered one more day at Syracuse as the rest of our party had gone on, so that we could see the past more fully, and let our thoughts wander down the paths of time undisturbed. The delay in making the journey of two hours by ourselves unchaperoned, no terrifying thing in Sicily, but entirely against custom in Sicily. A Sicilian, who sat next to me in the train, asked me in Italian if I were Madame or Mademoiselle, to which my French blood prompted the truth, and like a fool I answered that I was unmarried. She turned at once to the other occupants of the compartment, who were Italian men with the blackest hair and eyes, and asked them in Italian that here were two American girls traveling alone. Shocking indeed—but much to our surprise the men championed us by saying that he thought it was fine for girls to be able to do that, and that Sicilian girls could do the same. However, a champion was not enough to make us feel comfortable while going contrary to the traditions of the country, and we were glad to arrive at Giardini and see the San Domenico Hotel.

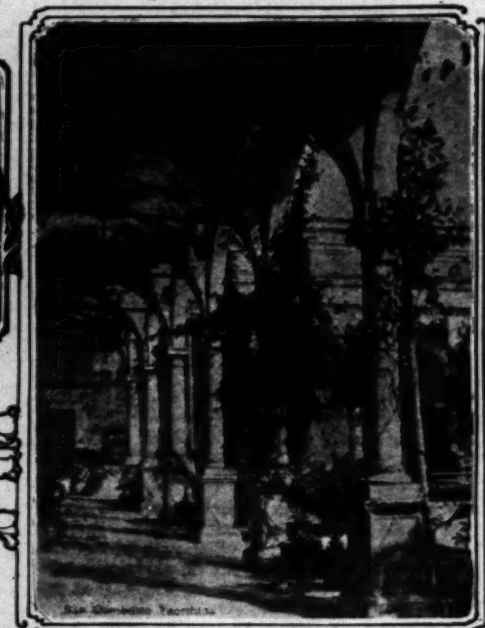
We were soon started on the drive of about three hours of an hour up to Taormina, where our friends were ready to welcome us to that winter paradise of the coast. Higher and higher we drove, up zigzagging slopes, and soon could look down on the sea and the gardens filled with almond trees which seemed to blossom at our feet. Soon we reached the village of Taormina with its one crooked street and with fascinating curio shops and hotels, and were at last to be set down at our hotel, where friends were ready for us, for the wind had been blowing from Etna's snowy breast and we were chilled through. It is an experience quite in a class by itself to stay at

I would point to the donkey and say: "Molto antica" ("Very old.") whereupon the boy would cry: "Sì, sì, Signorina," and roar with delight at my vast knowledge of his language. On reaching our destination after a mighty final climb we found a very dirty little village, which resembled a fly perched on an old-fashioned sugar loaf more than anything else, and while its glory has departed, as the decay in its tiny streets shows, its past history must have been brilliant, for its position as a stronghold is superb and it must have been able to withstand more than one siege victoriously, and joyfully pour boiling oil down on the heads of its assailants.

Our donkey boys seemed to feel no fatigue, for they were just as gay all the way down, shouting, singing and dancing the tarantella. They would rush to the roadside and gather flowers for us so that by the time we reached Taormina's one street again, we were so decorated that we resembled a California floral parade. Their only moment of anxiety was on our return to the hotel, for fear their tips would not be so large as they felt their services deserved; but that was of short duration and they took leave of us wreathed in smiles, with much bowing and scraping and calling on their pet saints to bless and protect us the rest of our natural lives. That afternoon we had tea in the garden looking across at white Etna and down at the blue, blue sea, while a much-gold-laced Italian band "discoursed sweet music," also out of doors.

The next day we made a pilgrimage to the ruins of the Greek theater and four—there artists, archeologists, romanticists grouped about in different places, each enjoying that particular part of these wonderful ruins which appealed most strongly to his individual taste. To me, more marvelous than the stage or the underground passages were the arches forming pictures of never-to-be-forgotten beauty. One easily spent hours watching the gradual slope of Etna's white side with the blue waters shimmering and dancing below, while between was the dark green of the lemon orchards.

All too soon we were obliged to move on and leave this beauty behind. The drive down to Giardini was too quickly over and we were embarked on the express train which goes from Taormina to Berlin via Rome twice a week. The sleepers were most comfortable and merited



Cloister, Hotel San Domenico

and 6 o'clock in the evening, and some are so vigorous as to earn a full man's wages.

And the women in the country (writes a correspondent) are more tenacious of life perhaps than are the men. In one village personally known to me, containing about 300 people, within the past six months have died three women of more than 90 years of age, the oldest of these being no less than 96. In another Norfolk village with inhabitants to the number of 400 there live a man of 95, a woman of 90, a woman of 89, a woman of 87, and several of both sexes over 80. In yet another village there is a blacksmith aged 96 and the widow of a country medical practitioner whose years mount up to 92.

This longevity of the Norfolk peasant, comments the Lancet, has a very interesting pathological side to it. The chief enemy of the farm laborer of the eastern counties from the standpoint of health is rheumatism. Not many reach even middle age without having been the victims of rheumatism, and a large number are crippled in their old age by this disease. But in spite of this the average of longevity seems to be very high, although as well as rheumatism he has to contend with the lack of adequate housing accommodation and want of proper sanitary arrangements. That to eat sparingly of plain wholesome food, to be much in the open air and to work sufficiently to occupy the mind and to exercise the body will enable a man to defy more or less the evils of environment would seem to be shown by the toughness of the Norfolk laborer.—[London Daily News.]

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A man acquires mighty few virtues till his obituary is written.

What makes a woman believe she is sure of a man is to know she isn't.

A girl knows she won't lose anything by refusing to kiss a man because he'll do it just the same.

The reason a woman wants her husband to do most of the things she nags him about is he doesn't want to.

One of the miracles of a college education is how much smarter it makes a son than his father without his being able to earn a living the way the old man can.—[New York Press.]

Could anything exceed the politeness of the Irish cabby? An old lady called for a cab and said to the driver: "Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm a very old lady, you see." "Begorra, ma'am," was his reply, "no matter what age ye are, you don't look it!"—[Philadelphia Inquirer.]



Portrait of the author of the book 'The Equator'.



Theater of the author of the book 'The Equator'.

any years, under an annual of the country. There is no such notions are sturdy o'clock on the morning after brick house directly opposite he was carried. This house is filled with memorials of the tall silk hat which he wore in the chair in which he sat when he died. A wreath from his plaiting, and a great variety of are photographs of the emperor, and Mrs. Surratt, in the first picture in the of the death warrant, while Mrs. Surratt from the sun with frightfully hot. In the soldiers are putting black on and in the third the latter on yellow, while soldiers raised on yard look down upon the termination of a wreath.

RENE BACHE

Grand... South... some... After... moved... a Saxon... giving... known... was... brought... Duch... his... was... Trou... The... who... has... fuses... to the... young... ZING A MISTAK... NS W... ONSO... Old Law... legislature... of Provin... tor Sav... FRANK GREAV... WIRE TO THE... the mat... statute... effected... the Leg... remedy... alone... wishes... cities... commun... soon...

Near Nature's Heart.

PHASES OF SCHOOL LIFE IN A MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

By a Special Contributor.

IN these days of magnificent school buildings and the latest and most approved equipment it is hard to conceive of any school district having for its temple of learning a structure which is roughly put together and so light in construction that it can be moved with ease from one portion of the community to another to meet the needs of the greatest number of children concerned. And yet in the mountain country of San Diego county, and perhaps in other sections of this State, there is just such a condition.

One such institution bears the pleasing name of Clover Flats School, and it is located some sixteen miles east of Campo, where, from the near-by heights one can look over into the vast Imperial Valley, and on clear days the shimmer of the Salton Sea can be distinctly seen. To those accustomed to better things, the Clover Flats school building may look as much like a camper's cabin or a wagon shop as it does like a school, and yet every year it houses youngsters who will soon be the men and women of their community. Some of the boys may even be Senators some day, as one of the habitués of the locality suggests.

With all its simplicity of construction, this school,



Clover Flats schoolhouse.

like many others, has natural beauties surrounding it. There may be the embowering branches of the live oak to shelter it from the unduly familiar rays of the sun, and again there may be specimens of nature's rough-hewn monuments to bygone ages, in the way of upheaved rocks, which, by a little stretch of the imagination, become grotesque statues or take on other forms. A vista through the trees, as taken from doorway or window of the school building, will show distant mountain peaks, hazy in a summer's day or blue-black as the sun takes its course down the western sky.

Yes, there are things to compensate for the isolation which must come to the teacher who leaves a city home to take up the work of instructing the youth of these back-country districts, if the teacher will open his eyes and ears to the things which come within the scope of his vision or hearing. These children who come under his instruction day after day may have always lived "far from the madding crowd," and may never have seen the activity of a city street, and yet they can tell their instructor many things which he could not learn by years of study in books. They know where the quail can be found the thickest, where the rabbits grow the fattest, how to ward off the fatal ending of the bite by a rattler, and countless other things.

Some of them have to come five, or perhaps eight, miles to attend the school, and their ponies and burros are tethered near the school grounds during the sessions within. The boys soon become experts in throwing the "reata," or lariat, and his knowledge and skill come into play on occasions when some of the animals may have loosened their stakes and made off across the unfenced government land on every side, for then the best reata thrower has an opportunity to show what he can do in gathering the scattered ponies.

Necessarily, the children bring their midday meals with them, in baskets or pails strapped over their shoulders or simply in paper parcels, as the case may be. Not sumptuous at all are these repasts, generally consisting of one or two slices of bread and butter, a slice of bacon, or, as it is sometimes known among these back-country folks, "swine bosom," and a cookie, perhaps. With the numerous small game which is so often at hand, the lunches also frequently have some rabbit or quail as a component. Apples and peaches grow in the vicinity, and find a place in the lunch basket in their season. Oranges or bananas or other fruit of that class are rarely had, as they cost too much by the time they have been brought out from the city. In some of the districts, especially in dry seasons, the children have to carry a canteen of water along from home to meet their needs of the day in the way of liquid refreshment.

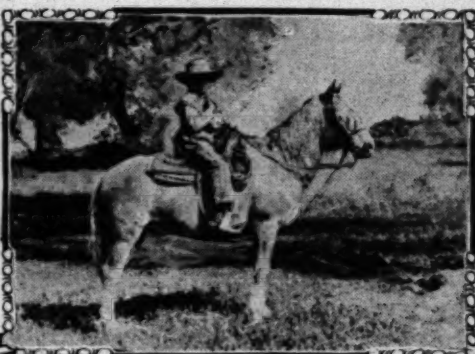
For sports, the boys have their shooting with bow and arrow, and often turn this accomplishment to advantage in securing rabbits for their home table. At the schools they shoot at a mark, under the direction of the teachers, and manifest a great spirit of rivalry along this line. Another of their pastimes is known by them as "steal sticks," which is but another name for "prisoner's base," as the game is known in the East and North. In it one boy places a stick against the side of the school building and then starts to search for the

other children who endeavor to keep out of his sight. The point of the game is to reach the stick before the boy who has placed it can get to it. If he sees another boy and calls his name before the stick is touched by any one else, the one identified becomes "it," and so the game progresses.

The advantage of the portability of a school building can be readily seen when it is known that the center of population may change considerably in a school district as the years pass, and it then becomes necessary to move the structure to a point which is available to the most children. In many instances these school buildings are on government land, and as thousands of acres of this are unfenced, it is not requisite that the school shall be directly on a main road, as the children's ponies can carry them swiftly over the hills and dales that may intervene between their homes and the school.

Being thus often isolated from the lines of travel, a school may go through the year without a single visitor save the County Superintendent, whose duty it is to visit each school in his territory at least once during the year. The average attendance of these distant schools is about eight, and very seldom does the number go above fifteen. Under the law there must be at least six children in attendance or the district will lapse and the children living within its bounds will have to go to the nearest neighboring district to attend school.

On their way home from their day's studies the children can stop at the general store and postoffice for the mail and such things as their mothers may need in their simple housekeeping, and to the young folks this



Ready to start for school.



Mountain school.

is a treat, for at the store they often see the largest number of people assembled in their experiences. There they can hear the gossip of the neighborhood, and such late news from the outside world as may be brought by the stage driver on his tri-weekly trips.

In the good old days "way back East" the country school teacher "boarded round," that is, he would stay with one family one week and then with another the next, and so on until he had stayed with each family, and then if the term were long enough he would start over the route again. This boarding was a part of his compensation, and took the place of cash remuneration which might be raised by taxation. At the present day, however, the teacher gets his regular monthly stipend and must pay cash for his accommodation. Therefore it behooves him to select with care his abiding-place, for it might create a scandal if he should find it necessary to leave his boarding-place after he had once become settled. It goes without saying that these country homes do not boast of gas or electric lights or running water, unless the latter may be from some spring just outside the door, but in the quietude of the surroundings there is ample opportunity for meditation and planning of the next day's work. Hard, indeed, would be a teacher's life if he or she should be afflicted with that indescribable complaint, homesickness, for nothing could be more conducive to that state of mind than the very solitude of these mountain homes, where, of an evening, the only sound, aside from those within the house or barn, may be the distant howl of a coyote or the call of some other wild animal. Yet these same teachers who stick to their posts during this probationary period of their lives as instructors are serving their country just as truly as the man who shoulders the gun and goes off to war, yes, even more so, for the latter may be seeking to kill, while the teacher is seeking to enlighten and prepare for life's work those of a rising generation.

ALLEN HENRY WRIGHT.

Louise: I'm in an awful boat. After I started to bleach my hair, I found I had only enough to do half of it, and Nelson is coming tonight.

Julia: Never mind, dear. Let him sit on the peroxide.—[Harper's Bazar.

A FEW MODERN GHOSTS.

EXPERIENCE OF MAN WHO RENTED A HOUSE THAT WAS REALLY HAUNTED.

[New York Press:] "I feel pretty good tonight," said Bascomb to his caller, as he put away some glass which he had been working, "because this week I succeeded in exorcising another ghost and quieting a man who had been raising an awful rumpus. About two months ago I sold a two-family house out in Westchester to a man who wanted to live in it himself. The inspector looked the place over, pronounced it in good class shape and the property was transferred all right. Two days after the man moved in he came into the kitchen in a deuced stew and the dickens of a temper.

"Look here," he shouted, "that place you sold me is haunted. All last night we couldn't sleep, and my wife swears she won't live there."

"I quieted him and reasoned with him, and he went away, though he was still doubtful. I knew he would come back, and he was in less than a week. This time he was plainly shaken up.

"It's at it again," he said, "and I hold you responsible. You knew when I bought the place I was putting my money into it. You'd had it on your hands for nearly a year. Now I know it was because possible buyers were onto the fact that there was something wrong about the place.

"What does the ghost do?" I asked.

"Well," he said, uneasily, "we haven't seen anything. It's just a groaning and moaning, and it seems to come upstairs and then down and all around the place."



Country store in the mountains.



Teachers boarding place.

the most awful thing I ever listened to." He looked fiercely on me, "and I'm not going to stand it any longer, either. You did me on this place, and I'll hold you responsible. If anything happens, well—"

"I questioned him, and found the ghost was only on stormy nights, and he gave me as well as could the dates on which the trouble had happened. Then I looked over this file of weather reports, taken from a daily paper, and found that the ghost got only when the wind was in a certain direction. Before yesterday I started in right, and I headed the place. The man and woman were both up at the ghost had been at it already. We sat and talked a few minutes, and suddenly I was brought to my feet by the most unearthly wailing groan I have ever heard. It seemed to shrill and quiver all through the place, and falling as it went along. The woman was hysterical, and had grasped the man's arm. He was frightened as she, and so wasn't much of a comfort to her.

"I was mystified, but I made a round of the place, sticking to the theory I had formed. I spent a racking hour before I finally located it. The ghost was made by a little round hole in the frame of one of the windows and the inside cord of the window. When the wind was right it rushed through the hole, set the cord to vibrating and formed a most beautiful flute and organ effect. A plug of wood laid that ghost for good and all. The people in the house could have found it out if they were too blamed frightened to search.

"Another customer accused me of having walled live cat up in a building. The noise certainly did sound like a cat moaning soulfully for its affinity, but the trouble was due to the electric wires having got crossed in such a way that at times they produced the most diabolical music ear ever listened to.

"The hardest to locate was the ghost of a basso profundo who at unseasonable hours would come low forth one loud, deep chest note. It was really terrible to listen to. But we got him at last. He was a fireproof brick near a window ledge and cracked in a way that the wind could produce from it a basso note. So I'm used to modern ghosts, and when after this I look first to see what the wind is doing and if that theory fails examine into the wiring."

January 31, 1909.]

New Year in Peking

WHERE THREE CELEBRATIONS HELD WITHIN A MONTH.

By a Special Contributor.

PUT the temptation before you of a

New Year in any one of the cities of the East, and Peking, China, like about your choice, will lead all the rest. The fascination of the mysterious as magic, as compelling as the call of the North, the call of the blood, and all the other calls that

used to hear, are silenced before that city of the Temple of Heaven within her boundaries, one who has known her intimately, who has felt her conservatism and her dignity, has been permitted to pass the New Year in the confines of the "White City," there will find memories which in their very perfection the ideal is not unattainable.

The New Year period in Peking reminds one of three Sundays that came together in a week, three celebrations of the new year in little less than a month. First comes that one with Americans, the people of England and the continent are familiar. It is ushered in some way as in any other part of the world, but there is the oriental setting to the scene so picturesque that having gazed upon it your eyes, thinking thus to forever keep it, On New Year's Eve, the Chosen Few, for designate the diplomatic corps, the army,



Temple at

and those fortunate enough to be guests in are to be found amusing themselves at a given by the Peking Club. This little dance, which comes to a close at just 12 o'clock and given, marks the first of a series of Chinese place during the season of the new year, and to end, the chaperons quite forget their those of the diplomatic corps who do not feel their dignity to trip the light fantastic quorum only long enough to drink up a few resolutions in the sparkling punch which he used for just such an occasion, while those and the customs will meet them resolution cup for cup.

And no one knows he is weary until the wakens him between the hours of 6 and 7 o'clock announcement that "Chinese caller come this is ordered, the costume is laid out in late, for the Chinese believing that the early New Year the more homage and respect paying, it would be little less than an insult awaiting them, in your court or at your door.

It would be a breach of etiquette to see of a Chinese household or even to inquire, but the Chinese are foreignized enough to w congratulations of the New Year to each your ménage. So the master of the establishment, the children and any guests that happen the house are expected to be in the room which is hastily gotten together in the drawing room. Quiet are the salutations. Each person the knee, as though he were about to st haunches, his right arm lying close and ver the body follows this downward movement precision of an automaton, then an upward is made which straightens the body again brought and the Chinese exclamations for heard every hand.

The entire morning is given up to dipping. Even the servants enter this custom, enthusiasm that makes the greeting look like so much cumsha for the best dip, so much bow. The cook cannot send out his cakes until he has dipped and bowed. Number won't wait on table until he has dipped. Number Two "boy" forgets his duties until up smiling, the coolie neglects to put coal until he has paid his respects, the mafos

150 RECIPES FOR SPANISH DISHES

31 SOUPS; 199 SALADS; 421 RECIPES FOR MEATS; 101 RECIPES FOR BREADS; 101 RECIPES FOR DESSERTS; 101 RECIPES FOR COOKING MEATS; 101 RECIPES FOR PRESERVES

MODERN GHOSTS.

AN WHO RENTED A HOUSE
REALLY HAUNTED.

"I feel pretty good tonight," said as he put away some plans on working, "because this week I saw another ghost and quieting a house an awful rumper. About three weeks ago I moved into a new house to live in it myself. His house over, pronounced it in fact property was transferred all right. I moved in he came into the office the dickens of a temper.

He said, 'that place you sold me in I couldn't sleep, and my wife was there.' I reasoned with him, and he was all doubtful. I knew he would be less than a week. This time he said, 'and I hold you responsible for the place I was putting all my money on your hands for now it was because possible that there was something gone

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in the mountains.

boarding place.

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found the ghost was active and he gave me as well as he could the trouble had happened. I found the ghost was active and he gave me as well as he could the trouble had happened.

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New Year in Peking.

WHERE THREE CELEBRATIONS ARE
HELD WITHIN A MONTH.

By a Special Contributor.

THE temptation before you of spending the New Year in any one of the cities of the world, is Peking, China, like Abou Ben Adhem, and all the rest. The fascination of the place is as mysterious as magic, as compelling as the magnet. The call of the North, the call of the wild, the call of the blood, and all the other calls that man is supposed to hear, are silenced before that city which holds the Temple of Heaven within her boundaries. To that city who has known her intimately, who has dwelt with the charms of her moods and fancies, who has experienced the romance of her oriental splendor, who has felt her conservatism and her dignity, and who has been permitted to pass the New Year period in the midst of the "White City," there will always remain memories which in their very perfectness prove the ideal is not unattainable.

The New Year period in Peking reminds one of the holidays that came together in a week, for it has all the celebrations of the new year in little less time than a month. First comes that one with which all the world is familiar. It is ushered in in much the same way as in any other part of the world, perhaps, but there is the oriental setting to the scene, which is picturesque that having gazed upon it you close your eyes, thinking thus to forever keep the vision. On New Year's Eve, the Chosen Few, for so we shall call the diplomatic corps, the army, the customs

the currying of the horses until he has seen the master, and all the other hirelings of the place think that the day will never begin until he has shown his esteem for the "daw ren."

About noon the members of the legations begin paying their respects, and as there are about a dozen Ambassadors to the courts of Peking, there will of necessity be a great number who feel obliged to make their New Year's call. There is little time for breakfast, so a standing-up tiffin is eaten, as the short intervals between calls allows no one to relax for a moment.

As the afternoon comes on the missionary body sends out its representatives, and often in the cosy corners of the great drawing-room can be heard conversations on "How we used to celebrate the day at home, in the good old U.S.A." There are tears in some of the eyes and quavers in some of the voices, and as the departures are being made there is not one that has left without the hope that next year will see him celebrating as he was wont to do in the country that gave him birth.

Tea time arrives; still there are callers; in gay parade have passed the nations of the world before you. English, French, Russian, German, Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Austrian, Japanese, Chinese and how many more you forget to count, each one bringing congratulations and not a few of them resolutions. Eight o'clock, the dinner hour is announced, and when finally all have gone you are too tired, too excited to eat anything at all. Later in the evening a few of those intimate in the household look in, and midnight comes before the log in the grate has burned low, before you realize that the day and most of the night have gone, and that one day was the first of the New Year.

Twelve days later the Russians usher in their New Year, with a ball given only as Russia understands giving. Magnificent the splendor, lavish the display, the value of the dollar nil.

Musicians are imported; the flowers ordered from

little cups of tea and exchange small talk for other small talk. After three days of play, all are ready to take up again the various interests of the capital.

The season which contains the New Year period is one wherein the ingenuity of Peking exerts itself. The Amateur Dramatic Club, which furnishes all the plays which are ever brought to Peking, usually puts on its best plays during the first month of the year. The club is composed of the members of the community who have histrionic ability. The role of leading lady descends from season to season upon one of the fair women to be found either in the diplomatic corps or the customs. It is so eagerly sought after that foreign relations have been strained a number of times over the most trivial incidents regarding it. But all this belongs to Peking.

She is the life east of the Suez. As a city she is captivation itself, but never does she rise to all that is witching and wonderful until the season of the New Year begins. LOUELLA CONLEY.

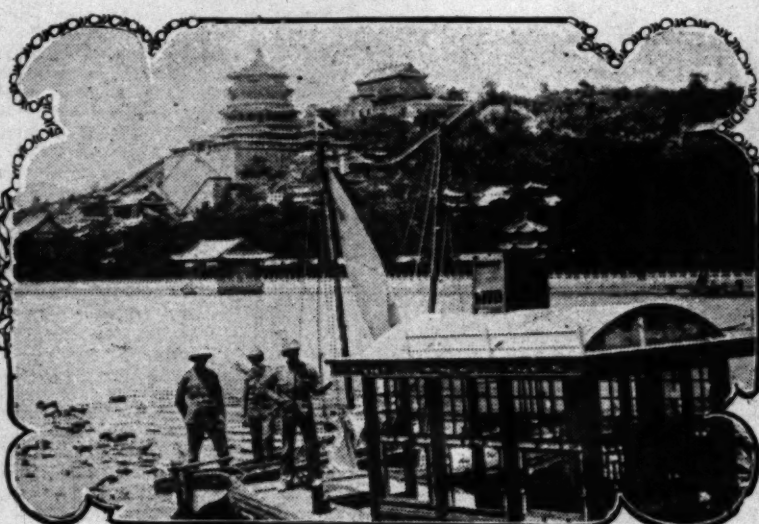
Passing of the Claque.

Announcement that the new managers of the Paris opera have decided to suppress the claque, or company of paid applauders, will evoke little surprise. The wonder is that this ridiculous institution was permitted to flourish so long. It is true that in our own country, as well as in England, the theater-going public has had its suspicions occasionally aroused concerning manufactured applause, especially at first performances. For this, no doubt, the over enthusiastic personal friends of the actors have been to blame in great measure, and it is possible that ushers and other employees of the theater sometimes "lend a hand" toward the encouragement of those on the stage. But this is very different from the unblushing effrontery of the professional applauders, who sit in the gallery of the Paris theater and earn their pay in plain view of the audience.

It is odd that this institution should ever have gained



Temple of Heaven.



Pleasure barge of late empress on lake at Peking, summer palace in back ground

are fortunate enough to be guests in the capital, to be found amusing themselves at a "Cinderella" party by the Peking Club. This little dance, which usually comes to a close at just 12 o'clock and which thus marks the first of a series of Cinderellas to take place during the season of the new year, almost forgets the existence of the chaperons quite forget their chaperones, the diplomatic corps who do not feel it beneath their dignity to trip the light fantastic quit the ball-room only long enough to drink up a few more new resolutions in the sparkling punch which had been prepared for just such an occasion, while those of the army and the customs will meet them resolution for resolution, cup for cup.

And so one knows he is weary until the "China boy" comes between the hours of 6 and 7 with the announcement that "Chinese caller come this side." The caller is ordered, the costume is laid out and hurriedly for the Chinese believing that the earlier they call on New Year the more homage and respect they are showing, it would be little less than an insult not to be showing them, in your court or at your door.

It would be a breach of etiquette to see the women of a Chinese household or even to inquire after them, the Chinese are foreignized enough to want to offer congratulations of the New Year to each member of the household. So the master of the establishment, his wife, the children and any guests that happen to be in the house are expected to be in the receiving party which is hastily gotten together in the drawing-room.

Quiet are the salutations. Each person bends from the knee, as though he were about to sit upon his knees, his right arm lying close and vertically with the body follows this downward movement with the motion of an automaton, then an upward movement is made which straightens the body again. Gifts are brought and the Chinese exclamations for happiness are heard on every hand.

The next morning is given up to dipping and bowing. Even the servants enter this custom with an enthusiasm that makes the greeting look like a contest, as much cumshu for the best dip, so much for the best dip. The cook cannot send out his cakes and delicacies until he has dipped and bowed, Number One "boy" must wait on table until he has dipped and bowed, Number Two "boy" forgets his duties until he has come to the table, the cook neglects to put coal in the grate until he has paid his respects, the mafoe carries in

Tientsin, cotillion favors for "lovely woman" are rare bits of embroideries, dainty French mirrors, silk scarfs, fans, party bags, hand-chased leather purses, card cases, masks, ribbons and laces, while for the gallants there was a richness of white carnations made into boutonniere, and over this all presides the charming wife of the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary to China.

The next day there is open house at the Russian Legation. In and out its doors pass uniformed officers in gold and lace, there is heard the clinking of spurs and the clanking of swords, and with the sounds and the perfumes of the night still hovering about the mansion there is no one who would believe that another morning had come and that the Russian New Year was almost old.

Nearly a month elapses. On the evening of the 4th of February Peking is ablaze with lights. Gongs are beaten, firecrackers, Roman candles, sky rockets are being set off, paper prayers are being offered up in the temples, incense is burned before the gods, and from the noises in the streets one might be led to believe that the whole city was rioting. In and out among the intricate network of small streets, along the highways and in all the byways can be seen mysterious figures, who, aided by the small glow of the Chinese lantern, look like a race sprung from Diogenes. Investigation shows, however, that they might well be called disciples of his. They are not looking for an honest man, but for their creditors, whom they must meet and settle with before seeking rest for the night.

It was the first day of the celebration of the Chinese New Year. As the custom, this greatest of all Chinese festivals, which lasts at least three days, was being celebrated as becomes all those who are faithful subjects of the crown, even though it rest on a Manchu's head.

Those who are not inclined to pray gamble the night away, but nevertheless in the early morning they are as ready with their congratulations as though they had slept the last twelve hours.

Peking's shops are closed, her banking houses, the Chinese compradore and the shroff, who serves the foreigner, enjoy their feasts and the days of rest, and all the servants have a day off from service, for all China is having a holiday.

Those who are not Chinese spend the day among the temples, some journey to the Great Wall, a few watch an interesting game of polo on the grounds of the Temple of Heaven, and some stay at home and sip their

such a hold on a demonstrative people like the French and Italians, who are never wanting in expressions of approbation for public performers that take their fancy. If the claque is needed anywhere to show an audience how to applaud, it is in this country. Until recently Pittsburgh audiences have had the reputation of being undemonstrative, chilly and even frigid to performers who, elsewhere, have been greeted with enthusiasm, and it cannot be said that such repression of feeling is a mark of superior culture. Applause, to mean anything, must be spontaneous, but there is no virtue in withholding it for the purpose of preserving an appearance of dignified reserve. The actor has a right to these expressions of approval, and just to the extent that they are sincere are they of practical service to him as he advances in his profession. The abolition of the claque is a good thing. The less made-to-order applause the better, but a little more of the genuine, discriminating variety would do no harm in our places of amusement. [Pittsburgh Gazette.]

Open Air Schools.

London is experimenting with open-air schools. They are for poor children, their session is from June 1 to October 31, and they are proving a success.

The beginning was made last summer and was purely experimental. The authorities made a grant of £400 to see how the thing worked. They have increased the appropriation for next summer to £2000, and three schools will be established.

Each school will accommodate seventy-five children, divided into three classes of twenty-five each. The staff will consist of one head teacher, three assistant teachers, a nurse, a cook and helper and a janitor.

Of course there are buildings which are occupied a part of each day, as well in pleasant as in unpleasant weather; but unless the weather is hopelessly bad almost all the time is spent in the open air. A blackboard on an easel is set up on the grass and the chairs of the pupils are grouped before it.

The children are small and the course of study is light. There are games, too, callisthenics, nature study in the open, and the results of all these in physical improvement are said to be very gratifying. The children have their meals on the premises and spend the entire day there. [New York Sun.]

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Woo Pon; a Heathen.

A DEBT OF GRATITUDE WHICH IS HANDSOMELY PAID.

By a Special Contributor.

Woo Pon, old Woo Pon, climbed down from the platform of the smoking-car he made straight for the store of Quong Lung. Woo had two reasons for his choice of destinations; first, he was a Sam Yup, and they met at Quong's; secondly, he had come to town on a most important event in his life, and the store could be enjoyed only in a certain room back of the store. When Woo first came, a stout laborer, to the store of the Flower Flag, it was at this store that he made his headquarters. Al-ya, those were great days for the yellow man; where was no chak-che, or paper of honor, to better honorable persons in those days.

Woo was more plentiful, then; some of his comrades had saved enough from a year of work to live in Kwangtung province for the rest of their lives. All those who came over with him had long since gone back to the Middle Kingdom. Woo was in the years that had passed he, too, had been ready to follow their example. But always a debt for more he had led him to lose his capital at some gambling game—the dice, or fantan, or the lottery. This time, however, he should not make the attempt; there would be no games running at Quong's, and he would not go elsewhere to seek them.

It was not such a great sum that he was carrying in his sleeve of his blouse, but it represented the savings of the years he had been at work in a mine where his people are employed. Ha-ai, truly it was not much, but he was a person of age, and it was sufficient to keep him alive in China until his time had come; and afterward there would be enough left for his wife and the grave.

Woo's cronies of his were awaiting him in the room of Quong Lung's. There was Quong, himself, a gray, stouter, and redder of nose than when he had last seen him; and there was Tuan How, his partner, no doubt as fond of pouring out scorn upon foreigners as he ever had been. Ming Sang, the lean laborer, and Yee Lo, the married man, were coming to complete the party.

There was one more, however, whom Woo wished he could see there. This person was a certain foreigner whom he had known in the old days, before the chak-che came to vex the world. Pa-kah was the foreigner's name. Years ago he had been Woo's "boss" in miles and miles of western railroad work. Pa-kah was a mighty person, with the voice of a lion and the strength of six yellow men. Once, when a train had dropped upon Woo's foot, pinning him down, Pa-kah had lifted it unaided and released him. After that, the beneficent foreigner devil saw to it that the railroad proper attention until the limb was well again. All of this was much for a mighty person like Pa-kah to do for a yellow man.

No had gathered from remarks dropped by Pa-kah in his hearing that he, too, was only a temporary sojourner in the western country. With Pa-kah it was a beautiful, far country called "Atlan'ic Coast," or "Y'w Yawkie," its capital city, that was to receive Pa-kah's savings and his bones. Woo was bound for Canton, and Canton; but nevertheless there was a little feeling between them.

Another thing, too, made them better understand one another; both were deeply in earnest in their desire to get to their respective earthly paradises, yet Woo was held back by his passion for gambling, and Pa-kah by his love for drink. When they returned to the construction camp after their pay day outing, each could understand and sympathize with the other's bitter feelings.

When the railroad was completed, Woo completely lost sight of his mighty friend. Now, as he neared his door, he thought of him again, and hoped that he, too, had conquered his weakness long enough to fulfill the desire of his heart.

Woo found the party assembled to greet him. They were going to make somewhat of an affair of his departure; for since the chak-che one does not leave for home every day; it is too hard to return again should one desire to do so.

Quong Lung met him at the door and escorted him into the back room.

"Honorable persons," said Woo, "may you live a hundred years."

Each of them wished him a similar lease of life as they shook their own hands and bowed.

"This is a triumphant occasion," said Yee Lo, the married man. "Let us begin upon the eatables."

"Ha!" grunted Tuan How, the hater of foreigners, "it is much too early. The hour of the goat has scarcely begun, yet the honorable Yee Lo is hungry."

Tuan How had constructed quite a remarkable timepiece out of a little clock that hung on a nail in the wall. The Chinese day is divided into twelve two-hour periods, each called by the name of some animal. Tuan had added enough space around the edge of the dial to place these symbols. To do this he was obliged to display them in pairs, one above the other, and it required some mental effort to tell the Chinese time of day; but it made him that much more independent of foreign contrivances, and he was that much the happier. At that moment it was some few minutes past 3, or just beginning the hour of the goat.

Yee Lo hitched himself and his stool across the floor to the table.

"Come, honorable men," he said, "let us begin upon these things."

looked more longingly at the stone bottle of woi-quoi-lo than he did at the food.

"Beneficent Quong Lung," Woo asked, "does your mighty mind recall a person—a foreign devil—who years ago came among us and took many of the cousins away to work on the plains?"

Quong thought deeply. "I can almost recall having heard of the person," he replied at length. "It must have been years ago, at the time when the honorable Chin Poo first came among us here."

"Truly it was. It may have been before you came. This Pa-kah," he added, "was a person of much honesty."

"Haai," chuckled Tuan How, "without doubt we never have seen him; it would be easy to remember for a lifetime the coming of a foreign devil who was a person of much honesty."

Ming Sang snorted with indignation: "I have seen such persons; many such persons consulted with me at the time of the Great Celebration."

This was a matter of pride to the lean scholar, and a tender point with Tuan How. The "Great Celebration" was a carnival, or festival, once held by the foreign devils; and in Chinese eyes it was worthy of being called Great because the yellow men had been invited to participate. A part of the parade was reserved for them. They contributed a dragon, several hundred feet long, carried on the heads and shoulders of nearly every man in the colony. A little daughter of the Mayor, clad as a Manchu princess, rode at the head, and Ming Sang, in his brilliant garments of ceremony, walked at her bridle bits.

Tuan How had been asked to take the place of honor beneath the dragon's head, but his hatred of foreigners led him to refuse all part in it. His oriental love for such displays, however, made him change his mind after it was too late; so he was obliged to content himself with following the rabble who trotted and jumped about in the wake of a mighty string of firecrackers that popped at the dragon's tail.

"I know that the mighty Chin Poo had much in common with Pa-kah and the laborers," said Woo Pon. "Pa-kah would advise that they leave their money with the great Chin, and the great Chin would advise that they work under no foreign devil but Pa-kah. Between them, many honorable men went back to Canton with their blouse sleeves heavy with a store of yen."

"And without doubt," said Tuan How, "because of this Pa-kah many an honorable man's bones were sent back to China by some one of the Six Companies."

"Truly," Woo answered, "some had their bones sent home. Ong Yuen and his great elder brother were among the number that I knew. They belonged to no tong, and they were gamblers, so the foreign devil and the beneficent Chin gave largely to have their bones sent home. Al-ya, matters were better in those days."

"That is beyond dispute," put in Ming Sang. "Did not the great Kung-foo-tsu say that straightforwardness can be found only in antiquity? But, honorable persons, let us begin upon the festival."

They drew up their stools around the table, and the rattle of chopsticks began. During the meal there was little conversation, save the ceremonious passing of invitations from one to the other to "eat rice," or "eat fish," or some of the many other dishes before them. The hands of Tuan How's Yankee-Chinese clock had passed the two hours marking the period of the goat, and entered the period of the ape, before the meal was ended.

Then the bottle of woi-quoi-lo went around, bowls of the liquor being interspersed with bowls of tea, until even saturnine Tuan How began to grow at peace with all the world.

It grew dark, and the three small lamps of the establishment were lighted and placed on the table. Quong Lung got out long-stemmed, thimble-bowled tobacco pipes, and set a box of black, Chinese tobacco on the table. This black tobacco, like many other things Chinese, belies its appearance. From its color and texture it should be stronger than any leaf ever smoked by sailor; but in reality it is milder than that in most American cigarettes.

"Haai," grunted fat Yee Lo, the married man, from the midst of a cloud of smoke, "this is truly a place of comfort. Fasten the door, honorable Tuan How, that none may come to interrupt us." Yee Lo had married the widow of Loy Yuen, which honorable person had also been in the habit of demanding that doors be fastened where he was feasting. Al-ya, the Pearly Ones never yet fashioned an instrument of joy but that they made an instrument of sorrow also!

Tuan How arose to comply with Yee's request, but Quong Lung stopped him:

"Wait, honorable man; our foreign devil has not yet come."

Woo turned inquiringly.

"The beneficent Loo Quong and I have him together," explained the storekeeper. "He is a worthless old person; but he performs some tasks for us here, as he does at the laundry of Loo Quong. In return we give him food and shelter, on alternate days. He eats little, but he is a person of great thirst."

"He is a man of weakness," asserted Ming Sang. "There are always a few such foreign devils in our colony; but most of them are lovers of ah-pin-yin. This one is a friend of the bottle."

"He is triumphantly arrogant, too, like all the rest," said Tuan How. "He has at his command but a few sentences in the sacred dialect of Kwangtung, and those few are but curses; yet he imagines he can converse like a scholar of the third degree."

Woo Pon began to show some interest.

"My foreign devil was a mighty blasphemer," he said. "When this one comes I should like to hear whether he is the equal of Pa-kah."

"You shall hear," said Tuan How. "Though without doubt when he comes he will be as fuddled as a bride-

groom. But I shall provoke him for you, honorable Woo Pon."

"This foreigner will not come to you for long," said Ming. "He is old and worn out; soon he will be dead."

"He will be here at least once more, mighty scholar," retorted Tuan How, "for I hear him shuffling along the passage. He went to the door and threw it open."

The weak, uncertain tread sounded louder then, and presently a pitiful wreck of a once unusually strong man slouched in. He stood for a moment, blinking at the lights, and tried to raise his stooped form to get a better view of the group around the table.

"Ho-la," said Quong Lung, with a show of greeting.

"I'm sick t'night," murmured the figure hoarsely.

"Fell down twice on the way from m' frien'a. Gimme a drink, an' I'll go t' bed."

At the sound of the man's voice Woo started, and was about to rise, when the foreign devil went on again:

"No; I'll go t' bed without a drink; I'm too tired t' wait."

He slouched toward a bunk in the corner, but before he reached it he fell forward on his face. Again Woo moved as if to rise, but Tuan How prevented him.

"Never trouble yourself, honorable man," said Tuan.

"He is fuddled again, but I shall stir him up; you shall hear him swear."

He vigorously shook the prostrate figure.

"This is a strange thing," he said, looking at Woo.

"It is his custom to begin upon us as soon as he is disturbed," and he began the shaking again.

Suddenly the man sat up. "Kwang-tau!" he began, pointing a trembling finger at his tormenter, "kwang-tau! Shau! Man-lu!"

"Truly," said Tuan, pushing him to the floor again, "this is much abuse for an honorable man to take from a foreign devil. But I shall stir him in his liquor tomorrow."

Woo Pon stood, open-mouthed, gazing at the man on the floor, while Tuan went on with the poking. Presently the tirade was continued, but it was spiritless and broken:

"Mo-kwi! Tso-tseng! Kwi-tsai! Shau! Shau—"

And this time the man fell back without any force on Tuan's part.

"Pa-kah!" cried Woo Pon.

The rest of the party joined the old man beside the figure on the floor; but Parker, the dragon-voiced, had gone to his reward.

The funeral was an event that fairly eclipsed the Great Celebration. There were carriages for all; and a wagon-load of paper money, food, clothing and servants was burned at the grave for the use of the departed on the journey home. And there was enough real food to keep all Chinatown feasting for two days.

When it was over and the bills had been paid, old Woo Pon, his blouse sleeve empty of yen, climbed into the smoking-car and went back to work in the coal mine.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN NAPHEYS.

Romance of a Blue Topaz.

There is now lying on a cushion at the Queensland office (says the London correspondent of the Daily Dispatch) a large blue topaz of great price and beauty, to which a romantic story attaches.

Prof. Skerchly, the eminent geologist, was on Herberton Tableland, in North Queensland, when, weary from a long tramp, he sought rest and refreshment in the hut of a miner. As he sat talking with his host, the professor's eyes were attracted by a stone lying on a chest. "What's this?" said he, taking it up. "Oh," replied the miner, "it's only a 'gibber.' I put it there to chuck at the dog when he comes in after the meat." "Gibber" in miners' parlance is any piece of rock suitable for a missile.

The professor, turning the stone over, remarked: "It's a very beautiful crystal." The miner, amused at admiration so unworthily bestowed, as he thought, said: "If you think so much of the gibber you can have it. You are welcome to put it in your pocket and take it away with you." This the professor did, and at Brisbane the stone was cut down into the gem of beauty priced at £200 now to be seen in the Strand.

Some time before the day first fixed for the coronation of King Edward, His Majesty heard of Skerchly's blue topaz, and appointed a day when he might inspect it with a view to its purchase. But the King was meanwhile struck down with the disease which postponed his coronation, and so the appointment did not come off. Otherwise the "gibber" of a rude miner in the North Queensland mountains might have blazed above the brow of the King when he was crowned in Westminster Abbey.—[Westminster Gazette.]

Huts of Iron.

Along the Bosnian and Herzegovinian frontier is a series of ironclad, bullet-proof huts, with loopholes set in shutters, and massive doors. These are the barracks of the Austrian frontier guards, and the invulnerable style of their architecture shows how lightly peace hovers over these regions. In the ardor of the summer time, life in one of these barracks must be anything but a thing to be desired.

But not alone because of their impregnable mold and almost inassailable locations are these huts rendered safe from attack. More or less attached to these guards are a number of Herzegovinian and Bosnian spies and scouts. It is the duty of these men—who are in the pay of Austria—to report all movements of troops or bodies of men of any description, in Albania and Montenegro. Each hut is garrisoned by eight or ten men, and such posts are found not only along the frontier, but even in the interior districts of Bosnia and Herzegovina. These barracks are known as "Voelkner Barraken," from the name of their inventor, an officer.—[Unidentified.]

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at you until—until you go back
ck to my home. Why should I
om it?"

cornfully. "Is that what
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ot marry Clarence Hill. I didn't
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hen he gave her the answer he
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y and looked at her. "Frankly,
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"He took the cold little hand
tell you. I didn't dare even
before, but now—"

ed round her, and his lips almost
ht have made.

to the house, Millicent Crawford
name was Francis Bryant, but

ent that cast"—he took the words

he finished softly.
DORA OLIPHANT COLE.

ATHLETES.

AND PRINCES WHO HAVE
DIGIES OF STRENGTH.

une:] Prince George of Greece
type of athlete with royal blood
we search back into the records
others, even some with crowned
with still greater strength than

of Saxony, for instance, was
one. He would often seize two
ing one with his right hand and
holding them up at arm's length
them about.

horse ridden by one of his at-
y and refused to budge. After
ing, the King dismounted, placed
under the horse's chest, grasped
and calmly walked away with
This remarkable performance
number of courtiers and attendants.

land ("Coeur de Lion") had
trading his captivity in Germany
stration of his physical power.
wards was a youth locally re-
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of dice won the right to the first
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ne then the King's turn, and he
ind his opponent's ear so heavily
antly killed.

in Sir Walter Scott's famous
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he jolly outlaw Friar Tuck have
without, however, any fatal re-

asia, like Charlemagne, possessed
as mental power. His years of
d ship carpenter had no devel-
physique that he was believed
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a certain blacksmith in a little
ed that he was the only black-
could lift his own anvil.

of the blacksmith's boast, the
rkman, and with a single one-
blacksmith's village. On hear-
blacksmith without a word he
aping the anvil with his heavy
ent effort about a foot from the

of the anvil, raised it a foot
and higher, till he finally swung
calmly walked away with it.

of Peter the Great was the late-
was one of the strongest men
often called "The Russian Bear."
visiting card was a Russian
bend almost double with his

and of breaking horse shoes, and
one he could not break in
fresh packs of cards and by
his hands tear them straight

occasion a woman companion
sugget holder in which to place
The czar took a pewter tash-
y, and with a few movements of
lomed it into a rough but plea-
sant bouquet holder.

Woman's Jewels.

very fond of jewels," says the
fish attaché at Peking. "I was
between Peking and Tientsin,
ple joined the train.

and the four fingers of each
ed with gold rings incrusted
cription from diamond to re-
pressed by her adornment
own, being so incased in ring
er fingers."—[Shanghai Times]

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One of California's Most Useful Trees.

WONDERFUL WOOD.

SOME OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE EUCALYPTUS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE writer is cautioned by the editor to make this article conservative. Therefore, in making a plea for the planting of eucalypts on every available acre in California, in order to meet the growing demand for timber, it is proposed to make the Forest Service of our national government lay the foundation by showing through their reports that our rapidly diminishing supply of all kinds of timber is little short of appalling, and that we are facing a more acute crisis in this respect than ever confronted any nation of the world.

Circular 129 of the Forest Service states: "Every American who is abreast of current affairs is aware that the forests of the country are being cut down much faster than they are growing, but few have any very definite idea of just how much more wood is being cut than is being produced, nor of how long it may be, under present conditions and methods, before certain woods, now abundant, will be used up."

"The estimates of standing timber in the United States are by no means satisfactory. The most detailed statistics range roughly from 1400 to 2000 billion feet. Assuming a stumpage of 1400 billion feet, an annual use of 100 billion feet, and neglecting growth in the calculation, the exhaustion of our timber supply is indicated in fourteen years."

Regarding a waning hardwood supply as compared with the increased supply of other materials which are in part substitutes, circular 116 states: "The hardwood lumber cut in 1899, according to the census, was 8,634,021 thousand feet; in 1906 it had fallen to 7,315,491 thousand feet, a decrease of 15.3 per cent. This decrease took place during a period when American industries sprang forward at a pace unparalleled; when there was the strongest demand ever known for every class of structural material; when the output of pig iron increased 15 per cent, and that of cement 132.17 per cent. . . . The most notable shrinkage has been in the leading hardwoods to which the public has been so long accustomed. Oak, which in 1899 furnished over half the entire output of hardwood lumber, fell off 36.5 per cent. Yellow poplar, which in 1899 was second among hardwoods in quantity produced, fell off 37.9 per cent. Elm, the great standard in slack cooperage, went down 50.8 per cent. Cottonwood and ash, largely used in many industries, lost, respectively, 36.4 and 20.3 per cent. Although almost all possible new woods have been brought into use, there has been a shrinkage in the total output of 15.3 per cent."

This bulletin closes with these ominous words: "The inevitable conclusion is that there are lean years close ahead in the use of hardwood timber. There is sure to be a gap between the supply which exists and the supply which will have to be provided. How large that gap will be depends upon how soon and how effectively we begin to make provision for the future supply. The present indications are that in spite of the best we can do there will be a shortage of hardwoods running through at least fifteen years. How acute that shortage may become and how serious a check it will put upon the industries concerned cannot now be foretold. That it will strike at the very foundation of some of the country's most important industries is unquestionable. This much is true beyond doubt—that we are dangerously near a hardwood famine and have made no provision against it."

Circular 97 states: "Every person in the United States is using over six times as much wood as he would use if he were in Europe. The country as a whole consumes every year between three and four times more wood than all of the forests of the United States grow in the meantime. The average acre of forest lays up a store of only ten cubic feet annually, whereas it ought to be laying up at least thirty cubic feet in order to furnish the products taken out of it."

Other circulars and bulletins covering other phases of timber supply could be quoted to show that all industries dependent upon wood are feeling the already heavy but increasing pressure. Paper mills using wood pulp are shown by government reports to be importing more wood from Canada each year, while all our exports dependent upon timber supply are falling off. One circular states: "Only 780,222 gallons of wood alcohol were exported in 1906, as compared with 1,097,451 gallons in 1905. The average price per gallon increased from 55 cents in 1905 to 59.8 cents in 1906." We have for years been importing woods for finishing from Australia, Mexico, South America and the West Indies. Australia, supposed to contain an almost exhaustless supply of the finest hardwoods, is already feeling the effects of a world-wide drain upon her forests. Every Australian colony has had to pass severe restrictive forest laws in order to prevent the wasteful destruction of the natural forests. So rapid has been the depletion in some States that good eucalyptus timber of some species is already becoming scarce, and new forest acts are being passed every few years. The State of Victoria has one which just became effective on January 1 of the present year that is far more protective than any heretofore in force. Forest protection is also receiving more attention in all parts of the continent. There is no question that our own diminishing timber supply and the frantic efforts of our Forest Service to stay the hand of the despoiler will prove a still greater stimulus toward protection of Australia's eucalyptus forests. J. Blackburne, Forest Inspector of Victoria, writes me (a few months since) as follows: "I regret to say that in Victoria the timber of some of our best species is now becoming scarce. . . . We already find it difficult to supply our public works and State railways with our choice hardwoods (formerly so abundant) for constructive and maintenance purposes, and some of our other Australian States are experiencing like difficulties."

Enough has been quoted to prove that we are in-

deed facing a most serious crisis and the whole country feels it, though less acutely on this Coast than elsewhere; for, as J. J. Hill said in a recent speech: "The New England supply is gone, the Northwest furnishes only small growths that would have been rejected thirty years ago, and the South has reached its maximum production and has begun to decline. Only on the Pacific Coast is there now any considerable body of good timber." That this "considerable body of good timber" is wholly inadequate to either supply the demand or stem the exhaustion, is shown by the reports of foreign purchases by American corporations. One will suffice, showing the largest contract ever let for railroad ties. A press dispatch from Honolulu states: "The Hawaiian Mahogany Lumber Company, which recently contracted with the Santa Fé Railroad for cutting and delivering several millions of ohia (local name) cross ties, has just made a sub-contract with Ariole Bros., a well-known contracting firm of Hilo, Island of Hawaii, for the cutting of 2,500,000 ordinary ties and 10,000,000 feet board measure of switch ties. The sub-contractors take the timber from the stump and deliver it ready for shipment from the mills. The contract calls for the completion of the job within five years' time, and about 350 men will be put into the woods within the next few weeks."

The question naturally arises: "What is being done to stem this exhaustless tide of consumption, and how soon may we expect relief?" In Forest Service bulletin 118 it is recorded that Uncle Sam's men have been looking up trees suitable for logging in the Southern Appalachians and find those available to be from 60 to 200 years old. Two million two hundred and fifty thousand trees have been set out this year by the Pennsylvania Railroad with what a good many people will think a long look into the future. The trees are red oak, Scotch pine, locust and catalpa, some slow and others quick in growth—the idea that the quick ones will provide a supply of ties in about twenty years, while for the slow ones a wait of forty years will be necessary. In this one railroad system 5,000,000 ties are used every year. Railroad men are watching with a good deal of interest the outcome of the experiments being made by the Louisville and Nashville in securing material for ties from catalpa trees planted along the line of the road. Acres of them have been planted during the past three or four years along the Short Line and on the St. Louis division, as well as in Alabama and Florida.

What is of peculiar interest to Californians is that even this slow-process eastern forestry pays, and pays well. An estimate of values and returns on some Catalpa speciosa and black locust groves, planted in Ohio fifteen to twenty-five years ago, has recently been made by a representative of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station. Careful figures were made and it was found that eight catalpa groves from twenty-one to twenty-five years old, none of which had received careful attention in the way of pruning, cultivation or thinning, and most of which had been planted too closely, showed an average yield of 2777 posts per acre, 63 per cent. of which were first-class, valued at \$238 per acre, or \$10.30 per acre each year since the trees were planted.

In the face of all the foregoing it would hardly be expected that the United States would be a heavy exporter of woods, yet in just one branch—farm machinery—we ship more than any other country and the volume increases with the years. The one point in the whole matter of vital interest to Californians is: What may we do to supply the demand, and what are the prospects of remunerative returns? After more than a score of years of careful study and observation, coupled with the growing of eucalypts, I am convinced that in the Australian eucalyptus we have trees which in ten years produce finer lumber, in the same quantity, than any trees that may grow in the Eastern States in three times ten years. No matter if millions of eastern acres were planted today with the best obtainable, not an acre would be available for lumber purposes when the present supply is exhausted. By planting now we may have a goodly size in our eucalyptus by the end of the thirteen or fifteen years set for forest extinction by Forest Service circular 129. It needs no shrewd business calculation to prove that if every available acre in California was planted this year, the resultant timber would be entirely consumed by the national demand in a few weeks, when the present supply is exhausted. No finer outlook was ever placed before the California land owner.

Many serious mistakes have in the past been made by our California planters of eucalypts; so serious, in fact, that many still hesitate to embrace one of the brightest planting outlooks that ever faced the land owners of a large portion of our State. Unscrupulous or ignorant persons have held out bright promises to prospective planters of heavy returns from planting eucalypts upon otherwise useless lands. Planting these trees upon such land for any other purpose except the utilization of otherwise waste acres is folly, and even then many acres are so planted that were better left bare so far as pecuniary returns are concerned.

Too many seem to have gained the erroneous impression that the continent of Australia is covered with vast forests of eucalypts, over hill and dale, consisting of giant trees in inexhaustible numbers. The facts are that but a small portion of Australia is so fortunately provided, though some shrubs and small trees in the eucalypt family grow upon the desert sands, having, however, no commercial value. Nearly all the species especially desirable for timber and lumber purposes grow in good soil along water courses, and in many parts of Australia one may stand on the mountains and trace the water courses merely by the superior growth of eucalypts in the adjacent bottom lands. In Western Australia some of the very best timber trees grow only on soil with an iron-stone base, and on soil largely granite they dwindle to mere shrubs. What will our California growers do with these species? Experiment has proven that it is necessary to plant such species, in this State, in lands which abound in humus. Soil of a peaty nature, or where good prairie sod or rank herbaceous weeds predominate, are the soils best suited, yet planters will persist in setting them out in dry, sandy washes or on still drier hillsides. Eucalypts,

like all other crops, do best in the best soils and with the best of cultivation and irrigation.

The fact of greatest interest to our growers, from the value of the timber and the rapidity of its growth, is that in the United States only a portion of the State of California and a very limited area in Arizona may grow even the hardier and poorer species of eucalypts. The native range of the eucalypts is in parts of Australia (in every State), Tasmania, Guinea, Timor and one only of the Molucca Islands. Their cultivated range now extends to every part of the globe having a tropic or sub-tropic climate—parts of North, South and Central America, West Indies, northern and southern Africa and eastern Asia. In Australia the native range varies from the desert to the swamps and from the sea to the mountain tops, in both dry and wet situations. They grow in such a variety of soils and climates that they vary from the tallest trees in the world to low shrubs. Species have been found to withstand our hottest conditions, but none of the more desirable species will stand many degrees of continuous frosts, and only a half dozen or so of species are of prime importance to our intending planters.

Some remarkable tests have been made with eucalypts which have proven some of the species to be the strongest woods in the world. The strength of the weakest of the West Australian eucalypts has been proven by government tests to be equal to that of hickory and 20 per cent. greater than that of the best oak. Piles driven in seaside wharves have, after twenty years' service, been withdrawn and found to be perfectly sound. Telegraph poles tested after twenty years' service gave results only 5 per cent. below the average of unused seasoned timbers. Wagon wheels in use for fifteen years showed no deterioration, the auger marks still showing in the bolt holes. Boards under water for thirty-five years were found to be as good as ever. As a "sawn" timber, Eucalyptus, known as yate, is probably the strongest in the world, being far ahead of the rest of the Australian woods in every variety of test; and in one test made with this timber a breaking load of 17½ tons per square inch was recorded, a value only 3½ tons below that usually specified for wrought iron of ordinary quality.

Woods tested in California have only corroborated the good opinion we have gained through Australian and other government reports. In Central California they have used the timber commercially, as a fuel, far more than we of the South. Heavy iron wagons are now in use that are claimed to be the strongest and most durable ever built in America, and the head of the firm turning out this lumber, J. J. Joseph, president of the Hardwood Planing Mill, in San José, has the following to say about eucalyptus: "It is the best hard wood in California today for heavy work. This wood is used in lieu of second-growth hickory, ash and oak, and is considered equal to any of them. This lumber, when seasoned and worked into regular sizes, retails at our mill at 14 cents per foot. It has been used here, in San José, for violins and other musical instruments and is pronounced very fine by competent musicians. We secured one blue gum tree in the Naglee Park Tract that measured over four feet in diameter and cut about 4000 feet of lumber into three cords of wood."

Fuel is the poorest use to which eucalyptus can be put. The timber is too valuable, and oil, gas and electricity are too easily and cheaply obtained and a future will probably drive wood out of the market as a fuel. Yet the returns from this source on land fitted for no other purpose and costing nothing to plant annually have yielded returns impossible with any other crop under like circumstances. Out at Compton, in San Ward, a well-known orchardist, told me of trees planted to eucalyptus about fifteen years ago, which were too wet for other purposes, that has paid much more than allowing it to grow up to weeds. Seven years ago it was cut for fuel, and owing to too much water from the following winter and spring, about one-third of the number of trees died. The remainder were well cared for and grew as they would, until when they were sold on the stump, the price agreed to pay \$3.75 a cord for all his men cut. Of course under such circumstances they would not be so closely for wood and there was much waste, but the returns for the sparsely covered acre were \$300.

Frank Wheeler of Claremont says of some trees he netted over \$10 each for one cutting: "I set out a row of forty-seven trees on the one side of land recently bought, which trees had been cut for fuel ten years ago. We cut and split sixty-six cords at \$10 a cord; total cost, \$264."

I sold 20 cords at \$10.....
15 cords at \$11.....
31 cords at \$12.....

Cost

"There were in all forty-seven trees. The former owner of this ranch had cut his trees down at least five feet from the ground. Had they been cut nearer to the face we should have got, at the least, eight more cords of wood—the butts were too large and the men would not cut through them this year—so we had to cut the old place again. As a business proposition a grove is an A No. 1 investment. The variety here is globulus."

First Wedding in Village in Eight Years.

For the first time in eight years the wedding rang recently after the morning service at the church of Lindsell, Essex, which has been almost deserted owing to the dilapidation and decay of the village. Two laborers who have been waiting in the "Sweet Auburn" for cottages for some years led the brides to the altar, and the few villagers left made the occasion a memorable one.—[London Standard.]

THE IN C



150 Recipes for Spanish Dishes

34 SOUPS; 199 SALADS; 417 RECIPES FOR MEATS; 133 ROLLS, BISCUITS, DUMPS AND THE LIKE; 133 OF COOKING MEATS; 100 RECIPES FOR PRESERVES

e.—[London Standard.

the "majority" status is effected, the Legislature will remedy, along with the wishes of the cities, as communities soon will. Secretary A. Harbor statement

SNOW STORM CAUSES FATAL CAR WRECK

The Power of Adelphus.

WHICH TELLS OF THE LADY DRUMMER'S STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

"WHAT'S de metter mit you? You seek?" Opening her eyes, Agda saw—with pleasure for the first time—"that little pig artist," Adelphus. At her affirmative nod, he hastened to bring her a glass of water. Having sipped it, she began to revive, and was correspondingly grateful for his aid.

That was a blue day for the little drummer, when she made her first trip to San Diego. She felt that she was not in condition for either business or pleasure—and she had meant the excursion to include both; for it was the time of the Cabrillo celebration, and she expected to find the "City of Bay'n' Climate" filled with visitors, whose purse strings would be relaxed for the festive occasion; thereby—as she hoped—creating a demand among the dealers for her pretty wares.

With the continuous awaying of the car her faintness had increased, and she had leaned back in her chair, with closed eyes, thinking, apprehensively, of arriving, ill—in a strange city.

Adelphus seated himself beside her and talked volubly and candidly of his affairs, past, present and future, blinking his little pig-like eyes at her through lids which were entirely lashless.

As the train rolled in at their station, Adelphus seized Agda's grip and ran ahead, like an impulsive boy, leaving her to follow as best she could in the crowd.

At the door of the car she met two young Germans whom she knew and liked. They were employed by Adelphus as collectors, in connection with his portrait work.

Hopfer, who was the younger of the two, and rather boyish, said they had come down to help Adelphus "skin the town." They gallantly assisted Agda to alight from the car—a difficult matter in the crowd—and to find Adelphus and her precious grip, which contained valuable samples to be used by her in forwarding her business.

In the hope of benefiting her rather fragile health by the travel such work involved, Agda Bowen had become a drummer for the small curio business of which she was part owner.

They found Adelphus engaging a bus for transportation of his party to their rooms.

"You had better come mit us to lodgings, Miss," he said. "It will be cheaper dan de hotel, und de rooms are just as good."

He always addressed her as "Miss," though Agda was a widow.

She hesitated; she did not like to stop at a lodging-house in a strange place, but if she was to be ill, and therefore idle, she could not afford to ignore that word "cheaper." A weak tremor through her limbs decided her to act upon his suggestion.

Altheim and Hopfer sprang forward to assist her into the bus. The "Pig" had already seated himself within it.

"Never was lady better attended," she said, smiling languidly; then, feeling faint, she sank back in her seat and closed her eyes, not to open them until Adelphus, springing up, as the bus stopped, announced that they had arrived.

Adelphus had wisely secured rooms in advance for his party, and he hastened to engage the only remaining vacant one for Agda.

She retired to it at once, declining supper, which the artist offered to bring from a near-by restaurant; and she soon sought the rest of her couch, in the hope of being sufficiently recovered on the morrow to get about and see something of the city.

But as she was sinking into dreamy repose she was startled by what seemed to her half-awakened senses a thunderous knock at her door. With thumping heart she arose, and, with woman's precaution, asked through the keyhole:

"Who is it?"

Altheim's voice replied, and opening the door a little way, she saw his dim form in the dark hallway.

He put a cold flask into her hand, apparently finding it by instinct, for the darkness, where she stood, was Cimmerian. "Please take a pull at that," he said. "It is brandy, and will do you good. I was worried about you—alone and ill."

"Thank you, you are kind." She tried to feel grateful, but could not at once forgive him for the fright he had given her.

"Good-night," she said curtly, and closed and locked the door. But she followed his advice regarding the disposal of the brandy, and again dropped into bed—and to sleep.

She arose next morning still tremulously weak. Adelphus appeared at her door, his light-colored little eyes blinking benignly, his yellow tusks exposed in a cheerful smile.

"You must come to breakfast mit me, Miss," he said. "Breakfast und sunshine will make you all right again." Agda thought she owed him that much for his kindness of the previous day, so they sauntered out upon the plaza, Agda's slender stature rising nearly a head taller than that of the Finlander.

They entered a restaurant facing the plaza. "I order for you a good breakfast," said Adelphus, with a beneficent grin; and turning to the waiter, he said, pompously: "Weiss kaffé und schnails, for two." Agda's apprehensions regarding the "schnails"—as an edible—were relieved when she saw the twisted buns that did duty under that name served with the coffee.

Adelphus chatted good-humoredly, indifferent to her inattention.

At length he said, with what he fondly thought was an engaging smile:

"I tell you what, Miss, since you are unable to work for yourself, work for ME today. I give you easy work, und you den earn your gspenses."

"What is the work?"

"Yust writing postals."

"Very well; I think I am equal to that."

When they returned to their lodgings she set to work at once, writing at a desk in his studio, while he worked at a portrait, near her. He had set up his easel, and worked as complacently as if he were permanently established.

He was a remarkably rapid worker and a good artist, but—money being a paramount consideration with him—he made a business, instead of a profession, of his art, keeping numerous agents employed to take orders for portraits, which he hired done by cheap "lightning" artists; and the better class of these he retouched, thus furnishing a presentable portrait at a very low price.

Agda wrote post cards to numerous people—all living in or near San Diego—notifying them that the pictures ordered by them were completed, and requesting their immediate inspection of them at the studio.

The addresses were furnished by coupons handed her by Adelphus, who told her that all the orders had been secured and the pictures finished within the past six weeks.

Making a rapid estimate of the cost of work and materials, she found that he would clear, in so short a time, about \$4000 from that vicinity. She began almost to RESPECT him.

He chatted incessantly, as he worked with finger and rag—talking slowly and working fast.

The portrait—a soft pastel—was that of a young woman.

"You see dis picture?" he said, pausing to let his eyes gaze at her through their pink bald lids.

"Yes, and I think her very lovely. Who is she?"

"She is handsome, und—better still—she is RICH."

"Who is she?" repeated Agda.

"She is a widow, living at Chicago."

Agda making no further comment, he continued:

"I am going to MARRY her."

"WHAT?" Agda looked with new interest at both Adelphus and the picture.

"Why not?" he said, as if she had objected. "She is young, handsome und RICH. Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Agda shuddered at the thought of that lovely woman becoming the wife of the swinish-looking creature before her.

"You know her, then?" she remarked, merely to say something.

His reply astonished her. "No, I do not know her, but—I MARRY her."

As this ambiguous statement elicited no question, he continued:

"I have a friend in Chicago; he talks to her of me; by-und-by I go dare—und we marry."

Again Agda shuddered, looking at his coarse, cheesy face; but she had no desire to laugh at his bravado. She suddenly felt that beneath that commonplace exterior was an indomitable will.

Suddenly she found herself in a weird condition; all things around her appeared unreal, as if in a dream; all excepting the face in the picture, which now looked at her appealingly. Then came to her a strange presence of evil for the woman on whose pictured face she gazed.

It was borne strongly in upon her mind that Adelphus would do as he had said; that the beautiful creature was doomed to become his wife; and with a creepy chill of horror stealing over her head and spine, she was gazing at a scene of the tragedy that was to result from that marriage.

The dream feeling soon passed, but the conviction remained.

"Don't do this thing," she said earnestly. "It is wrong to think of it."

Adelphus laughed, as he put the finished picture carefully down against the wall, where its eyes still seemed to look up at her appealingly. She returned the look with the compassionate feeling of gazing on one foredoomed to sorrow.

She continued to write, but silently; there seemed a weird gloom in even the sunshine streaming in upon her through the bay window.

"There!" she said, after a time, putting the last card on the heap, "all are written." She felt very tired; after all, it had been no easy task, writing those post cards.

"Come in tomorrow und help me 'touch up;' you will see some fun," said Adelphus.

"Fun?"

"Yes; people will begin to come, in answer to dose postals; den dare will be kicking."

"Oh! About frames?"

Adelphus explained some of his methods, of which he seemed very proud.

"You see, my agent visits a lady, to solicit her order for a portrait. She like de samples, but says she is too poo-er. He says: 'Madam, you have, perhaps, a likeness of a dear child whose image you would like to preserve, in living colors; let me see de photograph, Madam.' She bring de photograph, und when he finds he cannot get her order, he says: 'Madam, I tell you what it is; dot is such a schweet child, dot I make you a portrait of it mit'out charge, just because it will be a fine advertisement of our work.' Den he hands her one of dose printed coupons und tells her to write on it her name und address; which she does, und—we have her order for a portrait."

"Den, when she gets one of dose postals, she comes und sees de picture of her child, und is delighted. I show her de moldings, und say: 'What frame will you select for your picture, Madam?' She say she really cannot afford to buy a frame just now; und I say: 'But, Madam, we furnish frames for all our paintings; we charge you so little for de portrait we must make a small profit on de frame also.'"

"She say my agent said de picture should cost her not'ing, und he spoke not of a frame. Den I get mad,

und say: 'For what do you take me, Madam? Do I tink I werk for not'ing?' Und I say I have no time to waste und must put her order in de hands of a collector. She cry—but in de end she pay me."

Agda loathed him for the detestable look of self-laudation with which he boasted of his practice of torturing money from credulous women.

She had known of his method of obtaining money from patrons for frames—unexpectedly to them—but as this was done, usually, by artfully exhibiting the pictures in frames, to such advantage that the admiring patron became willing victims, she had only thought of it as a legitimate trick of the trade.

Altheim and Hopfer were busy all day, delivering and collecting; at evening they invited Agda into the studio, where they had little lunches of "wienies," "Bismarck kase," and beer or coffee—a Bohemian spread not disdained by Agda, whose spontaneous wit added to the jollity of the occasion.

On the third morning after her arrival in the little city, Agda had an annoying surprise. She had put the finishing touches to her street toilet—having decided that she was well enough to venture out to reconnoiter with a view to business—when Adelphus came in at the open door of her room, looking like a caricature of a cherub, with arms outspread, for whom. He came hastily to her and closed the wings around her waist, saying:

"My tear Miss, will you marry me? I want you for mein weib."

"What?" She flung him off with amazed disgust.

"What do you mean?"

"I want you for mein weib," he said again; but he did not attempt another embrace.

The expression of the round face was so ludicrous—between assurance and apprehension—that her eyes evaporated and she gave way to a peal of laughter.

When she could control her mirth she said:

"Why, you little—CREATURE! what put THAT notion into your head?" Then she added: "I thought you meant to marry the lady of the picture."

"So I did; but now I prefer you. If you will have me, I shall t'row her over."

"Throw her over? You have not got her yet."

"I can get her if I want her; but I want you," and he began to set forth reasons for her acceptance of his offer, ending with:

"Besides, you can be such help to me, in my business. You could manage de home studio altogether."

Without a word Agda took him by the shoulders, turning him about toward the door, marched him from the room. Then she locked the door and walked away without so much as a glance at him, where he stood in the hallway stupidly staring after her.

But if he was disconcerted at her summary rejection of him, he was not vanquished, for she heard him call to her: "You better think it over, Miss," as she went down the stairway.

This episode decided her to remove to the hotel. She found it filled with gay people; many of them descendants of the Spanish settlers who helped to make the early history of California.

Having established herself at the hotel, Agda set forth to interview the dealers in her pretty curios. She found them courteous and liberal, and her business matters were soon arranged. She little guessed how much of her easy success was due to the unusual pleasure in her patrons in being waited on by a charming "little drummer" in a clinging silk crepe dress and a "pig" hat.

With Harry Altheim, to whom she gave permission to call on her at the hotel—she gave herself up to enjoyment of the festivities; visiting the warships lying at anchor on the bay; viewing the parade of native Indians, and afterward their weird dance; and even attending the "bull fight," at Coronado; which, however, (as she was glad to see) proved a farce—the bull being disdainfully turned tail to the gay-blanketed matador, and positively refusing to fight, sulking in a corner of the corral which served as arena.

At the close of the last day of the fiesta she was glad to steal away from the crowd for a moonlight drive with Harry Altheim, who was making rapid progress in his friendly regard.

Having viewed the beautiful effect of the moonlight on the water, as they drove along the cliff by the sea, they returned by way of the old adobe house where Agda was married to her Indian lover; Agda, of course, add to its dilapidation (caused chiefly by vandalism of tourists) by asking Altheim to stand a little from its tumbling roof—delighting him by saying she meant to decorate the tile with a painting of the ruins with its surroundings of drooping pepper trees, as a souvenir of her pleasant drive.

The beauty of the night tempted them into a rambling drive; and it was so late when Agda was set down at her hotel that she thanked her lucky stars that the gaiety of the season made people charitable.

It was a year later when Agda again saw any member of the Adelphus party. She was waiting for her train at the depot, when Harry Altheim approached her. She was blissfully ignorant of the havoc her sweet face and charming manner had made in that young man's heart when they were so unconventionally thrown in each other's society at San Diego.

Greetings exchanged, she said:

"What has become of the Pig?"

"I am here to meet him," said Altheim. "He telegraphed me from San Diego to meet him here."

"So you are still in his service?"

"Yes, I am not so fortunate as Hopfer; he has found a more congenial position."

"You know Adelphus has lost his wife?" he said.

"Lost his wife? He married, then, and his wife is dead—so soon?"

"Not dead," said Altheim, with a smile at her "so soon." "She has only run away from him."

"Who wouldn't? But I am sorry for the poor fellow."

for of course if she left him it was happy. Whom did he hoodoo into "Hoodoo" seems to be the right that she claims he married her, married a 'widow lady' from Chicago.

"Not the one he SAID he should be of the picture?"

"The same," said Altheim; and he to comment on the strange fulfillment Agda had made to her, the train had come running toward them, his head in greeting.

"Oh, my tear Miss!" he said. "mein weib has left me!" Not without, he turned to Altheim:

"Have you heard not'ing?"

"Nothing," said Altheim, who was delegated by his employer to try to wife.

Altheim began to tell of his efforts Adelphus put him short—fairly pallid of the city, where he supposed he had.

"Good-by, Miss," he called to away. "I see you later und explain however, he did not do.

Harry Altheim lifted his hat, with look at her, and Agda entered her whirled away to other scenes.

The next knowledge she had of wife, was through a newspaper she again en route.

There was a catch headline, telling a woman at San Diego, and mentioning circumstances had attended the queer sensation—remembering her of the studio of Adelphus—when she read the details, exactly describing the foreseen.

It was recounted that several months of her death, the wretched wife for protection to a Los Angeles, knew to have been a fellow lodger former husband in the order of Mrs. To him she told a weird tale of a pitted on her by Adelphus, who, at the mere force of his will compelled him, having deliberately sought that purpose. He then, by some had induced her to give him the better fortune—having first brought her away from her friends. And having unwise speculations, he had been through strange practices, to compel him her remaining funds, which, he gladly do if by so doing she could munity from his loathed society.

The old gentleman to whom she gave her the shelter of his roof, by advertisement in the papers, in which his wife entire freedom from would return to her home, he advised suspecting that imagination and "do with her fears. Adelphus he had.

She took his advice, looking, while if she was hopelessly yielding to a than herself.

Adelphus permitted her to again in her home before renewing his he broke his promise, insolently intruding, though he did not, at first, in same house with her.

His visits had such an effect on her that one day when he had forced his room, where she stood at bay, grow in her fear and loathing of him, she hands the ends of a long silken curtain near which she stood, and knew about her throat; then before he could pose, she had sprung through the open held fast to the pole, which cut the casing, where it was held by her and the beautiful victim of the Pig's.

A vivid recollection of her strange, Agda a feeling of personal regret—bitterly—for the lovely woman's fate, dered if she might have averted the ing her of the premonition she had elided that doubtless this would have mental vagary.

For a time there hung upon her one to whose memory has been recalled sorrow, by a troubled dream.

Since then she has given her to the keeping of a practical young law person than Harry Altheim; he has to seek her and tell her of his love last, successfully established himself in session. And, possibly because he of her that her health has greatly longer visited by psychic visions, says, trouble only those afflicted with.

But sometimes Agda finds herself had been destined to foresee the sad whose pictured face alone she had in strange speculations concerning "karma," and "astral pictures;" we known the woman in some past life been drawn by the wheel of fate in of her life here, and if in some d shall meet and know each other.

ADELPHUS

Mrs. Gillet: Did that famous Arc come to your reception?

Mrs. Perry: Yes; he says he will too cold a night.—[Harper's Bazar.

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prehended at Lowell, Ariz. He has admitted the crime, though he claims that two others were implicated. They had crawled into the woman's house to rob her of \$2000, which they were informed she had in hiding. When they failed to find the money, they hacked

ten Estate. (SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.) CORONA, Jan. 25.—City Clerk Herbert Ashley Wood, who had been in frail health for a number of years, died this morning at his home on West

assault with intent to murder A. L. Kreiss, a business associate in a brick concern. Higgins, who had been drinking, attacked Kreiss with a gun on Thanksgiving Day. Higgins's attorney fought

198 RECIPES FOR SPANISH DISHES 21 SOUPS; 129 SALADS; 421 RECIPES FOR MEATS; 101 RECIPES FOR BREADS; 101 RECIPES FOR ROLLS, BISCUITS, CAKES AND THE LIKE; 121 RECIPES FOR COOKING MEATS; 100 RECIPES FOR PRESERVES

the year past. Residents of Yuma and other places have been known to avert their eyes from the sight of the white undergarments of Berkeley student on his way to work, and drive him from campus, although he is a member of the Y. M. C. A. and may go to Yuma to work.

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of course if she left him it was because she was un-
happy. Whom did he hoodoo into marrying him?"

"Hoodoo" seems to be the right word. It appears
that she claims he married her against her will. He
married a "widow lady" from Chicago."

"Not the one he SAID he should marry?—not the lady
of the picture?"

"The same," said Altheim; and before Agda had time
to comment on the strange fulfillment of the boast, Adel-
phus had made to her, the train had rolled in, and he
came running toward them, his hands outstretched to
her in greeting.

"Oh, my dear Miss!" he said. "I am all busted up;
my wife has left me! Not waiting for her con-
doleme, he turned to Altheim:

"Have you heard nothing?"

"Nothing," said Altheim, who had apparently been
delegated by his employer to try to trace his runaway
wife.

Altheim began to tell of his efforts in the matter, but
Adelphus cut him short—fairly pulling him in the direc-
tion of the city, where he supposed his wife to be con-
cealed.

"Good-by, Miss," he called to her, as he hurried
away. "I see you later and explain ever'ting." Which,
however, he did not do.

Harry Altheim lifted his hat, with a rather homesick
look at her, and Agda entered her car and was soon
whirled away to other scenes.

The next knowledge she had of Adelphus and his
wife, was through a newspaper she was reading while
again en route.

There was a catch headline, telling of the suicide of
a woman at San Diego, and mentioning that peculiar
circumstances had attended the tragedy. Agda felt a
 queer sensation—remembering her strange prescience in
the studio of Adelphus—when she read that the unfortu-
nate suicide was his wife. With growing horror she
read the details, exactly describing the tragedy she had
foreseen.

It was recounted that several months previous to the
time of her death, the wretched woman had appealed
for protection to a Los Angeles citizen, whom she
knew to have been a fellow lodge member with her
former husband in the order of Masons.

To him she told a weird tale of persecution, as prac-
ticed on her by Adelphus; who, she claimed, had by
the mere force of his will compelled her to marry
him, having deliberately sought her acquaintance for
that purpose. He then, by some uncanny influence,
had induced her to give him the better part of her large
fortune—having first brought her to a strange locality,
away from her friends. And having lost the money in
unwise speculations, he had been persecuting her,
through strange practices, to compel her to yield to
him her remaining funds, which, she said, she would
gladly do if by so doing she could be assured of im-
munity from his loathed society.

The old gentleman to whom she fled for protection
gave her the shelter of his roof, but when he saw an
advertisement in the papers, in which Adelphus prom-
ised his wife entire freedom from his presence if she
would return to her home, he advised her to return, half-
suspecting that imagination and "nerves" had much to
do with her fears. Adelphus he had never seen.

She took his advice, looking, when she left him, as
if she were hopelessly yielding to a dread fate stronger
than herself.

Adelphus permitted her to again become established
in her home before renewing his persecutions. Then
he broke his promise, insolently intruding on her, almost
daily; though he did not, at first, insist on living in the
same house with her.

His visits had such an effect on her weakened nerves
that one day when he had forced his way into her bed-
room, where she stood at bay, grown suddenly frantic
in her fear and loathing of him, she gathered in her
hands the ends of a long silken curtain, draping a win-
dow near which she stood, and knotted it into a rope
about her throat; then before he could divine her pur-
pose, she had sprung through the open window; the cur-
tain held fast to the pole, which crashed down against
the casing, where it was held by her suspended weight—
and the beautiful victim of the Pig's cupidity was dead!

A vivid recollection of her strange, waking dream gave
Agda a feeling of personal regret—almost of responsi-
bility—for the lovely woman's fate; she vaguely won-
dered if she might have averted the tragedy by warn-
ing her of the premonition she had had of it—but de-
cided that doubtless this would have been ignored as a
mental vagary.

For a time there hung upon her spirit the feeling of
one to whose memory has been recalled a half-forgotten
sorrow, by a troubled dream.

Since then she has given her troublesome heart into
the keeping of a practical young lawyer, who is no other
person than Harry Altheim; he having found courage
to seek her and tell her of his love, when he had, at
last, successfully established himself in his chosen pro-
fession. And, possibly because he has taken such care
of her that her health has greatly improved, she is no
longer visited by psychic visions which, her husband
says, trouble only those afflicted with "nerves."

But sometimes Agda finds herself wondering why she
had been destined to foresee the sad fate of the woman
whose pictured face alone she had seen; and indulging
in strange speculations concerning "reincarnation" and
"karma," and "astral pictures," wondering if she had
known the woman in some past life, and had therefore
been drawn by the wheel of fate into some cognizance
of her life here, and if in some dim future they two
shall meet and know each other.

ADELIA BEE ADAMS.

Mrs. Gillet: Did that famous Arctic explorer promise
to come to your reception?

Mrs. Perry: Yes; he says he will be here unless it's
too cold a night.—[Harper's Bazar.

Love's Dependence.

HOW ELIZA CARTER'S VISION WAS
MADE CLEARER.

By a Special Contributor.

ALL I've got to say about it, Liza, is that you belong
to those stiff-necked generations that the Bible's
too polite to call plain fools!" The jerk with which
Mrs. Pomroy drew the haircloth rocker closer to the
snapping comfort of the big open fireplace in the living-
room of the little California bungalow forcibly con-
cluded her indignant outburst.

A small red spot not from the heat of the fire burned
on the thin cheeks of the tall, angular New England
woman standing before the blaze, and her gray eyes
flashed through tears.

"But, Jane," she cried, "it hurts! You can't under-
stand how much it hurts!"

"We Californians have pride as well as other folks,
Liza Carter!" Mrs. Pomroy answered severely; then a
sly twinkle played at the corners of the solemn line of
her lips. "I'll admit, though, that out here in this
blessed land of sunshine our pride doesn't get frozen
stiff and icy like it does back in Massachusetts!"

For a moment, the click of her knitting needles was
the only sound, but although her eyes were riveted upon
the red worsted, she was taking count of her racing
thoughts rather than her flying stitches.

"If your money had been spent foolishly, Liza, it
would be a different matter," she began again. "But
you added ten years to their lives bringing your father
and mother out here, and as many to your own life, I'll
be bound, from the satisfaction of knowing that in his
last long illness your father didn't express a wish that
you didn't gratify. You've lived a shut-in life too long
to start out earning your own living. Besides, you're
not strong enough after wearing yourself to frazzles sit-
ting up nights. And here is Grace Norton—who you
tell me has been next door to a sister to you from your
pigtail days up—able and eager to take care of you, and
you cutting up these ridiculous capers every time her
check comes because you can't bear being under 'obliga-
tions' to any one!"

There was still a rebellious light in Miss Carter's
gray eyes, but she had no opportunity to formulate an
answering argument, for as she stooped to brush away
a powdery puff of ashes that had trickled upon the
spotless andirons there came a step upon the porch and
three little raps upon the door.

"Myra Hollister!" she exclaimed, and a welcoming
note ran out in the voice that called its quick "Come
in!"

The opening door flung sunshine into the room and
the eager brightness of a young girl with sparkling
brown eyes and rosy dimpling cheeks.

"No, I can't sit down," Myra lifted smiling lips to
each old lady's kiss. "My motor car waits without,"
she laughed. "I only ran in on my way to town to ask
Miss Eliza if I could exchange her book at the library.
I've corrected all the mid-term examination papers—
the kiddies really did famously well!—and I'm cele-
brating by taking a Saturday afternoon off for a spin."

The library book was produced with its accompanying
careful list, and the elderly women, muffled in shawls,
followed the young girl out to the porch and watched
her mount her wheel and dart down the country road
like a glad bird on the wing.

"It does beat everything," Mrs. Pomroy exclaimed,
"the success that slip of a girl makes at school teach-
ing! I hear she's the youngest teacher in the county
and the smartest. Wasn't it lucky she got through the
Normal before her dad died and left her without a cent!"

Miss Carter's eyes wistfully followed the cloud of dust
trailing after the vanishing wheel. For an instant the
thought of her own lost youth that had seen visions and
dreamed dreams brought an ache of memory, then the
joy of service, years of self-sacrifice for the father and
mother now laid asleep in God's garden of peace, flooded
her heart with thanksgiving, and very sweet and gentle
was the voice that remonstrated with Mrs. Pomroy,
who spoke of leavetaking before the customary cup of
tea.

They sipped the amber nectar slowly—to the crisp
accompaniment of golden brown seed cakes made from
a receipt handed down in the Carter family from the
days of the Mayflower. Then Miss Carter brought in
her dishpan and mop and washed the hundred-year-old
china—it was white sprigged in gold—as ceremoniously
as though giving a baby its bath, and Mrs. Pomroy
wiped and patted with the same cautious importance
that she would have exhibited had the slippery infant
been handed over to her for the finishing touches.

As the two came out of the house—Miss Carter to walk
"a piece down the road"—the setting sun, its rim
broken upon a spur of Madrone Mountain, was spilling its
glory upon bending sky and lifting hills. In the valley
the early twilight had already drifted dusky, and the
end of the stretch of road before them as it lost itself
among heavy trees, was blurred with blotches of
shadow.

"How queer it looks down there!" murmured Mrs.
Pomroy with pointing finger. "Like branches fallen
into the middle of the road! Why, Liza, they're men
and women moving about—picking off the leaves!"

Miss Carter quickened her pace, her sharp eyes peer-
ing into the distance. Suddenly, something seemed to
snap at her throat, her lungs, her heart.

"It's not branches!" she gasped. "There's an over-
turned carriage—and a horse held by a rope—and—
—Jane, somebody's lying on the grass by the roadside!"
As they ran forward, the little Peterson boy who de-

livered the Weekly Independent panted to meet them,
his freckled face alight with excitement.

"An awful accident!" he announced with shrill im-
portance. "Wakefield's horse broke loose from the
hitching post front of Simpson's store and made for
home like mad. He ran into the school teacher as she
came whizzing out of Dolsy's gateway on her wheel.
The kerridge smashed against the trees, then the horse
stood still, meek as a sheep. They've gone after Doc
White for the school teacher, but I guess maybe she's
dead already."

They found Myra lying where she had been tossed,
none daring to move her without the doctor's word of
authority, as pitiful moans followed the gentlest at-
tempt. The little frightened group of women could only
minister to her by kneeling in turn and tenderly wip-
ping away the blood that trickled down her white cheek
from a ragged cut on her forehead, all efforts to restore
her to consciousness unavailing.

At last the sound of hoofbeats broke the silence, and
the next moment Doc White sprang down from his
sweating mare, Bill Dolsy by good luck having waylaid
him on his afternoon rounds.

Under Doc's supervision the injured girl was borne
into the Dolsy farmhouse. Some one went after drugs;
some one for the doctor's case of instruments. Sarah
Hilton, a nurse by instinct and the training that comes
from years of caring for country neighbors, hurried to
Myra's bedside.

Then they waited. For days life hung upon a thread,
but the shuttle of youth began to weave anew—little by
little, swifter and stronger, and hope trembled in the
hearts of those who loved her.

Worn out from watching and anxiety, Miss Carter,
who had not left the Dolsys' since the day of the acci-
dent, sleeping dressed upon a couch in the parlor, was
persuaded to go home for a night's rest. But troubled
dreams went with her, and sleepless she rose at dawn,
longing to return at once to the farmhouse, yet fearing to
disturb the tired household by so early a visit.

As she was making her coffee and straightening up
her neglected kitchen, impatiently watching the slow
hands of the clock, she heard the crunching of gravel
outside, a step upon the back porch. Somebody was
coming! Something had "happened" during the night.
Was it a message of life or of death? Fear paralyzed
every muscle. She could not move—scarcely dared to
lift her eyes to the open door.

Mrs. Pomroy darted in with hurried joy.
"The crisis—is passed!" she panted. "She'll pull
through!"

Eliza Carter threw her arms about Jane Pomroy's
neck and hid her face on her shoulder. Then after they
had laughed and cried to the full content of their
woman hearts, they sat down in the warmth of the
kitchen and ate breakfast with a famished zest.

"There're not going to be any short cuts out of the
woods for the little girl, though," murmured Mrs. Pom-
roy, as they tenderly harped upon the one supreme sub-
ject of Myra's recovery, "and school teaching won't be
in sight till she's worked through the brambles and
climbed clean over the fence. Doc White says if she
isn't taken care of properly and bled up for the next
two or three years she'll be an invalid to the end of
her days. For my part," she sighed, "I don't see what's
to become of her. The Dolsys couldn't do more than
they're doing now if she belonged to them, but they
can't keep it up indefinitely with seven children of
their own and a mortgage on the ranch."

Miss Carter tremblingly rose, a radiance illumining
her face, her arms outstretched as though Myra Hol-
lister lay before her.

"I know what's to become of her! There's house-
room and heart-room right here! She shall live with
me. I've enough and to spare for both of us." Her
voice quivered with happy excitement. "Why, Grace is
so generous I can afford to get anything the child takes
a fancy to, and by and by if she needs a change of air
I can manage a month at the mountains or coast."

A mischievous light twinkled in Mrs. Pomroy's eyes.
"All very nice, my dear," she replied grimly, "but do
you think Myra will be willing to put herself under so
many obligations?"

"Obligations!" exclaimed Miss Carter, indignantly.
"Jane Pomroy, aren't you ashamed! Obligations, in-
deed! Love doesn't know any such word!"

MAY C. RINGWALT.

Two Triumphs of Chemistry.

Two remarkable instances in which the chemist's lab-
oratory has supplanted the farmer and the field are
cited in a recent publication. There was a time when
India produced large quantities of indigo every year,
on plantations. The planters were warned that over
in Germany chemists were at work making indigo, but
they only laughed. Then the announcement came that
synthetic indigo, made in the laboratory, was a com-
mercial success. It was absolutely the same as the
natural indigo, only, if anything, a little bit purer.
Now India no longer supplies the world with indigo.
A German laboratory makes the whole supply, and
even India buys in Germany.

There was a time when large areas in France were
devoted to the cultivation of madder root, from which
the red dye alizarin was made. Again a German chem-
ist improved upon nature, and made artificial alizarin
at a cost of less than one-third that of the natural pro-
duct. It wasn't an inferior imitation; it was the real
thing. Now Germany supplies the world with alizarin.
The only red cloth you will ever see today that is dyed
with the natural dye is in the trousers of the French
gendarme. And this is purely for sentimental reasons.
The French government maintains a farm and grows a
few acres of madder, that the French army need not
be dependent upon its natural enemy, Germany, for
anything it uses. It would seem wiser to change the
color scheme of the trousers.

SNOW STORM CAUSES FATAL CAR WRECK.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
CINCINNATI, Jan. 30.—The snow-

point in Manitoba it was 20 below, but
moderating. It was 10 below at La-
crosse, Wis. It was 15 above at
Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chi-
cago.

Considerable snow fell in Kentucky
and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan
reports that snow is still falling below
Alpena.

Shortly before noon the building oc-
cupied by the Oklahoman was gutted,
causing a loss of \$45,000. Several hours
later the warehouse of the J. I. Case
Company was destroyed. Loss about

Some undergraduates of Berkeley
have been student on his way to
and drove him from campus; ad-
vise to Washington.

Young-old son of Arizona rancher is
point Guard and officer.

Some for whom
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for preparing
and sending them

AND SELLING THEM
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Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.

January 31, 1900.]

Good Short Story

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES

Compiled for The Times

The Rare Bear.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, at a dinner in Philadelphia, marvelled at the hotel manager's dislike of the dog. "No one objects to a nice little dog," she said, "but over here they fear a dog as much as a bear."

"But that is a story, a bear story, and the beginning."

"A party of easterners went bear hunting. Pete Wilson led the party, and boasted of his skill as a bear killer. On the hunt, and Pete grieved terribly. "This is good enough grub," he pitched into a cold can of preserved meat in the world, in my opinion, is a turn over a log fire."

"Gimme bear," Pete growled, one day bear brile. I'm gettin' sick of this can."

"Look out!" cried a neighbor. "The behind you, man!"

"Pete gave one look. It was a bear. He turned very pale, and bounded off in a run."

"We thought you liked bear?" they asked him on his return.

"So I do," said Pete, "but that is enough done."

Half and Half.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY, at the dinner on woman suffrage, said: "If we were braver, we'd have had a little Long Island girl who had her other day."

"Now, if you are brave at the dinner, on your return I will give you a fortune in the chair, remember, and richer."

"Then on the child's return: "Well, did you show fortitude?" her mother asked.

"It hurted awful," said the little girl, "but I need give me a half a dollar, for a fine twenty-tude."

Unjoshable.

LIEUT. FRANK LAHM, the noted aviator, discussing the paper on military aeronautics just read before the Pennsylvania National Association at Harrisburg.

"This science," said Lieut. Lahm, "is a thing to receive from the army the attention. All wars, ere long, will be fought in the air, of our fighters still remain, in the machine, as ignorant as—well, as the young country."

"A young country chap once got a lecture. He was very cautious in his new machine. He told him at home that the city people were green. He kept accordingly for joshers."

"A sober old maid entered the grocery store. "I want some bird seed, please," she said.

"The new clerk sneered and answered: "No, ye don't, lady. Ye can't josh. From eggs, not seeds."

"Boys Will Be Boys."

THIS hitherto unpublished story (cause unknown,) manifests the truth that "Men are only boys grown tall, and change much, after all."

During the administration of President Harrison, his Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, and his Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson, became intimate friends—almost like brothers. Mr. Wanamaker was a business man, a farmer. Mr. Wanamaker was a man of physical proportions; a man who might have been called Goliath of Gath, without a sling stone from the brook; without any weapons given to him by nature.

The Postmaster-General very often attended to the duties of Secretary of Agriculture by the arm and gave a pinch, very much as a boy might pinch a girl—a sort of love squeeze. This occurred at meetings of the Cabinet, but almost always when the boys were alone.

One morning, after a meeting of the Cabinet, Mr. Wanamaker made semi-complaint to President Harrison:

"Mr. President, if John Wanamaker pinch me again, I'm going to pick him up, throw him just sit on him."

"It might do him some good," replied the President, "for he seems to be irrepresible."

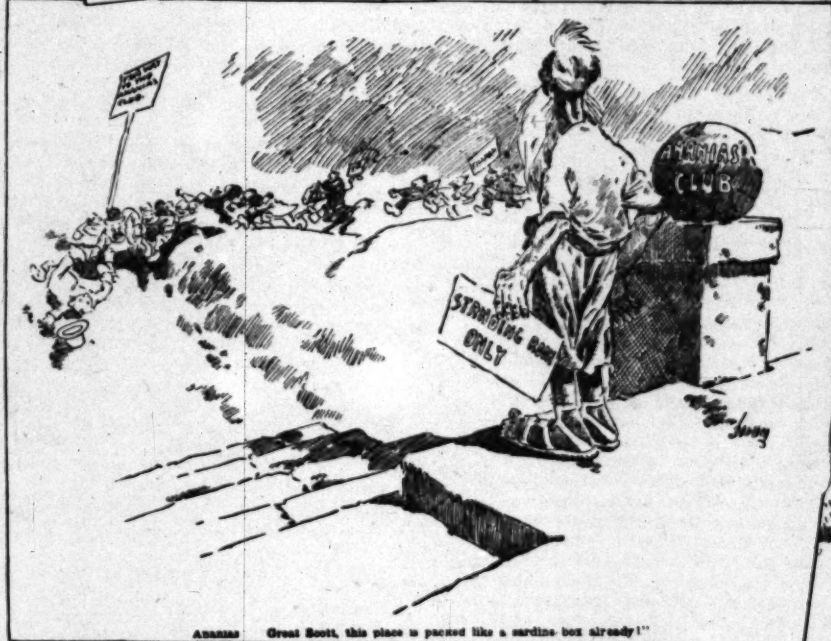
Two or three weeks passed away, and when all of the other members of the Cabinet had left the room, Mr. Wanamaker pinched the big arm of the President. The President started and started to run away. Instantly Mr. Wanamaker started after him, his white hair and long nose as he plunged along. Round and round they raced for about a minute, then Mr. Wanamaker stopped, and smiling. The outcome...



By Steady "Digging" the Panama Canal Will Be Completed on Time
Chicago Tribune



Chicago Record Herald
Future Generation: "Did all this happen within your time, Grandpa?"
Present Generation: "Yes, my boy."
Future Generation: "What did you let me do it for?"



Cleveland Plain Dealer



St Paul Pioneer Press



Duluth Herald



Baltimore American

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Bare Bear.

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, at a luncheon in her honor in Philadelphia, marvelled at the American hotel manager's dislike of the dog.

"No one objects to a nice little dog abroad," she said, "but over here they fear a dog as much as Pete Wilson feared—"

"But that is a story, a bear story, and I must begin at the beginning."

"A party of easterners went bear hunting in California. Pete Wilson led the party, and day and night he boasted of his skill as a bear killer. They got no bear on the hunt, and Pete grieved terribly."

"This is good enough grub," he would say, as he picked into a cold can of preserved meat, "but the finest meal in the world, in my opinion, is a bear steak, grilled to a turn over a log fire."

"Gimme bear," Pete growled, one day. "Gimme a good bear bite. I'm gettin' sick of this canned stuff."

"Look out!" cried a neighbor. "There's a bear right behind you, man!"

"Pete gave one look. It was a bear, sure enough. He turned very pale, and bounded off into the woods."

"We thought you liked bear?" they said sarcastically to him on his return.

"So I do," said Pete, "but that feller wasn't well enough done."

Half and Half.

MRS. CLARENCE MACKAY, at the end of an address on woman suffrage, said:

"If we were braver, we'd have had the suffrage long ago. We try bravely to win our rights, but we are like a little Long Island girl who had her tooth pulled the other day."

"Now, if you are brave at the dentist's," said her mother, "on your return I will give you a dollar. Show fortitude in the chair, remember, and you'll be a dollar richer."

"Then on the child's return:

"Well, did you show fortitude?" her mother asked.

"It hurted awful," said the little girl, "and you just and give me a half a dollar, for a fink I only showed twenty-tude."

Unjoshable.

LIEUT. FRANK LAHM, the noted aeronaut, was discussing the paper on military aeronautics that he had just read before the Pennsylvania National Guard Association at Harrisburg.

"This science," said Lieut. Lahm, "is only just beginning to receive from the army the attention it deserves. All wars, ere long, will be fought in the air, but the mass of our fighters still remain, in the matter of aeronautics, as ignorant as—well, as the young grocer from the country."

"A young country chap once got a job in a city grocery. He was very cautious in his new berth—they had told him at home that the city people would try to josh him because he was green. He kept a sharp lookout accordingly for joshers."

"A sober old maid entered the grocery one morning."

"I want some bird seed, please," she said.

"The new clerk sneered and answered scornfully:

"No, ye don't, lady. Ye can't josh me. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."

"Boys Will Be Boys."

THIS hitherto unpublished story (unpublished because unknown,) manifests the truth of the saying that "Men are only boys grown tall, and hearts don't change much, after all."

During the administration of President Benjamin Harrison, his Postmaster-General, John Wanamaker, and his Secretary of Agriculture, "Uncle Jerry" Rusk, became intimate friends—almost like college chums. Mr. Wanamaker was a business man. Mr. Rusk was a farmer. Mr. Wanamaker was a man of average size, physically. Mr. Rusk was a man of very large physical proportions; a man who might have gone forth to meet Goliath of Gath, without a sling and five small stones from the brook; without any weapons other than those given to him by nature.

The Postmaster-General very often took the Secretary of Agriculture by the arm and gave his big friend a pinch, very much as a boy might pinch a laughing girl—a sort of love squeeze. This occurred not only at meetings of the Cabinet, but almost wherever they happened to meet.

One morning, after a meeting of the Cabinet, "Uncle Jerry" made semi-complaint to President Harrison, saying:

"Mr. President, if John Wanamaker ever pinches me again, I'm going to pick him up, throw him down, and just sit on him."

"It might do him some good," replied the President, "for he seems to be irrepressible."

Two or three weeks passed away, and, one afternoon, when all of the other members of the Cabinet had departed from the Cabinet-room, Postmaster-General Wanamaker pinched the big arm of his giant friend, and started to run away. Instantly, "Uncle Jerry" started after him, his white hair and long beard waving as he plunged along. Round and round the Cabinet table they raced for about a minute, the President looking on, and smiling. The outcome was inevitable.

"Uncle Jerry" caught his tormentor, picked him off the floor bodily, and laid him down near the President. Then he completed the carrying out of his threat by sitting on him. When he finished the fun, Secretary Rusk arose and said:

Mr. President, I guess that will cool him off a bit, won't it?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the President. "He'll be after you some time again. You two remind me of Thompson's 'Old Homestead,' and the saying: 'Boys will be boys. Once a man, twice a child.'"

Typical.

THE chorus girl is the rose wreath on the bowl, the foam on the wave, of frenzied finance," said the fashionable florist, Joseph Fleischman, of New York.

He was discussing his failure, which had been caused by the failure of a number of rich Wall-street patrons, and he said philosophically:

"The millionaire who, bent on making the chorus girl's life a bed of violets and orchids, orders her \$500 or \$600 worth of flowers a week, belongs to the class that is pinched first when a financial stringency comes. Crash! goes the money market, the frenzied financier and the florist go into liquidation, but the chorus girl goes on forever."

Mr. Fleischman smiled and shook his head.

"These chorus girls!" he said. "I know the type. One of the prettiest of chorus girls married a young Newport plutocrat last year. For the honeymoon they went abroad. A friend of theirs dropped in the other day, and I asked him how they were getting on."

"Jack," said my visitor, "would have run through his whole fortune if it hadn't been for that pretty wife of his."

"Go on!" said I. "How did she prevent it?"

"Spent it all herself," said he."

Mark Twain's Discount.

SEVENTY-THREE is no joke," said Mark Twain on his seventy-third birthday. "You can't discount seventy-three the way you could discount books in book stores thirty or forty years ago."

"In a book store, back in the '80's, I saw a fat historical work one day."

"How much is this?" said I.

"Three fifty said the clerk."

"And what discount does a publisher get?"

"Forty per cent. is the usual publishers' discount, sir," the clerk replied, and he figured it out on a little pocket pad.

"I am an author as well as a publisher," I went on. "Do authors get a discount, too?"

"Certainly, sir. Forty per cent. the same as publishers." He did a little more figuring.

"Do you allow anything to preachers?"

"Twenty per cent.," said the clerk.

"Well, I am an itinerant Methodist preacher," I said.

"Very good," said the clerk gravely, and he put that down, too.

"Furthermore," I went on, "I am a member of the human race. Don't I get 10 per cent. for that?"

"The clerk nodded and put it down, and I tucked the book under my arm and started for the door."

"I have no money with me today," I said. "You know my address. Send round the bill in the morning."

"Bill!" said the clerk, as he finished his figuring. "Why, 35 cents is due you, sir."

Statistics.

MISS MARY COLEMAN is one of the most brilliant leaders of the suffragette cause in New York. Miss Coleman is a lawyer, and perhaps it is her legal training that makes her so skillful in putting down those wrong-headed men who interrupt suffragette speeches.

From the platform the other day Miss Coleman referred, with a slight sneer, to the old-fogy person who holds woman's place to be the home.

"And that's right, too," an old-fogy with white whiskers shouted from a back seat. "Woman's place is the home!"

"Ah," retorted Miss Coleman, with a smile, "the world is full of men like you, my friend—men who rant about woman's place being the home, and who have two or three typewriter daughters bringing money in to them every Saturday."

But the old-fogy person was not to be put down, and after the meeting was over he buttonholed Miss Coleman and began a long and prosy argument. In the midst of his argument, striking his palm with his clenched fist, he shouted:

"What do statistics show?"

"Statistics!" Miss Coleman interrupted. "Well, as a rule they show nothing except plodding, patient industry on the part of the rather stupid person who collected them."

And with a nod and a smile she escaped.

A Good Citizen.

SECRETARY STRAUS of the Department of Commerce and Labor spoke at a recent meeting in Washington on "Democracy."

He said that the democratic form of government was the most difficult of all forms because it demanded from every citizen a great deal of unselfish work. In a monarchy, men were paid lavishly to rule. But in a democracy, if it was to succeed, every citizen, without any thought of pay, must shoulder his share of the laborious work of the state.

"The good citizen of a democracy," said Mr. Straus, "must be from first to last unselfish. To the very end he must consider his fellows' good."

"There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid who deserved to live in a democracy. The Caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he

who should have the misfortune to break one of these vases would pay the penalty with his life.

"This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried, and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than he turned and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all."

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow-countrymen," the doomed slave replied."

[Copyright, 1909, by Estelle Klauder.]

The Same Trouble.

THE girl's undeniable beauty, as well as the undeniable assistance she had given it, first attracted attention to her as she and a lady companion took a seat in a comfortably-filled suburban car. A tolerant smile which ran around her vicinity was courteously hidden behind numerous newspapers as she said:

"Oh dear! I simply can't do a thing with my hair since I washed it."

A little later the goddess again placed two perfectly-gloved hands upon her golden crown of beauty and was heard to say:

"My gracious! I'm having more trouble with my hair. I washed it yesterday, and I simply can't do a thing with it."

This time the smile was not so well hidden. When a remark of similar import was made five minutes later the smile was almost audible; but with each repetition it became less a sign of amusement and more one of disgust. At last the two college boys could stand it no longer. One of them rose and went to the back of the car. A moment later the other also rose, but for some reason seemed unable to make satisfactory progress, stumbling and catching at seats to support himself.

"What's the matter, Charley?" came from the back of the car.

"Oh dear! I washed my feet last night, and I simply can't do a thing with them."

B. F.

Young America.

MARTHA had been naughty, so naughty that the punishment had been severe. Martha thought it too severe, and decided that she would run away from a home where people were unjust, unreasonable and cruel. She stayed away two hours; then the pangs of homesickness overcame her and she went back. To her great surprise, there was no demonstration over her return; every one had been so busy that her absence was unnoticed. Martha felt that something must be said, so in order to attract attention to her return, she remarked:

"I see you have the same old cat!"

In 1880 we moved West. The land was the same everywhere—not a rock in sight. I suspect my little boy was wishing he could have some one to play with; at any rate, he left his trench-digging and came into the house with a very sober little face. "Mamma, can God do everything?"

"Yes."

"Everything He has a mind to?"

"Yes, everything."

"Is there anything He can't do?"

"No; everything is possible with God."

"Could He make a rock so big He couldn't lift it, mamma?"

What could I say?

Louise was just 4 years old when one day she came to her mother and said: "Mother dear, I'm so nervous!"

Her mother, believing the child was repeating words she had heard some older person say, told her to run on and play—that she was too young to be nervous. But Louise insisted, and her mother finally asked her how it felt to be nervous.

She answered, drawing her little shoulders up and clinching her fists tightly: "I des feel in a hurry all over me."

Hurrying out on hearing a commotion, I found that it was my little 3-year-old sister, Muriel, whose cap and hair were covered with blood. As soon as I had bathed her head and quieted her, I asked her the cause of the accident.

"I threw that brick up for God to catch," was the reply, "and He didn't catch it."

Stories of human interest and entertainment are daily passing in unpretentious review before the school teachers; those people who are blessed with the closest intimacies with the little men and women confidentially and confidently committed to their care.

Little Harry Granger, 4 years old, stood on the front steps of a country school near Waynesboro, Pa., during recess, and threw one of his pennies to the agile monkey who accompanied a peripatetic organ grinder. Rounding to Miss Rhone, his teacher, he exclaimed, while clapping his hands with delight:

"Teacher, teacher. The little monkey picked up my penny and gave it to his father."

Our little William, aged 4, is very fond of cheese. One day he heard his mother speaking about fishing for drowned persons, and he instantly said: "Mother, if I get drowned, you won't have any trouble fishing me out, if you bait the line with cheese."—[Delineator.

Miss Sallie Sparks, a teacher in Washington, once asked a class: "Why is the Connecticut River so named?"

"I know why," responded James Blackburn, 11 years old. "It's because it CONNECTS Vermont and New Hampshire, and it CUTS through Massachusetts."

S. D. F.

wide spread. At one point in Manitoba, it was 30 below, but moderating. It was 19 below at Lacrosse, Wis. It was 13 above at Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chicago.

Considerable snow fell in Kentucky and Tennessee, and Lower Michigan reports that snow is still falling below

SNOW STORM CAUSES FATAL CAR WRECK. (ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

done it is known certain that Los Angeles and San Pedro will get what they seek despite the one-man war waged by Senator Savage.

With the cooperation of Secretary A. P. Fleming of the Los Angeles harbor commission, Senators Wright and Mc-

POSSUM IS THE ANIMAL

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The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

STERILIZED SOILS.

SEEDS OF COSTLY PLANTS SHOULD BE SOWN IN NO OTHER.

By Ernest Brauntton.

NOW that the time of sowing and planting is at hand, we shall hear many complaints of ill-luck attending the propagating efforts of the amateur gardener. Many will be baffled and their labors nullified by the mysterious "damping-off" of all sorts of plants, a result of bad soil and injudicious watering, this combination with lack of ventilation also causing bad air so that the poor plants have healthful conditions in neither the soil below nor the air above.

Every amateur grower will have noticed plants in the seedling stage that suddenly died while the foliage seemed fresh and vigorous. The trouble is generally just at the soil surface or immediately below. The trouble is usually due to certain soil fungi which are easily destroyed by heat in any form, whether dry, as in baking, or damp, as in steaming. Commercial growers on a large scale sterilize their greenhouse soils by steaming, but the amateur grower had best place the needed soil in pans and bake it in a common oven. Such treatment will destroy any fungi, nematodes, weed seeds or insects in any form that are in the soil, and exhaustive experiments have shown that as a rule seeds germinate much better in sterilized than in unsterilized soils. With such a simple process sterilized soil is possible to every amateur grower and no seed of delicate and costly plants should be sown in any other kind.

The Richardson Rose.

One of the best pillar roses we have is the William Allen Richardson, and it is generally listed among the climbers, though not considered very "lusty" or aspiring as it grows naturally into an immense bush, though tall enough to answer for every purpose to which a climber is generally applied. When in the bud, it is a deep apricot in color and it retains this shade at the center down to the time of its dissolution, but the outer petals fade until they become nearly white, so that we practically have a new set of roses each day.

Killing Bermuda Grass.

"A Subscriber" wishes to know how to kill Bermuda grass upon a plot of ground before planting or erecting buildings thereon. The best means is to plow the ground as shallow as possible and harrow it thoroughly, raking off all the grass and roots. This process should be repeated until the grass is gone. The second plowing should be crosswise of the first one. Two plowings and harrowings in hot weather, about a month apart (in August and September) have been known to rid a piece of ground of a heavy crop of Bermuda grass.

For Desert Sections.

Where the temperature does not drop too low to admit of its use no tree will be found better adapted to desert conditions than the pepper tree. An instance is known where a score or more have survived on a stony hillside, without water other than the winter's rains, for a quarter of a century. All have grown to fair size and have ever been of a fresh and pleasing shade of green. Several species of eucalypts planted with them and at the same time have long ago perished. Furthermore, we have no shade tree more beautiful than the pepper.

Apricots on Palms.

Cocos australis is the name of one of our most popular palms. It belongs to the coconut branch of the palm family, and bears tiny coconuts in great profusion. These nuts or seeds are covered with a pulp having the flavor and consistency of apricot meat and much relished by all who have tasted it. The plant comes from well down in South America, so that it will endure without injury several degrees of frost. Aside from its slight economic value it is one of the most decorative palms we grow.

The Tree Tomato.

For sections comparatively free from frosts the tree tomato will prove a useful ornamental. When well grown, it makes a fine-looking small tree and bears delicious fruits. It is so much prized as a fruit tree in Europe that glass houses have at various points been erected solely for the purpose of growing the tree tomato. Its scientific name is Cythomandra betacea, though some growers list it as Solanum betaceum. No difference has been noted in the size or flavor of the fruits whether purchased under one of these jaw-breaking botanical names or as simply a "tree tomato." It is native to Brazil, but is grown in all tropical and semi-tropical countries, but proves the greatest success where no frosts are known. Under proper climatic and soil conditions, it bears heavy crops of pear-shaped tomatoes of medium size, fine in flavor and firmer in flesh than the common tomato. Because of this firmness it proves a far better shipper than the common tomato, and its value as an ornamental must not be lost sight of.

Garden Sculpture.

Much of the little garden sculpture we have in Southern California is little less than atrocious. No inanimate objects placed in a garden could be more shocking to the visitor of taste than the iron dogs, deer, swans, etc., to be seen, not only in Los Angeles, but in every city in the world. It would seem that the whole world

is poverty-stricken when it comes to art if one were to judge by garden sculpture, for the same designs are duplicated in cheap garden ornaments in every civilized country. Southern California has a few formal gardens with some claim to beauty, but every one of them could be improved by the introduction of sculptured accessories and ornaments of original and unconventional design. A few weeks ago the writer was shown a set of photographs showing the work of one Felix Peano, an Italian artist of the first rank, who executes some wondrous work in clay and metal, all original in design and none ever duplicated. It is said that in the four years he has lived among us he has received scarcely any appreciation, yet prefers to live in what he says is the finest climate on earth, far surpassing that of any portion of his own "sunny Italy." Surely we should be able to support at least one such artist in a land famed for its beautiful homes, for such original work is not very expensive.

Waterside Plants.

Every garden away from sea, lake, river or water in some form should have a pond for fish and aquatic plants. Just as necessary are waterside plants to cover and neutralize the garish cement, brick or stone walls. The plants most common in Southern California are the two species of cyperus known as "umbrella grass" and "papyrus" and iris of the germanica type. Waterside planting should include some nobler tropic plants, and none are better suited to such places than the bananas, both the fruiting and the Abyssinian species.



WILLIAM ALLEN RICHARDSON ROSE.

Other suitable plants are the callas and the elephant's ears, the latter usually known as caladiums. Cannas are equally appropriate for pond margins, and we have them in great variety of flower and foliage. Pampas grass, eulalias and several other species of large ornamental grasses may be used to offset the large broad leaves of the plants mentioned. A waterside plant not often seen in our State, but used freely in Europe and the eastern States is the gunnera, which much resembles giant rhubarb. About large bodies of water may be planted groups of palms, weeping willows and other trees similar in habit to the latter. Closer to the water we should have lower-growing plants of which we have so many that it is futile to try to list them.

The Arid Garden.

In what would naturally appear to be the driest part of the garden one should have a group of cacti aloes, century plants, our own "Spanish bayonet," the endless variety of "hen and chickens," ice plants and all that great list of succulent plants for which California is noted. These desert gardens are best placed on the higher ground if there is any latitude in position. If a water garden is present these arid-country plants should be far removed from it and the earth raised to a higher level and some rocks should be mixed with the plants if possible to procure them in quantity.

Praise Indeed.

One of the most candid tributes the late Edwin Booth ever received was rendered to him on his last Southern tour by one who knew neither of his presence nor of his identity in the play. Mr. Booth told the story to his friend, Dr. John H. Girdner.

"We opened our engagement in Atlanta, Ga., with 'Othello,'" said Mr. Booth, "and I played Othello. After the performance my friend, Mr. Malone, and I went to the Kimball House for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we

were waiting to be served, we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two fine-looking old boys, splendid fellows with soft hats, flowing mustaches, and chin whiskers, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia.

"I didn't see you at the theater this evening, Cunnel," said one.

"No," replied the other. "I didn't buy seats till the maw'nin' and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, sub, you 'ere in the orchestra."

"Yes, Cunnel, I was in the orchestra," said the first man. "Madam and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we never attended a mo' thrillin' play. The company was good, too; excellent company. And do you know, Cunnel, in my opinion that d-d niggah did about as well as any of 'em."—[Harper's Weekly.]

Plumber Reduces His Bill!

This is a true story.

George Scholze, manager for John F. Ryan, a prosperous plumber of Flushing, L. I., was before Surrogate Noble in Jamaica, testifying as to work he had done for Mary McCardell, administratrix of the estate of Bernard Carraher of Flushing.

"I find a discrepancy in your bill," said the surrogate, "you agreed to put in a bathroom for \$210, while in your bill you charge only \$193. How do you explain it?"

"I found that some of the work was not necessary, and so the bill was reduced," replied the plumber.

There was a tense stillness in the courtroom until Surrogate Noble, the first to rally, warmly commended Scholze for his honesty.—[New York World.]

The difference between a compliment and flattery is whether you get it or somebody else.—[New York Press.]

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The City

PARK PLANTING

SOME COMMON MISTAKES AND TIONS FOR AVOIDING

AT this season of the year many and towns will take up the matter of planting park areas. Mistakes made in planting, for man is fallible, none ones may be avoided. Man makes the same mistakes common to the latter finds a dark corner in her place a bright object there or a picture on the wall above. In the lightest of the darkest picture or places the picture. In this way all is made alike, consequently no interest. If variety is we should aim to have it in all things, in a bizarre fashion, but in a natural way corners darker—gloom is expected in such places. Make the light spots the same reason; you will then have contrasting variety and is at the same time.

Many Southern California towns have much diversified topography and all is too often nullified by grading or in natural planting. Cañon sides should be trees and shrubs of dark color—preferably to deepen the gloom. Red, dark, and if any dark-leaved plants of on hand, use them in these places. Trees and shrubs of bright colors—light of green—and of foliage light and fresh. Thus do we heighten natural effect depth of the cañons the height of the all of natural beauty to be seen. If on west, plant the shady side with trees or shrubs have yellowish foliage the light. Those with purple leaves the dark. Aim in this way to intensify, and do not seek to work against should you plant in a haphazard fashion study of the situation. This manner of planting is largely lack of beauty and interest in our Los

The Bottle Tree.

In spite of the fact that many conventional growth of the Victorian Bottle (diversifolia,) it is still one of the most planting. Many thousands are each and about Los Angeles, and the demand abated during the last year or two. the handsomest tree that aligns our with great age it is a grand subject. years of age it is stiff and not at all Street Trees in Dry Sections.

Not only is the pepper the most beautiful tree for shade about the house in general, but it is, for several reasons, street tree for hot, dry sections. Man globe for trees to plant in our most, for ornamental purposes no country has a more rival to the pepper tree. Other in some one point, but when the full pepper tree will be found by far the best or street use in our hottest and driest Street Tree Guards.

The most used protector provided for is a redwood stake used to keep the the first two or three years, but when preventing injury by gnawing horses, tive guards for young trees are made ground four redwood stakes about two covering these with wire mesh. The always be as high as the tree, and care to make necessary additions to the grows. The municipality should have street-tree protection and provide all.

The American Elm.

Where a deciduous street tree is a can elm is fairly satisfactory, doing sections, though not succeeding in So as it does north of the Tehachapi. I not attacked by the destructive insect on the Atlantic Coast. Several species but none has proved more satisfactory can or white elm (Ulmus Americana.) barked and the English species have erably planted in Central California.

The Tulip Tree.

Among the deciduous trees available in Southern California none are the tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipifera) Los Angeles or vicinity who doubt should look at the grand pair situated to the old H. N. Rust place, on Mont Pasadena. In every State in the Union in the world where the climate healthful growth, it is a universal favorite in the eastern part of our country to Louisiana and in some parts grow size. Trees are not uncommon 60 to from 8 to 10 feet in diameter near the a deciduous tree is desired, either on the garden, the tulip tree is certainly ent

The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

PARK PLANTING.

SOME COMMON MISTAKES AND SUGGESTIONS FOR AVOIDING THEM.

At this season of the year many of our lesser cities and towns will take up the matter of acquiring and planting park areas. Mistakes are bound to be made in planting, for man is fallible, but the more common ones may be avoided. Man out of doors often makes the same mistakes common to the housewife. If she finds a dark corner in her house she immediately places a bright object there or hangs a flashy picture on the wall above. In the lightest places she hangs the darkest picture or places the dullest piece of furniture. In this way all is made alike, no variation, consequently no interest. If variety is the spice of life we should aim to have it in all things, not by decorating in bizarre fashion, but in a natural way. Make the dark corners darker—gloom is expected and looked for in such places. Make the light spots brighter for the same reason; you will then have contrast which gives a pleasing variety and is at the same time harmonious.

Many Southern California towns have park areas of such diversified topography and all this natural beauty is too often nullified by grading or injudicious and unnatural planting. Cañon sides should be planted with trees and shrubs of dark color—sombre-hued natives preferably to deepen the gloom. Keep the whole tone dark, and if any dark-leaved plants of heavy foliage are on hand, use them in these places. On the ridges plant trees and shrubs of bright colors—light, pleasing shades of green—and of foliage light and feathery in make-up. Thus do we heighten natural effects, accentuate the depth of the cañons the height of the hills and enhance all of natural beauty to be seen. If cañons open to east or west, plant the shady side with dark material and the sunny side with bright and light foliage. If any trees or shrubs have yellowish foliage, keep them in the light. Those with purple leaves should be kept in the dark. Aim in this way to intensify lights and shadows, and do not seek to work against nature. Neither should you plant in a haphazard fashion without previous study of the situation. This unstudied, methodless manner of planting is largely responsible for the lack of beauty and interest in our Los Angeles parks.

The Bottle Tree.

In spite of the fact that many complain of the conventional growth of the Victorian Bottle Tree (*Sterculia diversifolia*) it is still one of the most popular for street planting. Many thousands are each year planted in and about Los Angeles, and the demand has in no whit abated during the last year or two. When young it is the handsomest tree that aligns our streets, and again, with great age it is a grand subject. From three to ten years of age it is stiff and not at all a graceful tree.

Street Trees in Dry Sections.

Not only is the pepper tree the most beautiful and umbrageous tree for shade about the house and the grounds in general, but it is, for several reasons, the very best street tree for hot, dry sections. Man has ransacked the globe for trees to plant in our most arid sections, but for ornamental purposes no country has produced a successful rival to the pepper tree. Others may surpass it in some one point, but when the full tale is told, the pepper tree will be found by far the best for either yard or street use in our hottest and driest situations.

Street Tree Guards.

The most used protector provided for our street trees is a redwood stake used to keep the tree straight for the first two or three years, but wholly inadequate in preventing injury by gnawing horses. The most effective guards for young trees are made by driving in the ground four redwood stakes about two inches square and covering these with wire mesh. These guards should always be as high as the tree, and care should be taken to make necessary additions to the height as the tree grows. The municipality should have charge of all street-tree protection and provide suitable guards for all.

The American Elm.

Where a deciduous street tree is needed, the American elm is fairly satisfactory, doing best in our coolest sections, though not succeeding in Southern California as it does north of the Tehachepi. In our State it is not attacked by the destructive insects that defoliate it on the Atlantic Coast. Several species have been tried, but none has proved more satisfactory than the American or white elm (*Ulmus Americana*), though the cork-barked and the English species have both been considerably planted in Central California.

The Tulip Tree.

Among the deciduous trees available for street planting in Southern California none are more beautiful than the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*). Any one in Los Angeles or vicinity who doubts this statement should look at the grand pair situated at the entrance to the old H. N. Rust place, on Monterey Road, South Pasadena. In every State in the Union and every country in the world where the climate will allow of its beautiful growth, it is a universal favorite. It is found in the eastern part of our country from Canada down to Louisiana and in some parts grows to an immense size. Trees are not uncommon 60 to 100 feet high and from 8 to 10 feet in diameter near the ground. Where a deciduous tree is desired, either on the street or in the garden, the tulip tree is certainly entitled to consideration.

No deciduous trees about Los Angeles present a more handsome appearance than the two above noted, and when in the fullness and freshness of their spring foliage they will well repay a visit by the tree lover.

Local School Gardens.

A great deal of interest is being taken in school gardens and in home gardens belonging to school children. During the first year of school gardens in a district not much change is noticed in the home surroundings, but as the work progressed the interest deepened until at three years very few homes of the pupils attending but show marked improvement.

Over near the east end of the First-street bridge stands the Utah-street school, where gardening has been in vogue for three years. A large per cent. of the children in attendance are of foreign birth or of foreign parentage. Three years ago the writer was present at a meeting of children and parents who resided in this district and not more than half of the mothers present could understand English. Since that time most of

common enough in California to be cause for alarm, yet children should be cautioned against chewing wood or some poisonous properties.

"I see that a New York professor reforms bad boys with piano music."

"I hope he bears in mind that some pianos need reforming quite as much as bad boys do."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]



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unds.

couldn't help hearing the old boys, splendid old mustaches, and chin tufts, other paraphernalia.

After this evening, Cunnel, didn't buy seats till this

orchestra," said the first with me. We all agreed thrills' play. The company. And do you at 4—d niggah did about per's Weekly.

His Bill!

John F. Ryan, a pro-L.I. was before Surrogate as to work he had ministratrix of the estate

Bill," said the surrogate; for \$210, while in your do you explain it?" work was not necessary, applied the plumber.

in the courtroom until ally, warmly commended York World.

compliment and flattery is also.—[New York Press.



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Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

A PRACTICABLE HOUSE.

ONE WHICH HAS BEEN IN USE FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experience with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

IN Southern California, poultry needs draught-proof houses, but light and inexpensive ones are quite as durable and sanitary. The illustration shows the likeness of one, which has been in use fourteen years. It is a narrow shed-like house three and a half feet by five feet on the ground, with a door place taking up most of one end. It needs no door, and should face west or south according to special location. Its frame is substantial, but it has no floor and the roosts are three in number facing the door place. It was neatly covered with shakes fourteen years ago, a shingle mode of putting them on being adopted. The roof was shingled with shakes also. Good whitewashing has seemed to preserve it, as it shows serious wear only in the roof. Nest boxes are in the back of the house, the back perch running a foot front of the row of boxes, and are a foot higher than the perches. A cover to the nest boxes should be hinged to fall in a slant over the boxes, and be raised and buttoned up to the end of the house, at the morning feed. At the night feed, it should be let down to keep fowls from night perching on the edge of the nest boxes, the feeds being made at the proper time. If trap nests are used, of course the slant can remain stationary. The perches are up from the ground a third of the height of the door, which is five feet, or about twenty inches. For heavy fowls which do not fly, they should be lower. They are flat, four inches across, resting in sockets cut out of a frame brace, and are movable. Liquid lye killer paints the perches and sockets every week, and precludes the possibility of mites in the house, and limits the hostage of body lice to inhospitable parts on the back of the fowl, which can be made untenable by powdering the fowls on the back. Then is no need of a droppings board under each perch, as the droppings can fall on earth, and be removed once a week at least. Along one side of the house at the bottom is an open stretch five inches wide, which causes a draft over the droppings, drawing out of the house any fifth odor, and drying the droppings not removed every day. If one is bothered with hungry cats or wild creatures at night, prowling about and disturbing the fowls, a wire door should swing in the door place, and the open stretch for drafting over the droppings should be wired. With a high, wire fence making the run, the wired door and stretch are seldom necessary.

The house will hold ten or twelve fowls on the two back perches. They will only enter the house by way of the first perch, and the first perch is desirable, because it keeps the feet of the fowls off the ground room of the house, and cleaner feet couch under them at night. A hen goes in to the nest boxes over three perches and cleans her feet for the nest.

Strong handles are nailed to the sides of the house and project front and back, as can be seen in the illustration. The house being three and a half feet wide, a man can face the house and by the handles lift his end of it over upon freshly-made ground. Going to the back and its handles, he can lift the back end over, and fresh earth, sunned and soft, constitutes the floor of the house. By moving the house each week to a fresh ground, a sweet place can be easily maintained. Two men, one at each end, can carry the house about. With a portable run, laying hens can sport in the orchard, and no permanent abode be assigned them, yet their confinement in the small, portable run conserves their energies for the egg basket. People renting homes can afford to keep hens better, by having portable houses.

Onions.

Now is a time especial for planting onion sets, and the poulterer who has not tried growing onions for poultry will delight in the venture and regret the past. It may not be profitable to grow onions for the family while such good ones are so reasonably grown by big growers for family trade, but to grow for poultry, as well, offers inducement. The tops of onions are most eagerly sought; but to over-feed with them is serious, as it is possible to taint eggs and flesh with onion. To cut the tops in with other feed flavors all, and onions are a great nerve tonic. During and immediately after the moult, this tonic is most desirable. Hens fed much green, eat carrot tops indifferently, but if a few blades of onion green are cut in with them, they will eat with zest. Carrot tops are very good green for the young stock and all should be coaxed to eat them. The strong green foods at noon are far better than grain, and the cost of them to the family hen can be made a mite. If combs do not redden, buy young onions and cut tops all up fine and feed at the rate of one onion to three hens, in the noon feed of greens.

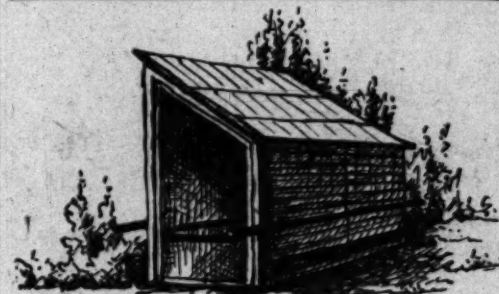
To sow onion seeds is profitable to a careful gardener, but the return will be small this year, as seeds sown now will make sets for the next season. It is much work to the inexperienced to grow small seeds, and onion seeds are quite as small as any. It is well to let the gardener grow the sets, and twenty-five cents worth of sets will make amazing returns. Make the ground deep and rich with well rotted manure, the

compost from the hen manure offering a round of poultry usefulness. Keep the bed well watered unless the winter rains show down often. In many, indeed, most instances, the only trouble one is put to is making the ground well, getting the bulbs or sets at the seed store and putting them carefully in, at this time of the year. In the summer one must water every day to keep an onion bed green.

No tonic can be supplied the wet mash equal to a big onion cut up in fine bits. This time of the year one must beware of feeding rotten layers, which are often the outer ones of the onion. A bit of rotten onion will spoil a whole mash. If the tops are cut into the mash, the green will show up so temptingly the hens will pull the mash all over in an effort to find another bit, and spoil appetite for the rest of the good things which they had better eat happily. Anything a hen so much desires will be found to have quality if reasonably fed.

An Insult—Bad Egg.

When an old breeder of fancy fowls, advertising eggs for breeding at a fancy price, in a reliable journal, receives a post card from a fellow asking if he guarantees the fertility of the eggs, he may justly feel insulted. But the people who insult us are a consideration, and it is the part of valor to deal gently with the erring. The fellow may not know better, but he had better hustle and learn. We do not know about newcomers in our midst, but we want them. A newcomer behind an ad. may be a fake, but probably he is not. It is a business proposition to advertise, and every business proposition simmers down to a personal one. Fakes have to travel; they do not advertise long in one locality. The steady fellow, who stays and breeds and advertises year after year can't be a fake. Only a fake knowingly sends out bad eggs. A good breeder, once in awhile, unknowingly sends out infertile eggs, but he will seek you out, if



A DRAUGHT-PROOF POULTRY HOUSE.

you have bought and makes good. It is not a business proposition not to make good at every turn, and the fellow who asks for a guarantee becomes a curious presence. The old breeders believe that he is a bad egg himself and ignore him, and he certainly has the appearance of one. People who expect bad returns make bad returns themselves. We judge others by ourselves, and one must have been seriously bitten by a fake, to spend the rest of his life suspecting all people. Here's pity to the disgruntled! And pray note that no industry thrives without a good foundation, and that we are a thriving people at industry. He is a degenerate who expects to be unjustly dealt with and wants a guarantee delivered before goods, when he buys of an old firm.

The amateur has to compete with fakes in his first advertising, if there chance to be fakes in his midst, because there have been a few, he must start upon the level of a fake. One year of fair dealing builds for good and he is soon above the poor structure. It is half the battle to start with the stock of an old breeder and of one resident here. He cannot get the best unless a breeder sells out, and no successful breeder sells out to make money. It's too good a thing. But the amateur may get a better start than the older breeder had, and while offering stock for less, he induces a legitimate business. Buying of a reliable amateur is often a business opportunity, as he may sell for little the same costing much of one older in experience. The amateur, who starts with eastern stock and makes much of it, isn't one of us, and may not care to stay long, but find it his line of business to travel. Again, a good fellow with eastern stock is one of us. Anything which betters we want. There are only a few fakes and here's to one:

If you have meditated how you can get two settings of eggs for the price of one, by being smart about fertility, let me tell you, you are already reckoned with. If you don't know, learn that it is impossible to cheat the experienced. A breeder knows how your eggs ought to hatch by the way those have hatched out of the same pens at the same time your eggs went to incubation. A breeder secretly marks his eggs and can tell his own however doctored. Pray move on!

Popular Civic Costumes.

The corporation of the city of London have recently forwarded to certain officers of state and other functionaries gifts of cloth which are annually presented in accordance with a custom many centuries old. Four yards and a half of the best black cloth have been sent to each of the following:

The Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Master of the Rolls, the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Treasurer and

Comptroller of His Majesty's Household, the Home Secretary, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the Remembrancer of the Chamberlain, and the Common Sergeant. The Town Clerk receives six yards of black cloth and six yards of green cloth, and his principal clerk four yards of each.

The origin of the custom is thus explained. In the early periods of history the retainers of great lords, wearing their liveries, were so numerous as to be dangerous both to the King and the laws. Many statutes were passed between 1377 and 1504 for the purpose of putting down disorder among the retainers, but an exception was made in favor of guilds and fraternities and men of "the misteries" of cities and boroughs. This it is thought, gave rise to the creation of liveries of the several companies, and is supposed to be the foundation of this annual gift of what is called "black cloth."

Another very old civic custom takes the form of a presentation of venison to the Lord Mayor, the Recorder, and certain officers of the corporation by the crown. The Lord Mayor receives four fat does, the Recorder three, and the Recorder, the Chamberlain, the Town Clerk, the Common Sergeant, and the Remembrancer one each. Similar presentations of bucks in the same proportion are made annually in July. These gifts had their origin in the early charters granted to the citizens of London in which their "hunting" were secured to them, and there is in the British Museum an original warrant for six bucks issued to the Lord Mayor in 1428. It is in Norman French, and signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other members of the Privy Council.—[Tribune.]

How Sardou Wrote His Plays.

Some time before his death in November last M. Sardou gave to a contributor to the Strand Magazine a description of his methods of work, his ideas on stage management, and on the art of acting. An article embodying his statements appears in the January number. As regards the actual casting into shape of a comedy or drama, this was how Sardou proceeded:

"First of all, I write out a scenario or sketch of the piece; this consists of a short story or résumé of the plot. . . . Then, when I am in the mood . . . I write, as a rule, at one sitting the first act. When I next take up the work I almost entirely rewrite and scene, leaving it to my faithful and conscientious secretaries to make a fair copy. Sometimes I go over the various portions of a play as many as ten times before I am finally satisfied."

His instinct was always to cut down and abbreviate what he had already done. As he wrote, he said, he could see the characters before him and observe their least actions.

Sardou went on to point out that he always wrote in the morning; he did not believe in night work. As for the time it took him to write a play, he estimated it from three to four months. Regarding the sources of his plots, he remarked that everything and anything, from an important historical scene to a trivial event in everyday life, suggested plots and inspired him with ideas for new plays.

He rose and, opening the doors of a fine hall, set, displayed rows on rows of what appeared to be letter portfolios, each neatly docketed. "These, as you will understand something of my work," he observed. "The moment I think of a good idea or plot I open a fresh dossier and put a name on it. As the goes on, any historical fact or newspaper cutting bearing on the initial idea is added in, and so in time a play composes itself and comes to fruition almost without my knowledge that it has done so."

Sardou added that he was very particular as to the historical accuracy of his dramas.—[Westminster Gazette.]

Handicapped.

"Why don't you go to work?" "I would like to, really," replied the son of the old man, "but I dread the newspaper notoriety."—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

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Los Angeles, Cal.

January 31, 1900.]

Started by Argonauts

HOW THE FORTY-NINERS MADE JOE, MO., BOOM.

From New York Sun

ONE of the three largest towns in its position to the discovery of gold, yet it was 2000 miles away from which made it wealthy. From a French village consisting of a few rows of wooden huts St. Joseph almost at a bound jumped to a city. When the Argonauts of '49 began across the plains it is estimated that they Joe for every \$2 worth of gold they found taking the pilgrims on the average. St. Joseph was the great West. The new gateway to the highways converging upon that was the jumping-off place, post of civilization.

There is an old citizen of Macon who, Joseph from '48 to '53, and he remembers distinctly the westward march of those days than he does his four-year of the great Civil War. James G. Mcintosh, close to the eighties. In his long life he hand at many things, and though he never managed to save any great amount while an engineer on the Hannibal and St. Louis, he resigned his job to enter the Ninth army, his idea being that his chances for age were much better in actual service as trying to run a locomotive on a line bored whackers from end to end.

In a recent talk of the days when the St. Joseph was gathering its strength by the levy of tribute from the Mr. McIntosh said:

"Until the discovery of gold in California was a hilly little burg of but little reputation never known what a boom was. French fur traders came in with their goods a few weeks in getting rid of their merchandise a little municipality as you ever saw."

"St. Joseph was the only gate to the west of the unknown West. You might call it off place. What the gold-seeking pilgrims there he couldn't get anywhere unless or team had traversed 1900 weary miles. It was like leaving New York Harbor for a few weeks in getting rid of their merchandise a little municipality as you ever saw."

"I was a boy in the memorable days of the included between the years 1848 and 1853. I will never forget them. To those hopeful story of the vast gold deposits was too believed, no narrative of danger so vivid them. It was an epoch of commercial such as this country had never seen. All after day prairie schooners drawn by oxen coming into town from every direction, draught steamers from St. Louis arrived fire to ten a day laden to the guards provisions and ammunition."

"The capacity of the town to accommodate was soon overreached, and a city of up that nearly equaled the city of houses of ten miles every blade of grass had by the oxen and the soil laid bare by wag the boots of campers. Everybody had money spending it freely. From dawn until far merchants and clerks were busy pulling packing up serviceable stuff and apparel that would keep well, bacon, smoked meat flour, corn meal, potatoes, coffee, brown Storerooms and dwellings could hardly be any price unless you had made a contrived rush began."

"Some of the millionaire firms of St. & McCord, Koch, Chew & Co., Toole & others got their starts in frame shacks or buildings at this period. Many a house thousands of capital was conducting business old log or frame structures that would credit to a cross-roads village in the couldn't get anything better. Carpenters were worked to death, and the sawmills. You could sell anything from a patent-mac to a bulldog. I was told that a man a cork leg for the right side to take West case of an unfortunate brush with the Indians reminded by a friend that the injury to the left leg, went back and purchased the

"It was a cosmopolitan crowd that thronged the streets of St. Joseph in those graduates from the New England States by unwashed Indians from Nebraska, Illinois Southern plantation owners, St. Louis keepers, levee roustabouts, preachers, and men of science, all yielding to the sed of easily-acquired wealth and health, pa Joseph avenues waiting for the time for that their stock might feed on the way an expense of hauling grain and hay. Associates panies formed not only to travel and profit but so certain were they of finding it in that many schemes were planned for live before leaving the Missouri River. Poor saw many of them come back in after ye ciated and ragged, like scarecrow buried former stalwart selves."

"The derilium was contagious, and it the hardest of pleading and the paym

[January, 31, 1909.]

Started by Argonauts.

HOW THE FORTY-NINERS MADE ST. JOE, MO., BOOM.

From New York Sun.

ONE of the three largest towns in Missouri owes its position to the discovery of gold in California; yet it was 2000 miles away from the gold fields which made it wealthy. From a French fur-trading village consisting of a few rows of wooden store buildings St. Joseph almost at a bound jumped into the class of cities. When the Argonauts of '49 began their trek across the plains it is estimated that they left \$5 in St. Joe for every \$2 worth of gold they found in California, leaving the pilgrims on the average. St. Joseph was the gateway to the great West. The never-ending caravans traveling on the highways converged at St. Joseph. That was the jumping-off place, the final outpost of civilization.

There is an old citizen of Macon who resided in St. Joseph from '45 to '53, and he remembers with greater distinctness the westward march of the pilgrims in those days than he does his four-year cavalry service in the great Civil War. James G. McIntosh is now 80 years of age. In his long life he has tried his hand at many things, and though he made good, he never managed to save any great amount of money. While an engineer on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road he assigned his job to enter the Ninth Missouri Cavalry, his idea being that his chances for a green old age were much better in actual service as a soldier than in running a locomotive on a line bordered by bush-bucklers from end to end.

In a recent talk of the days when the old French village of St. Joseph was gathering its sinews of future greatness by the levy of tribute from the gold seekers St. McIntosh said:

"Till the discovery of gold in California St. Joseph was a little burg of but little renown. It had never known what a boom was. Except when the French fur traders came in with their game and spent a few weeks in getting rid of their money it was as sleepy a little municipality as you ever saw."

St. Joseph was the only gate to the enchanted land of the unknown West. You might call it the jumping-off place. What the gold-seeking pilgrim didn't obtain there he couldn't get anywhere until his plodding team had traversed 1900 weary miles to the Coast. It was like leaving New York Harbor for an ocean voyage in a rowboat. If your ammunition ran out it simply meant starvation or death by the redskins. It was the grim alternative which the emigrant faced with buoyant spirits.

"I was a boy in the memorable days of American history included between the years 1848 and 1853, but I will never forget them. To those hopeful travelers no story of the vast gold deposits was too wild to be believed, no narrative of danger so vivid as to deter them. It was an epoch of commercial intoxication such as this country had never seen. All day long day after day prairie schooners drawn by oxen were slowly making their way into town from every direction, and the light-laden steamers from St. Louis arrived at the rate of five to ten a day laden to the guards with travelers, provisions and ammunition."

"The capacity of the town to accommodate the way-farers was soon overreached, and a city of tents sprang up that nearly equaled the city of houses. For a radius of ten miles every blade of grass had been nibbled by the oxen and the soil laid bare by wagon wheels and the boots of campers. Everybody had money and was spending it freely. From dawn until far into the night merchants and clerks were busy pulling down and packing up serviceable stuff and apparel and provisions that would keep well, bacon, smoked meats of all kinds, flour, corn meal, potatoes, coffee, brown sugar, etc. Runarounds and dwellings could hardly be obtained at any price unless you had made a contract before the rush began."

"Some of the millionaire firms of St. Joseph—Nave & McCord, Koch, Chew & Co., Toole & Farley and many others—got their starts in frame shacks or modest store buildings at this period. Many a house backed by thousands of capital was conducting business in rickety old log or frame structures that would now be a discredit to a cross-roads village in the Ozarks. They couldn't get anything better. Carpenters and builders were worked to death, and the sawmills never stopped. You could sell anything from a patent-medicine almanac to a bullock. I was told that a man had purchased a cork leg for the right side to take West with him in case of an unfortunate brush with the Indians, and when reminded by a friend that the injury might occur in the left leg, went back and purchased the other."

"It was a cosmopolitan crowd that thronged the oil-lit streets of St. Joseph in those days. College graduates from the New England States bumped against unwashed Indians from Nebraska, Illinois farmers, Southern plantation owners, St. Louis clerks, shopkeepers, levee roustabouts, preachers, editors, lawyers and men of science, all yielding to the seductive dreams of easily-acquired wealth and health, paraded the St. Joseph avenues waiting for the time for grass to come that their stock might feed on the way and save the expense of hauling grain and hay. Associations and companies formed not only to travel and prospect for gold, but so certain were they of finding it in vast quantities that many schemes were planned for investment of it before leaving the Missouri River. Poor fellows! I saw many of them come back in after years sick, emaciated and ragged, like scarecrow burlesques of their former stalwart selves."

"The derilium was contagious, and it was only by the hardest of pleading and the payment of lavish

wages that employers could keep their men at home at work. The very sight of the covered wagons constantly pouring into town impressed one with the magnitude of the mineral wealth they were destined to convey back home. There was no particular hurry for one to get ahead of the other. Everybody was so completely confident of the inexhaustible mines of rich ore that competition was not looked upon as a thing to be dreaded. Some of the emigrants had strong, brass-bound boxes to carry the precious metal.

"Three ferry boats made their owners wealthy when the warm weather came and the caravans began to move. Every boat carried about three teams, and to meet the demand was run all day and night until the last schooner was placed on the opposite shore and started on its weary way over the wind-beaten plains and scorching sand. Some of these enthusiasts got what they went for and came home wealthy, but the real gold miners were located on the Missouri side of the 'Big Muddy,' at the namesake of the old French saint."

Mourning China.

OCCASION OF QUAIN CEREMONIAL AND CURIOUS DECREES.

From Westminster Gazette.

IT is interesting to follow out from the Peking Gazette the exact record of the Emperor's and the Dowager's deaths. On November 13 the Dowager's decree, without any explanation, ordered the Emperor to declare Prince Ch'un Regent, and Prince Ch'un's son P'u-i to be brought into the imperial palace, to be educated there. On November 14 the dying Emperor himself issued a decree, stating that, what with insomnia, indigestion, pains in the limbs, coughing, and other complications, it was plain that only the highest medical skill could now save him; another decree of the same date assigned to the Regent a status above all other imperial princes.

A later decree of November 14 was of a more formal and valedictory type; the Emperor says he had been sick ever since the autumn of 1907, and he now announces that his aunt and adoptive mother, the Dowager, has been pleased to select P'u-i for the succession; however, in his dying breath, he promises his people once more that the constitution shall be granted in nine years, and prescribes twenty-seven days as the term of his own mourning. A decree of the same date in the Dowager's name distinctly nominates P'u-i as successor; it recalls the fact that in 1874 it was arranged that if the Emperor Kwang-su (just dead) should have issue, that issue should be heir to Kwang-su's predecessor, the Emperor Tung-chih (his cousin,) who had died childless; P'u-i, therefore, was now to be sacrificial heir to both Tung-chih and Kwang-su, also childless. The Dowager then evidently had no idea of dying soon, for the Regent was directed to take his orders from her in all matters of government.

At dusk, on the 14th, appears an exactly dated decree in the name of the new Emperor, stating that "His departed Majesty having mounted upon the dragon as a guest on high," the new Emperor had, at the command of his grandmother, the Empress Grand-Dowager, taken over the Great Succession; but that his feelings compelled him to mourn three years instead of the twenty-seven days modestly fixed by his predecessor. A further decree formally confers upon his grandmother the title of Grand Dowager Empress, and upon his predecessor's Empress the title of Dowager Empress in her stead.

A further decree refers to the modified tabu principle, first inaugurated in 1846, under which the first word of the dissyllable private name of an Emperor is not to be, in future, in any way "avoided," while even the second character may be used in contemporary literature, if suitably mutilated. Thus the character P'u may be freely used by all, but the character I (meaning "ceremony") must henceforth be printed minus the last of its fifteen strokes. (It is as though, out of respect for Queen Victoria's name, King Edward should order all persons using the word "Victory" to write it "Victorj.") Instantly on the appearance of this decree, T'ang Shao-i, whose "I" happens also to be the second half of the new Emperor's name, memorialized for permission to change this character for quite another "I" (being the I of "I-wo," or "Jardine Matheson & Co.,") he also suggested that all his letters of credence to the nine powers he was visiting should be rewritten accordingly. The board is now deliberating upon this momentous question, so to speak, of whether the I should be "dotted" or not.

Another decree refers to the arrangement of 1874, under which high Manchu and Chinese officials in the provinces were exempted from the duty of coming to Peking to kowtow before the coffin of Tung-chih, and confirms the rule in this case. For the first time on record, a Manchu alphabetical letter or syllable appears in the Chinese Peking Gazette, showing how a modified tabu is arranged for the Manchu alphabet (derived, through the Mongol, from the Syriac.)

On November 15 the Grand Dowager issues a decree, explaining how sick she is, and why, therefore, the Regent need only consult her in really important matters. A later decree, the same day, gives her own "record," and explains that she is dying partly of grief at Kwang-su's death. The new Emperor also issues a decree stating that his grandmother has actually "mounted the clouds on a fairy;" she also protests that she only needs twenty-seven days' mourning, but he gives her 100 days, plus twenty-seven months of modified mourning, as by the "Rites." As in the case of the Emperor's coffin, high local authorities are exempted from a visit to Peking, as their duties to the people are more important than "mere form." Maternal rela-

tives of the Grand Dowager are ordered to mourn for 100 days. (It appears from this decree that she also can mount a "dragon," but she only "gently mounts.")

On the 17th a decree orders the choice of a "temple title" for the late Emperor—i. e., one expressing in a single word his best characteristics, something like the various Popes' official names. As Kwang-su had not chosen a site for his grave his relative P'u-lun and a high Chinese official are ordered to go together to the Western Tombs and choose one. (The Grand Dowager's mausoleum is called the P'u-t'o-yu, at the Eastern Tombs.)

On November 18 the late Emperor's five concubines are each granted extra rank by special decree. Their rank in the official scale is marked by their names being only raised even with the top of a column of print, while the acts of an Emperor or Dowager are raised one point above, the personality of the Emperor or Dowager two points, and allusions to the deceased Emperor or Dowager three points. On the same date the new Dowager (Empress of Kwang-su) orders the Regent to mourn for 100 days; the other princes likewise; but Chinese statesmen for twenty-seven days.

The late Grand Dowager had a name sixteen characters long. A decree points out that this is a record number, which it is not now proposed to exceed; at the same time it is pointed out that an Emperor's titular record is twenty-two characters.

SPIDERS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE INGENIOUS METHODS THEY EMPLOY IN CAPTURING THEIR PREY.

[London Daily Graphic:] Skillful and cunning as are many carnivorous animals in capturing their prey, few of them can compare in patient ingenuity with some of the invertebrates, as, for example, the spiders, which alone weave nets for the purpose. There is often concerted action on the part of wolves and foxes when hunting for food. A fox will remain in ambush, while a companion will drive the quarry toward him, and a pack of wolves will surround their intended victim, and, like human hunters, gradually narrow the circle of their approach. But these methods are clumsy when compared to the elaborate system of net-weaving employed by the geometrical spiders. All spiders do not spin webs, and the division into two groups of those which do and those which do not is the common manner of classifying the 500-and-odd spiders which may be found in this country. These two groups have been designated Vagrants and Hunters, from their respective ways of gaining a living. The terms are descriptive both of the roaming habits of the Hunters, in searching and seizing their prey with violence, and the more subtle behavior of the weaving Vagrants. The common house spiders are able to achieve their ends by simpler means. A few loose strands of silk hung across the corner of a ceiling will serve to entrap unwary houseflies, and such contrivances do not require to be of the strength and durability of the geometrical nets, which have to withstand the effects of cold and wind.

The process of spinning the silky fluid is more singular than that of ropemaking. The thread is drawn through several pairs of "spinnings," and then guided and separated by the comb-like claws; for the proper thread is formed of four smaller strands. These are doubled and trebled where extra strength is necessary.

A house spider works on very simple lines. She has only to select some corner for her web, glue one end of thread to the wall, and walk quietly round to the opposite side, and there fasten the other end. This forms the margin or selvage, and is the basis of operations. But the garden spider is more or less at the mercy of the wind. A gentle breeze is necessary to waft the radiating line on to twigs at all points, the geometrical nets always commencing from the center. A sudden squall or persistent wind will quickly destroy the work. Some writers declare that a spider can propel its threads through motionless air, while others are of opinion that the weaver is dependent upon the air to carry its main threads from one branch to another. But as the actual business of net-weaving generally commences before daybreak, it is seldom that spiders are seen laying the actual foundations of their snares. But at such great odds do the garden spiders toil that they are more liberally endowed than those which lead more peaceful lives, and they can produce silk of different qualities. The process can only be explained by the suggestion that the garden spiders are provided with a natural supply of gum, and by this means can render the encircling threads of their nets adhesive. Minute drops like dew are found only upon these particular threads, while those radiating from the center remain unsoiled. But notwithstanding the elaborate detail of the nets the number of flies caught in a day is small, and spiders are often starving in the midst of plenty.

The task completed, the toiler either remains in the center of the net or retires into a corner and hides under a protecting leaf. Like the fowls of old, she waits and watches with one long connecting line clasped in her feet, ready for the slightest movement at the other end, to rush out and seize her victim. Frequently, to beguile the tedium of waiting, the spider pulls at the thread to test its strength with the air of an expert mechanic; and remarkable indeed is the way she will assist a bee or a bluebottle to escape from the net, being quite unable to tackle such large prey, and only too glad to be rid of the clumsy intruders. A spider has been seen to break off a portion of her net wherein a wasp has got entangled, and one can imagine the sort of remarks she might make in the process: "Dear me! how tiresome you are! Please be careful and do as little damage as you can. Can't you manage it? Here, let me help you. There! Clear off, and don't worry me again." And the perverse wasp is forcibly ejected.

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In November last M. Bar
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destroyed property valued at
\$200,000.

Shortly before noon the building oc-
cupied by the Oklahoma was gutted.
The building was a three-story structure
and was used as a warehouse for the
Oklahoma.

The cold is widespread. At one
point in Manitoba it was 30 below, but
moderating. It was 18 below at La-
crosse, Wis. It was 15 above at
Knoxville, Tenn., and 5 above in Chi-
cago.

Considerable snow fell in Kentuck-
y.

With the cooperation of Secretary A.
P. Fleming of the Los Angeles high-
way department, the Los Angeles high-
way department has been authorized to
construct a new highway from Los An-
geles to San Pedro.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

Some white undergraduates of Berkeley such Japanese student on his way to campus, and drive him from campus, and may go to Weehawken.

Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

The Date Garden.

THE date palm can endure any degree of heat and any amount of dryness in the air, and is even favored by hot winds and by a rainless summer.

The best sorts can mature only in regions having a very long and a very hot growing season.

It can endure more alkali in the soil than any other profitable crop plant, and can thrive in soils containing from 0.5 to 1 per cent. (430 parts to 100,000) or more of injurious alkali. It can withstand without injury accumulations of alkali at the surface of the soil that would kill all other crop plants, even those considered to be very resistant to alkali.

The choicest date that reaches America and Europe, the famous Deglet Noor of the Algerian and Tunisian shores, is very sweet, of exquisite flavor, and is adapted to serve as a dessert fruit; it sells for more than twenty cents a pound, being the most expensive fruit in our markets. The demand for this date during the holidays is nevertheless greater than the supply, and if they could be sold somewhat cheaper the consumption of this fruit would be enormous.

The Salton Basin or Colorado Desert, in Southeastern California, recently put under irrigation, has a hot and dryer climate than the Algerian and Tunisian shores, where the best grades of Deglet Noor dates are grown, and is, indeed, better adapted to the culture of this fruit, since not only is the climate more favorable, but the soils are richer and the irrigation water is of better supply.

The date palm will prove of equal value in the more saline areas of other arid regions in the southeastern States where the winters are warm enough to permit it to grow. Most of the regions do not have sufficient summer heat to mature the Deglet Noor date, and other sorts which ripen earlier must be planted.

It is very probable that the culture of the best second-class dates, suitable for employment in confectionery and for household uses, will prove a profitable industry in the Salt River Valley, Arizona, and it is possible that the Deglet Noor will mature there.

Even the growing of ordinary sorts, such as the original dates, may pay in some favored regions, such as the flood plain of the Colorado River in Arizona and California, where exuberantly fertile lands can be had cheaply, and where the annual overflow and seepage from the river render artificial irrigation unnecessary.

Although date palms are likely to be grown first on soils too alkaline for other crops, the culture of the few sorts promises to be a most profitable industry that would warrant planting on the very best lands and the employment of the most modern horticultural methods.—[Bulletin, Bureau Plant Industry.]

Invasion of the Thistle.

HAT California is experiencing a "thistle" scare from garden to pasture land is patent to all who associate with farming people. It is the Russian thistle in the south, the Napa thistle in the north and various other "thistles" all over the State, few, if any of which are of the remotest kin to the family for which they are misnamed. But we seldom see the beautiful and harmless garden thistle, *Cnicus pumilus* of the East. With two or three exceptions the real thistle family has no terrors for the farmer. In spite of its repulsive "thorns" the thistle is one of the most freely used in art of all plants and figures in romance as well. It is the well-known national emblem of Scotland, and the legend that caused its adoption was connected with a Danish invasion of Scotland. Some writers claim that the story relates to our great purple thistle so common as a garden weed in the East. This is the story:

"When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwise to attack an enemy in the darkness of the night instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of stratagem, and in order to prevent their tramp being heard, marched barefooted. They had thus neared the Scottish camp unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped upon a sharp thistle, and uttered a cry of pain, which immediately aroused the Scotch, who discovered the stealthy foe, and defeated them with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the national emblem of Scotland."

In this State it is the "thistle" that is the invader, and agriculture is emitting a cry of pain that can be heard all over the State. Indeed, the noxious weed problem is a State issue. I have had to meet small delegations of farmers to discuss this peril, and my correspondence is full of it. The worst of it is that no one seems able to meet the issue. One man was here last Saturday to tell me that if the order from his local commissioners to destroy the Johnson grass was to be enforced, the State could take the land, and it was good land.

The Sacramento and its tributaries is now covering two-thirds of thousands of acres of fine land, broadcasting from its waters the seed of Johnson grass, Bermuda grass, wild lettuce, wild "bachelor's buttons," Napa thistles and a host of other scarcely less noxious weeds. There is no way to prevent this act of nature, or to handle the wholesale invasion after the waters have receded and receded. The distress is not confined to lands subject to constant or occasional overflow. The high-land grain fields over a large portion of the State are infected with weeds that mature after harvest and pollute the land. Wild morning glories are binding the fetters over some of the best and most highly cultivated lands in the south and elsewhere. In the grain lands this great invasion is in part due to

the fact that the soil will not produce crop growth heavy enough to discourage the more persistent weeds. It is true the Department of Agriculture has made many investigations of weed pests, but as yet no one has found a practical means of extirpation.

The Red Gum.

A CORRESPONDENT and old acquaintance, now farming in the foothills of Fresno county, writes some impertinent queries about planting eucalyptus and "wants to know" if the enormous-profit stories in some of the papers are true. I fear to write him privately just what I think of some of these stories, and I cannot print it in *The Times*, for the postoffice authorities are not letting all kinds of remarks go through the mails. There are two classes of farmers that are in danger of being landed by these roseate advertisements about the eucalyptus—the "salmon" and the "suckers." The suckers bite running both upstream and down, and there is no hope for their safety; the salmon bite only going upstream, and have thus a fighting chance to get back to safe waters alive.

To those who are even a little bit wary I would repeat the admonition, "investigate." That is a fair warning, justified by the danger and not subject to complaint from the honest promoter. To my friend of the foothills I would say, do not attempt to grow your own seed-flat stock, if you can buy the young plants from your nurseryman at reasonable prices. Usually the nurseryman is prepared to supply his customers cheaper and better than he can grow his own stock. In this case the writer would save a year's time, probably, and he can get the red gum or *E. rostrata* anywhere. Yes, this species is one of the best. It is perhaps the most popular of the family for hardwood uses in the home of the eucalypts on the other side of the world. Wherever conditions are right for its growth no mistake is made in planting red gum.

Singular Californian Oaks.

THERE has come to me recently a small collection of acorns from the foothills of Tuolumne county. The nuts are remarkable for bearing a sort of irregular ruff or broken ridge about one-third the way from the apex. Otherwise they are smooth. They plainly belong to the species Valley oak (*Quercus lobata*), being the long, slender acorns characteristic of that tree.

The peculiar markings on the nuts are suggestive of artificial mutilation with a knife when young. I have seen somewhat similar effects produced upon various species of gourds artificially constricted or carved when young. But the sender of the material, Mr. J. A. Hammond, writes that the acorns are alike all over the tree, and I have at present no suggestion to make in the way of an explanation of the peculiar ridges. A study of a larger series of nuts, or of the development of the acorns, would probably throw some light upon the phenomenon.

Near Fair Oaks, Sacramento county, grows an oak tree, very singular in its fruit. This tree, which is on the Meader ranch, I have not seen; it was called to my attention by Prof. B. Babcock, of the University of California, early last year. In the fall one of my forest botany students, Mr. W. B. Parker, brought an excellent collection of the acorns. The tree belongs to the Blue oak (*Quercus Douglasii*) species. The acorns are remarkable for the excessively-developed cups, which are three or four times as thick as usual, the scales being more or less replaced by numerous very small buds. The nuts are a little more pointed than the average in the species, but are otherwise normal. I am told that the nuts are alike all over the tree. An explanation of this peculiarity can in all likelihood be had only by developmental studies.

On the Calhoun ranch, west of Windsor, Sonoma county, grows an oak tree remarkable for the form of its crown, which is shaped like a gigantic toadstool, being about twenty-five feet in height and forty feet in diameter. Foliage was received for identification, and I determined the species to be Blue oak. During the autumn a collection of acorns from the tree was received. These acorns are not those characteristic of the Blue oak, but are essentially identical with acorns derived from an Oregon oak (*Quercus Garryana*) tree. The explanation of this contradiction in characters is most easily explained by assuming the tree to be a hybrid, and this I believe to be the most rational explanation.

Such trees as have been described above are of the greatest biological interest in connection with studies of the forest botany of the State. They are really scientific assets, and should on no account be destroyed. As our forest resources are developed it will inevitably happen that detailed and exhaustive studies in hybridization and in selection will be made upon our timber trees. All individuals then which have a peculiar scientific value should be jealously preserved for scientific studies.—[W. L. J., in *Rural Press*.]

Seed Growing in France.

CONSUL-GENERAL SKINNER, stationed at Marseilles, furnishes the following bit of information about seed growing in the St. Remy district:

"Within comparatively few years an immense business has developed at St. Remy in flower, vegetable, and forage plant seeds, which are shipped to all parts of the world. The dealers contract with the farmers before the crop is planted, reserving the right to eliminate objectionable subjects from the fields. It is quite usual for the farmers to get a revenue of 1200 francs (\$231.60)

per hectare (2.47 acres.) The first crop consists, ordinarily, of early vegetables for the Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, and London markets, followed by one or two crops of seeds.

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Roots and sets of Rhubarb, Horseradish, Onion Sets, Cabbage, Parsley and Asparagus Roots. We have on hand the following varieties of Potatoes to set out this month: Early Six-Weeks or Triumph, Early Rose and White Early Rose.

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Care of the Body—Suggestions for Preserving Health.

CONDUCTED BY HARRY BROOK OF THE TIMES STAFF.

PRACTICAL HYGIENE.

[The Times does not undertake to answer inquiries on hygienic subjects that are merely of personal interest, or to give advice in individual cases. General inquiries on hygienic subjects of public interest will receive attention in these columns. No inquiries are answered by mail. Personal interviews cannot be granted. It should be remembered that matter for the Magazine Section of The Times is in the hands of the printer ten days before the day of publication. Correspondents should send their full names and addresses, which will not be published, or given to others, without the consent of the writers. Addresses of correspondents are not preserved, and consequently cannot be furnished to inquirers.]

Nuts Versus Flesh Food.

PROF. W. E. JAFFA of the University of California has prepared for the United States Department of Agriculture a bulletin on the food value of nuts. In summing up the methods that have been adopted to prepare nut foods, he says: "It is undoubtedly wiser to use nuts as part of the regular diet than as a condiment or supplement to an otherwise hearty meal. Vegetarians and others who use nuts in place of meat should not depend upon them as the main food supply, but should supplement them with more bulky foods with a low content of protein and fat. As a whole, nuts may be classed among the staple foods and not simply as food accessories. At usual prices, nuts are reasonable sources of protein and energy."

Prof. Jaffa goes on to show that the various nut foods have no advantage over nuts. He might have added that they are often not so fresh, and yet again, that most of these nut foods are not manufactured from nuts, but from peanuts. The best way is to buy your nuts as fresh as you can get them and grind them as you use them. It is important that they should not be rancid. A rancid nut is about as undigestible a food product as you can put into your stomach.

Eight years ago Prof. Jaffa conducted an interesting experiment at the University of California, in Berkeley, of five fruitarians, who were dieted on fruit and nuts exclusively for several weeks and the results carefully noted. These results are set forth in United States Department of Agriculture, office of Experiment Stations, Bulletin 107, and later in Bulletin No. 122.

A point to remember in regard to nuts is that they differ considerably in digestibility. The brown skin on the nut is indigestible and irritating to the lining of the stomach. It is difficult to remove the skin of such nuts as the walnut and pecan, but almonds are easily blanched. The almond is perhaps the most valuable of all nuts. Its composition is very close to that of milk. In Europe almond meal is largely used in the shape of mush or made into bread as a food for diabetics.

It is a pity that green almonds are not more readily procurable here in California, where the almond flourishes, in certain localities. That is to say, when the seed is fully formed, but before the hull has hardened. With us it is seldom eaten that way, but upon the European table, in the early summer, green almonds are a common article of diet. They are delicious.

The following short article was published in the Care of the Body a few months ago:

"Dr. Tilden writes in 'A Stuffed Club':

"Physicians of keen discernment often find meat indispensable to patients who are starch poisoned and have had their digestive powers lowered to a considerable degree."

"Nut cream—especially almond cream—and ripe fruit furnishes a perfect substitute for meat, while containing but a very small percentage of starch. Such a diet, thoroughly masticated and insalivated, may be digested by any stomach that can digest food at all. Where no food can be digested the patient should of course fast."

"This is quite a different thing from the foolish 'meat substitutes' of the vegetarians—'imitation turkey' and so forth—composed of an indigestible mess of peanut meal and overbaked grain."

In "A Stuffed Club" for January Dr. Tilden devotes seven pages to a reply to this article. Dr. Tilden is a physician of wide experience and close observation, who began as a "regular," but abandoned drugs, and is now one of the world's great teachers of hygienic living. His opinion is therefore entitled to respect and weight. Still it is possible that even a man of Dr. Tilden's great experience and sound judgment may occasionally have failed to grasp all the manifold ramifications of the food question. It is the work of more than one man's lifetime.

The editor of the Care of the Body is not a mere theorist or pamphleteer on this important subject of diet. For forty-five years, in Europe and America, at health resorts, in families, and in his own person, he has made careful and conscientious studies of the effects of various foods on the human body, devoting most of his spare time during that period to the subject, which has been his hobby. At the same time, he has refrained from becoming a crank on the subject, as do so many who take up the food question. Personally, he eats, perhaps, on an average, about two pounds of meat a month, when dining out, or when a joint is served up at the family table. Also, as frequently stated in these columns, he believes that the average vegetarian menu, with its fermentative surplus of starches and sweets, is more harmful, from a hygienic point of view, than the ordinary meal of meat and "greens."

In a letter to the London Lancet, Dr. Alexander Haig recently wrote as follows:

"If they are to remain true vegetarians they practically must take nuts, yet, though numbers in various countries live to a large extent on nuts, those who have been thirty or forty years on flesh foods have so modi-

fied their digestion and injured their digestive organs that nut digestion may be practically impossible. Healthy children and young adults, on the other hand, can digest most nuts, so that for them true vegetarianism is possible."

Otto Carqué, who is one of the best-informed men in America on the chemistry of foods, sends the following communication to the Care of the Body, in reply to Dr. Tilden's article, above referred to:

"Dr. Tilden does not answer the Care of the Body article correctly. That 'Nuts take the place of meat in disease' was not said, and is quite a different thing from what the statement was evidently intended to convey. Nobody who has any dietetic knowledge at all, will recommend nuts offhand as a substitute for meat whether in case of health or disease, without some discrimination and modification."

"While nuts or nut cream in their concentrated form are hard to digest, the addition of some fresh fruit or vegetable juice with its alkali salts, especially sodium and potassium, will greatly improve their digestibility. If the diet consisted of meat, potatoes, white bread and some badly-prepared vegetables, the substitution of nuts for meat would make the case even worse and cause a severe case of indigestion. Fresh fruits, vegetables, or their juices are indispensable for the perfect digestion of nuts. In other words, the vegetable albumen contained in nuts is just as easily digestible as that contained in meat—not in the test tube, but in the human stomach—providing we take care that a sufficient quantity of vegetable alkalis be present."

"While a meal of nuts alone is sure to produce indigestion through the formation of fermentation acids, no indigestion will occur, if we consume at the same time a sufficient quantity of tender green salad. The food is then also made the best use of in the bowels. Of course, we must not make such foolish experiments as are frequently made by notoriety seekers and try to live on peanuts or walnuts alone. The peanut by the way is not a true nut, but belongs to the pulse family. An exclusive diet of nuts will poison the system much quicker than moderate allowance of fresh meat."

"In case of a badly deranged stomach a fast is the best thing, and meat, just as well as any other food, should be avoided. It is safe to say that nobody has ever been killed by judicious fasting, except there were some severe organic derangements which would have caused death under any circumstances. People who have 'gone the rounds' either of allopathic doctors or so-called food scientists, and have been stuffed with all kinds of dope, will, with few exceptions, be benefited by a fast—if possible directed by an experienced practitioner."

"Dr. Tilden says: 'Man is cosmopolitan in every particular; he can adapt himself to any food, any climate and any altitude.' This is only partially true, and I doubt very much if man can adapt himself to any food, without changing his physical and mental make-up. The Eskimos have apparently adapted themselves to whale blubber and sea-lion steak, but their bodily growth has been stunted and they did not make any intellectual progress in a thousand years. The teeming millions of India who live chiefly on peeled rice and pulses (I never heard that they use rice and limes together) are in a deplorable condition, because they have not sense enough to raise and use more fresh vegetables and fruits."

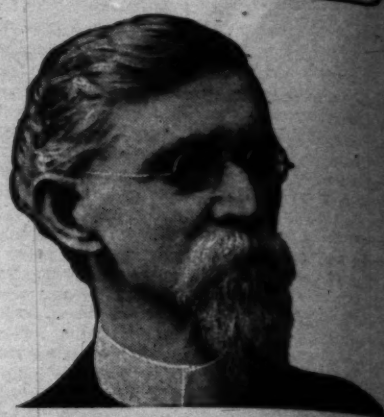
"There must be a certain definite way of living for every species of animal, and therefore for the human race. A transgression against this rightful way of living will and must in some way alter the normal chemical composition, and therefore the reactive power of the body. Man is by nature distinctly frugivorous. He may live and apparently thrive on a diet of meat and cereal preparations, coffee, tea and alcoholic beverages, but this violation of a cosmic law must be disastrous to him at the end. Has civilized man adapted himself to his food? Not by any means. Look at our vital statistics. Disease and premature death hold full sway among human beings, and if man could adapt himself to any food, there would be no need of physicians—not even of Dr. Tilden, who does such great and valuable educational work."

"There is a correct and an incorrect way of using vegetarian food. A man who lives chiefly on juicy fruits and vegetables and uses cereals, pulses, and nuts only as additional food will be well nourished, while another who lives mostly on cereals, pulses or nuts will become diseased as surely as one who lives principally on meat, white bread, potatoes, coffee, tea, wine and beer."

"People have been stuffing themselves of late with all kinds of breakfast foods, cereal and nut preparations, chiefly popularized by skillful advertising of manufacturers who have waxed fat in their lucrative business, but finally the gardener and orchardist will come to their right and the miller and butcher will have to take a back seat much to the benefit of our health and longevity."

In conclusion, the editor of the Care of the Body recommends his readers to try the following receipt for a nut dish, which should be enjoyed even by flesh eaters: Slice cabbage fine, into what is known as "cold slaw," grind nuts fine in a mill, and sprinkle them over the slaw, mixing thoroughly together. Don't be too lavish with the nuts. Add a teaspoonful of lemon juice mixed with water. Chew thoroughly, with or without a little whole-meal unfermented bread, or Graham gems. This tastes something like chicken salad. It is a perfect

(CONTINUED ON 157TH PAGE)



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Care of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM 156TH PAGE)

meal. Don't, however, attempt to eat these other things.

The Problem of the Negro Rapist.

THE negro problem in the Southern States of white crime and white folly, part of Northern men, in purchasing and Yankee notions, and selling them slavery; crime on the part of the South using these black men and women as chattels; and utilizing the women for their sexual passions; folly on the part of whites in suddenly giving universal franchise who were less fitted for it than are the tribes from which they came.

As far as the labor question in the South, it looks as if it might be settled by the migration of laborers from the south of Italy. Such laborers, it is said, have been more effective than the negro. The outrages against white women, and the rapist is a more difficult one. Such outrages are more frequent than they were ago, while the lynching of negro rapists, accused of rape—under circumstances of guilt, is of almost weekly occurrence.

One of the most disastrous consequences of affairs is the demoralizing influence of scenes of bloodshed and necessary exert upon the rising generation, white and black alike, just as the of the Roman amphitheater have left trace upon the Latin races in their cruelty, or rather, in their utter lack of a realization that man owes any consideration and to animal kingdom.

In his valuable book "Diseases of Society" last week, Dr. G. F. Lydston devotes to the subject of the race problem, in its social vice and crime, and to the treatment of the rapist. He shows that although the crimes perpetrated by negroes are common in the South, similar crimes are claimed to be committed in the North by blacks than in the South. He shows that although the numerical relations of the two races be in stating the causes of the relatively free of rape by the American negro, the to hereditary influences descending from barbaric ancestors, as being of prime importance among certain negro tribes is a of what civilized communities classify as proportionate development of animal predilection to a relatively low degree of type, is a marked characteristic of the race and mental degeneracy—the latter involve higher and more recently acquired attributes distinct tendency to a reversion of type to the Southern negro. Dr. Lydston points out the sexual rites of Haiti and Liberia, the increase of voodoo phallic worship among Southern negroes, since the war, as being atavism. When sexuality finds vent in ship, he says it is comparatively harmless to the individual. When it cannot be vented, it is likely to result in sexual crime.

Dr. Lydston declares that while the old female negro had no sexual rights has lost slavery days, the view that she was a slave—that virtue is an attribute impossible still exists. He quotes a statement made by a Southerner, to the effect that a young man who fornicates, never injured his social position, though his habits were known, providing himself to prostitutes and negroes." Moral trouble in the South today, Dr. Lydston is due to the intrinsically immoral attitudes toward the negro. As he says, the undercurrent of resentment should exist in the blacks is but natural.

The seeds of religion, sown upon the soil of superstition, have had much to do with the development of criminality in the negro. Dr. Lydston says:

"Whether no religion at all would not be a large proportion of the lower class of blacks, a debatable ground. When a low type of race to emotional strain, inhibitions are removed, instincts or bloodthirstiness come to the surface. The Anabaptists of the Lutheran Reformers restraint to the winds and indulged in excess. These Anabaptists were chiefly of the German race, and their fallacious notions emanating from the time-honored text: 'disciples, had all things in common, one another.' Influences of this character of race, in consequence of the quality of the degree.

There is more than an indirect relation of emotional excitement, associated with race in the blacks, and outrages upon white women are depicted as white, and their pictured very disastrous effect upon the brain of the his emotional centers are in the condition of a fever. In brief, is an inflamed desire for the pleasures of the superior race, and an increase of sexual curiosity. A celebrated gro divine has expressed himself similarly. He said that, in his opinion, fewer white more black ones would have a repressive effect upon the blacks."

Climate has something to do with this. Dr. Lydston says:

"The frequency of rape in the South is

Health.

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 154TH PAGE.)

Don't, however, attempt to eat it with half a dozen other things.

The Problem of the Negro Rapist.

The negro problem in the Southern States is a heritage of white crime and white folly—crime on the part of Northern men, in purchasing negroes, for rum and Yankee notions, and selling them into Southern slavery; crime on the part of the Southern whites, in using these black men and women as chattels, ignoring family ties, and utilizing the women for the satisfaction of their sexual passions; folly on the part of Northern whites in suddenly giving universal franchise to a people who were less fitted for it than are today the Congo tribes from which they came.

As far as the labor question in the South is concerned, it looks as if it might be settled by the importation of laborers from the south of Europe, especially Italy. Such laborers, it is said, have been found to be more effective than the negro. The problem of negro outrages against white women, and the treatment of the rapist is a more difficult one. Such outrages are apparently more frequent than they were twenty years ago, while the lynching of negro rapists—or of those accused of rape—under circumstances of disgusting brutality, is of almost weekly occurrence.

One of the most disastrous consequences of this condition of affairs is the demoralizing influence which familiarity with scenes of bloodshed and torture must necessarily exert upon the rising generation of Southern people, white and black alike, just as the bloody scenes of the Roman amphitheater have left their indelible stamp upon the Latin races in their cruelty to animals—or rather, in their utter lack of a realization of the idea that man owes any consideration and kindness to the animal kingdom.

In his valuable book "Diseases of Society" reviewed last week, Dr. G. F. Lydston devotes several pages to the subject of the race problem, in its relation to sexual vice and crime, and to the treatment of the negro rapist. He shows that although the majority of outrages perpetrated by negroes are committed in the South, similar crimes are claimed to be more frequently committed in the North by blacks than by whites, the numerical relations of the two races being considered. In stating the causes of the relatively frequent perpetration of rape by the American negro, the author refers to hereditary influences descending from the negro's barbaric ancestors, as being of prime importance. Marriage among certain negro tribes is a close simulation of that civilized communities classify as rape. A disproportionate development of animal propensities, incidental to a relatively low degree of differentiation of type, is a marked characteristic of the negro. Physical and mental degeneracy—the latter involving chiefly the higher and more recently acquired attributes—with a distinct tendency to a reversion of type, is evident in the Southern negro. Dr. Lydston points to the cannibalistic sexual rites of Hayti and Liberia, and the immense increase of voodoo phallic worship among the Southern negroes, since the war, as being significant of degeneration. When sexuality finds vent in phallic worship, he says it is comparatively harmless, as regards the individual. When it cannot be vented in this manner, it is likely to result in sexual crime.

Dr. Lydston declares that while the old idea that the female negro had no sexual rights has lost ground, since slavery days, the view that she necessarily has no virtue—that virtue is an attribute impossible to the race—still exists. He quotes a statement made by a young Southerner, to the effect that a young man in the South, who fornicates, never injured his social standing, even though his habits were known, providing he "confined himself to prostitutes and negroes." Much of the racial trouble in the South today, Dr. Lydston declares, is due to the intrinsically immoral attitude of many whites toward the negro. As he says, that a powerful undercurrent of resentment should exist in the minds of the blacks is but natural.

The seeds of religion, sown upon the soil of ignorance and superstition, have had much to do with the development of criminality in the negro. Dr. Lydston says: "Whether no religion at all would not be better for a large proportion of the lower class of blacks is at least debatable ground. When a low type of race is subjected to emotional strain, inhibitions are removed, and primitive instincts or bloodthirstiness come to the surface. The Anabaptists of the Lutheran Reformation threw all restraint to the winds and indulged in sexual murder. These Anabaptists were chiefly serfs, who had been inflamed by fallacious notions of the clergy emanating from the time-honored text: 'And they, the disciples, had all things in common, in love preferring one another.' Influences of this character affect the negro race, in consequence of the quality of preaching that degrades.

There is more than an indirect relation between the emotional excitement, associated with religious fervor, in the blacks, and outrages upon white women. Angels are depicted as white, and their pictured beauty has a very disastrous effect upon the brain of the negro, when his emotional centers are in the condition of auto-erethism, characteristic of religious excitement. The result, in brief, is an inflamed desire for the possession of females of the superior race, and an increase of what may be termed sexual curiosity. A celebrated Southern negro divine has expressed himself similarly. This clergyman said that, in his opinion, fewer white angels and more black ones would have a repressive effect on sexual crimes among the blacks."

Climate has something to do with this condition of affairs. Dr. Lydston says:

"The frequency of rape in the South is explicable in part by the climate, which is much more favorable to the perpetration of the primitive impulses of the black race than is that of the North. Reversion of type—both physical and psychic—is more likely to occur under the influences of the climate which most nearly approximates that in which the race was originally bred. The influence of climate upon the sexual function is powerful in even the Caucasian. Seasons also have their influence."

As an evidence of the truth of the author's statement the following dispatch from Des Moines, Ia., is reproduced from The Times:

"An epidemic of insanity is sweeping over this community as a result of the intense heat which has prevailed for several days. The mercury has not been remarkably high, but the atmosphere is excessively humid."

"Dr. Gershom H. Hill, Iowa's noted alienist, today stated the heat was causing loss of sleep and general nervous breakdown. The result has been the most remarkable series of attempted murders, suicides, assaults and other disturbances in the history of the city."

In regard to treatment of the negro rapist Dr. Lydston says:

"As a general proposition, I unhesitatingly affirm that the American method of dealing with black violators is illogical, ineffective and attended by a disturbed morale of the community in which the summary executions occur, that more than neutralizes any advantages that might by any possibility accrue from them. That the method is ineffective is admitted by all thinking men in the South. The late Dr. Hunter McGuire, in a letter to me, said: 'Sexual crimes on the part of the negro in the South are becoming more and more frequent. This despite the horrors of the punishment inflicted on the criminal.'"

"He declares history shows that crimes feed upon punitive brutality. The prevailing sentiment in the South, as he says, reminds him of the story of the western mob that lynched the wrong man. The leader of the lynchers called upon the victim's widow, explained matters, and said: 'I reckon, Ma'am, the joke's on us, good and plenty.'"

Dr. Lydston expresses the opinion that there is but one logical method of dealing with the rapist, and that is castration. He believes that a few eunuchs, scattered through the South, would have vastly more influence in repressing sexual crime than the execution of men who are soon forgotten. To be effectual, he adds, this treatment should be enforced against rapists, of whatsoever color.

Dr. Lydston shows there is little doubt that innocent negroes have suffered horrible deaths at the hands of mobs. He cites a recent case where a man, for murder of whose wife three young negroes were hanged, confessed, on his deathbed, that he had murdered the woman himself. Dr. Lydston adds:

"The prevention or amelioration of the outrages from which the South is suffering will never be accomplished until the whites drop the double standard of morals that ever looms up like a giant monster, just behind the race problem, which implies that a white woman's virtue is a sacred thing, but that a negro is incapable of virtuous sentiment, or, at least, has none that a white man is bound to respect. . . . The negro standard of sexual morality may never be as high as that of the whites in general, but it is even now quite as high as that of the white who cohabits with negroes. Let the South begin the work of moral training of the blacks by setting the ban of disapproval upon whites who sustain sexual relations with them."

Right thinking and right acting revolve around self-respect. The negro should be taught self-respect. To deny him the quality of virtue, to refuse to acknowledge it as even a possible attribute of his race, is not the correct way to go about it."

One Food at a Meal.

DR. S. E. LANDONE recently told the "Hundred Year Club" of Los Angeles that "a man whose diet consists of only one article of food is narrow mentally."

Well, let us see a bit about this. In such case, we might be justified in expecting that a man who dieted on garbage should be exceedingly brainy, as in this way he would get a vast assortment of foods.

The contrary is really the truth. The nearer you get to one sort of food at a meal the more likely are you to be healthy, and if your food is healthy, then your mind will also work well. You can vary your foods from meal to meal, but one food at a meal is one of the great basic secrets of eating for health. Man and the hog, after he has been "civilized" by man, are the only animals that eat a great variety of different foods, and they also are the two animals that are vastly more subject to diseases of all kinds than any other living creatures.

Draw your own conclusions.

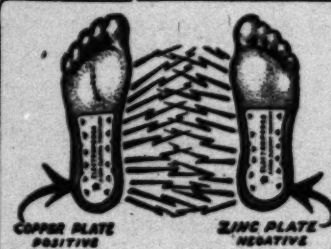
Students Versus State Board.

THE fight between the State Board of Medical Examiners and the students who failed at the August examination has been taken to the Supreme Court. Dr. John R. Renaker seeks a writ of mandate, compelling the issue of a license. His case is only one of the troubles for the medical board growing out of the charge of fraud made by the students. One of the most important of the other tribulations in prospect is a Legislative investigation.

Vaccination Legislation.

AS recently mentioned here, citizens of Long Beach have been endeavoring to get an anti-vaccination measure through the State Legislature. It is said that Gov. Gillett has announced that he would veto all anti-vaccination bills passed during his administration. Apparently the best thing for the people of Long

(CONTINUED ON 158TH PAGE.)



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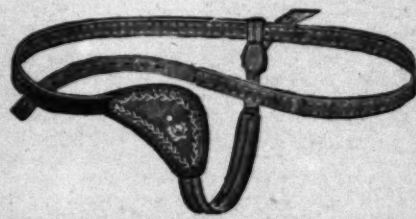
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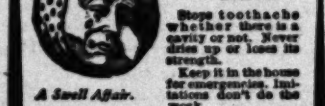
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Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 15TH PAGE.)

Beach and San Diego and other places, where they object to compulsory vaccination of school children, would be to subscribe the cost of taking the matter up to the highest courts. As previously mentioned here, the Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that the compulsory vaccination law in Chicago was unconstitutional.

Failing in this, the next best thing for these people to do is to establish private schools. In Berkeley there is a flourishing school for children whose parents refuse to have them vaccinated. At last accounts it had over eighty pupils.

Naturopathy at Sacramento.

WRITING to the editor of the Care of the Body under date of January 18, Dr. Carl Schultz, who is at Sacramento on behalf of the bill permitting the practice of drugless healing in California, says that hundreds of letters from all over the State have been addressed to members of the Legislature, asking them to legalize the "Nature Cure" school of healing. As a whole, he says, the present Legislature is a progressive body, a majority of whose members seem to be able to judge of what the people want, and to be willing to give it to them. Speaker Stanton and other Southern California delegates have given an assurance of a fair deal, which is all the Naturopaths ask. Many Northern delegates have also given assurance that they would listen to the demands of the people. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor have been exceedingly courteous. Many "regular" physicians have signed the petition, and are using their influence on behalf of medical freedom.

Big Youths and Small Maidens.

IT looks as if this question of Japanese in our public schools might be settled in a very simple manner. It is claimed—and correctly claimed—that Japanese youths of 16 to 18 should not be permitted to sit in schools beside young girls. The same is true of youths of 16 to 18 of other nations, whatever may be said by those who hold to the extraordinary idea that the sexual passion, as it is found in American youths and maidens, differs in some respects from the same passion as it exists in other parts of the world.

British Universities.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to an error in a statement recently made by the editor of the Care of the Body, when he said that there were only three universities in Great Britain—at Oxford, Cambridge, and London. The correspondent shows that there is also the Victoria University, Manchester, Liverpool University, Leeds University, Edinburgh University, and one in Wales, at Aberystwith. There is also a university at Aberdeen, Scotland, which the correspondent does not mention.

Even so, this makes only ten universities for the whole of Great Britain. How many institutes are there in the United States that call themselves "universities?"

An Abomination.

A LOCAL engineer is quoted in a contemporary as believing that an elevated railroad in Los Angeles is more to be desired in this city than a subway.

This engineer is, of course, entitled to his opinion, for this is a free country. The editor of the Care of the Body has never had the pleasure(?) of seeing or traveling on an elevated railroad, but from all accounts he has read of that institution, as it exists in New York, he would say that the people of Los Angeles would be justified in getting their guns if any one should attempt to construct such an unsightly nerve-destroying structure here.

A Point Not Well Taken.

FOLLOWING is from Barry's San Francisco Star: "It seems to be a little more than poetic justice that a Berkeley editor was stricken with ptomaine poisoning after partaking of that celebrated launching lunch at Vallejo, when he had devoted many columns last winter to ridiculing the anti-plague crusade, asserting that he had never seen a disease germ. Fortunately, he has lived, and is perhaps convinced that there are several hard facts that he has overlooked in his philosophy."

If Editor Richardson had been as much afraid of "bugs" as is Editor Barry of the Star, he might perhaps have succumbed to them.

Rotten Food.

THE following dispatch from Altoona, Pa., was recently published:

"A disease which local veterinarians are unable to classify has attacked large droves of pigs in Logan township, adjoining Altoona, which are being rapidly depleted. The disease is accompanied by swelling, and decomposition sets in rapidly after death."

Doubtless these hogs were fed on swill and garbage. Nice kind of food, isn't it?

Mental Medicine.

IT is somewhat puzzling when you frequently see people who offer to give, for a small sum, advice as to how to be successful, how to get rich, how to be happy and healthy, and so forth, and are frequently themselves suffering from the lack of common necessities, living in a poor apartment-house, wearing shabby clothes and skimping on their diet.

These observations are apropos to a little book of 144

pages, sent by the author to the editor of the Care of the Body. It is entitled "What To Do—Mental Medicine for Sick Souls—How to Get Money, How to Get Work, How to Cure Empty Pockets," and it is written by "Eva of Chelsea." It is a reproduction of articles from a woman's column of a leading Boston daily, which was under the charge of the author of the book, who is now in Los Angeles, being a refugee from the recent Chelsea fire, in which she lost everything, having no insurance. She writes that she has a throat trouble, that she depends upon the sale of this book, and that she is "utterly at a loss as to how to sell it."

This, however, does not alter the fact that the book contains much good sound sense. There is a lot of good advice to foolish or unfortunate women—and a few men—who are suffering from too much or too little husband or wife, as the case may be. The author is a brave defender of her sex, yet she does not hesitate to tell them plain truths, when it is necessary.

Here are sensible remarks in regard to what some people call "love," which is too frequently a result of overeating of stimulating foods and constipation:

"I am trying to show all you sensitive women the difference between love and the other subtle attractions which beset you, so that you may be safeguarded from just such troubles as these. Hundreds of couples are wrecked, their homes broken up through the influence of magnetic attraction. After polarity has been established, satiety turns the tide toward repulsion, and it takes the place of attraction. The chemical atoms have no longer affinity, the magnets are demagnetized, repulsion sets in and the couples hate each other, and when too late, are sorry they eloped and ruined their homes. Half the marriages are founded on magnetic attraction alone."

One correspondent writes that her husband loves another woman and is going to leave her, and asks why do husbands change. In reply the author tells her that human love is the most effervescent quality—that we should be delirious if we never changed. Most love, she truthfully states, is simply magnetic attraction. A more magnetic woman, she says, can almost always win the attention of another woman's husband. She adds the following sensible advice:

"Be careful of your diet—let it be moderate, but nourishing. Change your grade of thought to higher, brighter quality, to create magnetism. There is a spirit of coquetry wives should always use, to relieve marriage of staleness, monotony. Resurrect it if you can, it means added magnetism. Dress tastefully, try to look as sweet as the woman, come to the table dressed neatly, put flowers in your hair, put them on the table, be bright and chatty to him, never antagonize him about the woman, keep her out of sight and mind. Now you keep collecting and storing up magnetism, and by and by you will become a magnet again to attract him; that is, if you rely upon him for a home and support, and are obliged to live with him. But never talk of this trouble to any one or allow others to talk to you of it, for it weakens your forces every time you let it come into your mind. Drop it out—quick."

Eva's ideas on "race suicide" are eminently sound. She says—as the editor of the Care of the Body has frequently said—that to beget children who are not welcome and cannot be assured the proper mental, moral, and physical training is a crime against nature. As to the responsibilities of man in paternity she writes:

"They should be taught to refrain from nicotine and drink and drugs a month before prospective fatherhood begins; they should undergo a preparatory period so that they may bring only the noblest qualities to paternity. A man whose reproductive ego is permeated with nicotine and alcohol is unfit to be a father. There is a time to smoke, drink, and chew tobacco—and there is a time to beget the human race decently and intelligently. When we propagate, like the animals, without reason, but in the bare, external sense, we then become, like too prolific beasts, a nuisance to the community, and should be made to reproduce our kind according to the higher law."

In answer to another correspondent, she gives the following sensible advice in regard to diet:

"Get into possession of your nervous system and vitalize it, then it will cure the body. The nerves start from the base of the brain and resemble branches of a tree, spreading all through the body down to the toes. Whatever you think in the brain is carried clear down to your toes. The mind cure is a fact. Think health instead of disease, and be well. Vitalize your nerves by deep breath culture every day; it will strengthen your heart. Your stomach cells are dying for want of air. Your symptoms are exactly those of a person dying for a want of cosmic energy—air. The nerves feed on the divine cosmos, the breath of life; you can only get it from an outdoor life. All your internal organs are shrunken and contracted. Annihilate all the stale, old, devitalized thoughts of ill-health and fill your mind with divine energy, new ways of thinking; thoughts of good health. Since no-breakfast does not agree with you, eat a beaten raw egg in milk instead, with a cup of hot wheat coffee. You are a person who should use a food cure instead of no-breakfast."

"You mix your foods unwisely. Do not eat bread with potatoes at the same meal—too much starch at once. People eat foods that are chemically opposed to each other, and they go down into the gullet fighting each other clear down the line. When foods are en rapport they love each other and go down the line harmonizing every organ and digesting perfectly."

"You are a person who should never eat but one kind of food at a meal until your system becomes normal. Do not eat milk with meat or meat with cereals. If you crave vegetables, do not eat underground vegetables like potatoes, beets, etc., with those that grow above ground in sunlight. They'll fight clear down the line. They are opposed to each other, in nature, and will war to the knife. Every atom in the universe is governed

(CONTINUED ON 15TH PAGE.)

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Care of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM 15TH PAGE.)

by the laws of attraction and repulsion. Bitter wars waged in the abdomen with out of peaceable human beings. The go down in history unknown and unsuspected. When I have more intimate diet of foods chemically attracted to carry a blessing, instead of a curse, viscera.

"I'd like to put you on a milk diet on each side of your cheek to get the digestion begins in the mouth. We eat no potatoes or bread with it; eat When you eat cereal, eat nothing meal out of cereal alone. Cut out potato, white bread (eat graham,) pie, mixtures of food. But the main thing, is to get out into the air and ventilate your heart. Your gizzards are crying for cells are scorched with dryness. ere it is too late, and try to help you will."

This is an interesting and instructive author has evidently made a study of Some of her ideas are fanciful, as for reply to a correspondent who asks how dress the reply is: "The divine tale the Almighty." It would be safer to earn the money for a dress rather than the Almighty.

The book may be obtained at the Hy South Hill street, Los Angeles, price be sent by mail on receipt of money

A Homeopath on Hygiene.

A COPY has been received of the re Action of "Chaney's Sanitary Science." Dr. Edwin Norman Chaney of Pasadena tains some sensible remarks on the su in its various phases, the care of the The author is somewhat prone to use smaller and simpler words would suffice a common error.

In regard to sexual relations, the au "Sexual relations should be limited, which would allow congress but once than this usually tends to deplete the real state of the matrimonial east. The pelvic organs congested, but create fields which contain the regenerating mental and physical condition."

As frequently stated here, it is abn normal healthy person, in the prime of with such a suggestion as this, so long stimulating, or too plentiful.

In regard to injections into the bow advises the addition of table salt to says:

"Clear water injections should never they wash and deplete the intestine of makes it less active."

"Enemas should only be used occasio ing purposes, and then they may safely taken quite frequently, with or without substances, they are harmful."

Dr. Chaney says further:

"A cup or a gallon of warm sweet oil injected into the bowel with a glass, hard vor syringe, preceding the warm salt cats the walls and soften the hard copated stool. One pint molasses, two quarts hot water injected in bowel will impaction."

Yes, indeed. So, also, would a stick Some of the author's statements are stance, he says: "All male animals are ing rising tide, and females are conceiv ing tide." You may safely assert that—for you will have a pretty hard time in the exact moment of conception.

Again, in another place, writing on the the author says: "Veal should not be considered as a son, as its carbonaceous properties exist The only carbonaceous property in found in the fat. This is still more al than in veal."

Dr. Chaney is opposed to the use of they are his kind of drugs. Here are so ments:

"The toxic action of a suppressant is more disastrous eventually than the di the drug was given. "One may contrive to arrive at old ad mated state, but on the other hand, had the drugs he might have lived even lon greater use to the world."

Yet, notwithstanding these sound than half of the book is devoted to a homeopathic medicines and their sup properties, for although he writes him Chaney is evidently an adherent of the form of drug superstition known as ho is his description of how "potencies" are

"A homeopathic potency of a drug is ing a drop of the remedy in 99 drops o hol 72 degrees in a two drachm vial thirty times; this makes the 1x or fir solution is emptied out of the potent one drop and 99 other drops of water shaken thirty times; thus the second made. This procedure is repeated 200 ti

ton Estate.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
CORONA, Jan. 29.—City Clerk Herbert Ashley Wood, who had been in frail health for a number of years, died this morning at his home on West

assault with intent to murder A. L. Kroles, a business associate in a brick concern.

Riggins, who had been drinking, attacked Kroles with a gun on Thanksgiving Day. Riggins's attorney fought hard for a change of venue, and much

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United States District Court
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for injuries sustained in an accident
while using a passenger car
used to transport and railroad.
Death-trap of the train on the
North American and various
set aside by Mrs. L. M. M. M.
Detective work by owner's wife leads
to the passenger car on the
Southern Pacific for two months
train, principally the Southern Pacific
will be fully offset by the increased
resulting from greater crops.
Chambers go to the wall
and many thousands in the
turns down Mrs. Thorpe's
for divorce and grants
desertion. decree on the case-pension
Southern California.
then take charge of Pasadena
day and four for
materially.
other land then cutting and
in fact near Balboa.
to Beach Board of Education
to fight State Board of Health
on question of intimate
social support of citizens and
young woman who killed brother
to stay her.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.
CORONA, Jan. 29.—City Clerk Herbert Ashley Wood, who had been in frail health for a number of years, died this morning at his home on West Sixth street, death resulting from heart trouble.

Riggins, who had been drinking, attacked Kreis with a gun on Thanksgiving Day. Riggins's attorney fought hard for a change of venue.

150 RECIPES FOR SPANISH LUNCH